

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1980 \$2.50*

**CALIGULA: EROTIC
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE
BANNED MOVIE**

**DEATH OF A PRINCESS
THE REAL STORY**

**FLUORIDE:
THE DEADLY FACTS**

**HOW THE GOVERNMENT
WASTES YOUR TAXES**

**CHARITY DOLLARS:
WHO RIPS OFF WHAT**

**BARASSI: CANDID INTERVIEW
STEVE J SPEARS Vs BODGIES**



A full-page photograph of a cowboy on a dark horse herding a black and white cow in a field. The cowboy is wearing a red shirt, a white cowboy hat, and is holding a lasso. The cow is looking towards the camera. The background is a vast, open field under a clear sky.

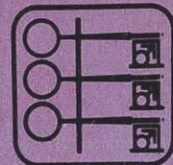
Come to Marlboro Country.



Now the world's
No.1 selling cigarette.

Australian

PENTHOUSE®



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 1 No 10/July 1980

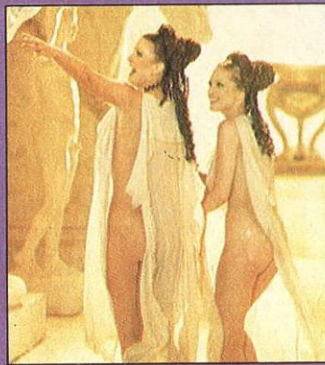
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Mirella Dangelo in <i>Caligula</i>	Photo by Eddie Adams	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FORUM	Correspondence		6
FEEDBACK	Opinion		19
THE STRESS TEST	Quiz		21
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Where the action is		25
THE FLUORIDE FALLACY	Article	Geoffrey Smith	34
BUREAUCRATIC OUTRAGES	Article	Maxwell Newton	44
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE/ANNIE	Pictorial	Photos by Pat Hill	51
FIRST LADIES	Article	Tony Maguire	60
ON THE SLOPES	Humor	Peter Harrigan	63
FACT AND FANTASY/TRACEY	Pictorial	Photos by Walter Glover	69
KILLING ME SOFTLY	Advise and Dissent	Bobbi Sykes	84
CALIGULA	Pictorial		86
THE MAKING OF CALIGULA	Article		98
THE ALMS RACE	Article	Brian Blackwell/Martin Riordan	102
DEATH OF A PRINCESS	Article	Andrew Duncan	110
HIGHER HI-FI	Sound	Wayne Elmer	116
IN SEARCH OF THE BODGIE	Humor	Steve J. Spears	122
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	129
TV		Neal Akerman	131
SOUNDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown	133
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire	135
RON BARASSI	Interview	Mark Reynolds	138
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	148
VOLVO WITH VERVE	Motoring	John Hampshire	156



On The Slopes



The Pet of the Month



The Making of Caligula



Death of a Princess

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1980 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

UNIQUE.

Philips Motional Feedback Speakers.

Every now and then a technical breakthrough is achieved and a unique product emerges to set a new standard in its field.

Such is the case with Philips Motional Feedback Speakers.

These electronic masterpieces have been developed after years of exacting research in our European Laboratories and, as a result, we've created a speaker system that comes very close to the ultimate in Hi-Fi reproduction.

Technically speaking, the system incorporates a piezo-electric crystal built into the woofer cone that monitors and converts the acceleration of the cone into an electric signal. The acceleration of the cone is linearly translated back to the original signal driving the loud-speaker. This signal is fed back to a comparator circuit in the amplifier incorporated in the enclosure and compared with the original signal. This enables the loud-speaker to be immediately corrected at the slightest deviation. And, in this way, the acoustic behaviour of the woofer can be completely controlled.

Each speaker contains 3 integrated power amplifiers — a 50W amplifier for bass output, 20W amplifier for mid-range and a 5W amplifier for treble — providing a total power output of 75W. And low-note filters are incorporated in each speaker enclosure for matching the bass response to the location of the box near walls and floor.

Practically speaking, the results are dramatically simple. A drastic reduction in distortion. Flawless clarity — from the fullest bass notes to the most detailed treble extremes. And a remarkable compactness in enclosure and speaker construction.

Listen to Philips Motional Feedback Speakers. They'll speak for themselves.

Technical specifications: Model AH 5875

Type of enclosure:	Motional Feed Back box with three amplifiers
Internal volume:	19 litres
Total power of amplifiers:	75W cont. sine wave power
Loudspeakers:	AD81671/MFB4, 8" woofer AD21160/ST 8.15 combi dome squawker/tweeter
Cross-over frequencies:	650 Hz and 3500 Hz
Frequency characteristic:	27-20,000 Hz
Input sensitivity:	variable; impedance up to 3V: 100 kohm above 3V: 1 kohm switchable

Low-note filters:

Amplifier for woofer

Output power: 50W cont. sine wave power

Amplifier for squawker

Output power: 20W cont. sine wave power

Amplifier for tweeter

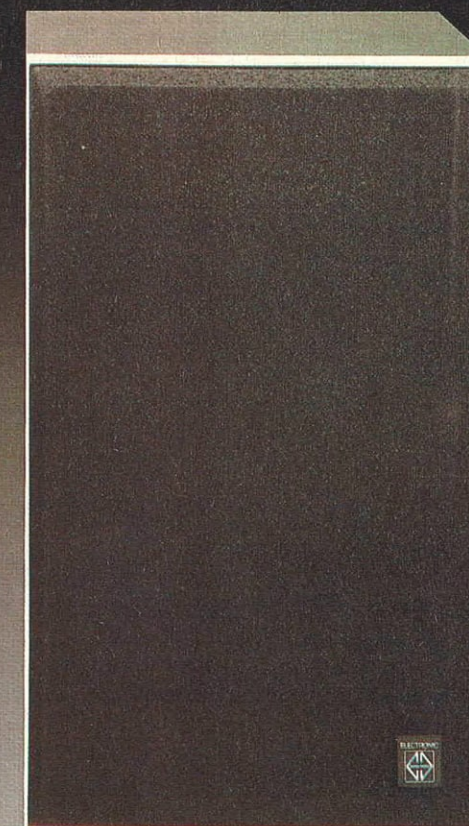
Output power: 5W cont. sine wave power

Also available Model AH585

Output power: 35W cont. sine wave power

Subject to modification without notice

Philips Motional Feedback Speakers.
A step closer to sound perfection.

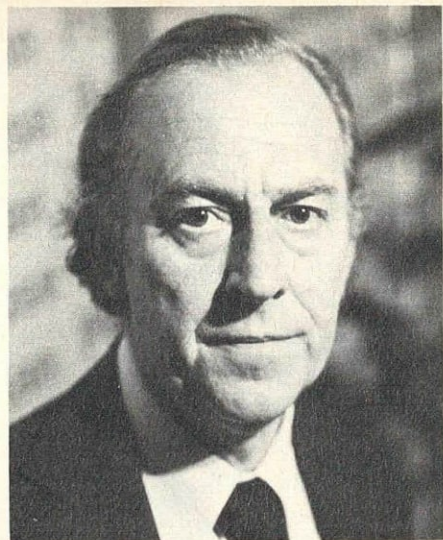


PHILIPS

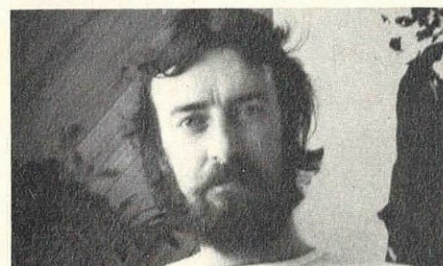
367 2217

We want you
to have the best





Geoffrey Smith



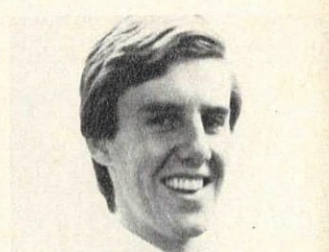
Danny Burke



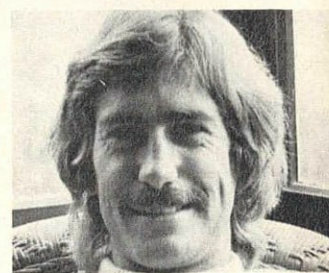
Steve J. Spears



Nicholas Harding



Martin Riordan



Phil Jarratt

HOUSECALL

An act of censorship is an act of folly. It is naive, unnecessary and abhorrent to all people who believe in freedom. We put this point of view because of the action of the Australian film censorship authorities in banning the movie *Caligula*. This film is a co-production involving Penthouse International. *Australian Penthouse* has no financial interest in the production or in any possible showings in Australia, but we have a great interest in fighting censorship wherever, and in whichever medium, it occurs.

Caligula is being hotly debated overseas. Some say it is pornographic. Some say it is beautiful art and an accurate portrayal of life in Roman times. Who is to say which point of view is correct? The sad fact is that in this country we are prevented from making up our own minds by a small group of men and women who view the film and decide, on our behalf, that the film is "greatly offensive to the majority of Australians". How dare they! By what right is an individual's standard of morality decided by statute?

Censorship is, as we have said, naive. Banning breeds curiosity. It creates *causes celebres*. It establishes an underground and feeds a black market, with its attendant rip offs, crime and corruption. It insults the intelligence of the great majority of us who are adult enough, sensible enough, individual enough to self-censor what we see and hear.

In this issue we devote 16 pages to a coverage of *Caligula*. If you believe, after looking at the pictures and reading the text, the movie should be shown in Australia, write to Lady Duckmanton, Chief Censor, Film Censorship Board, 222 Pitt Street, Sydney, 2000 and protest the board's decision.

Another form of censorship was attempted recently by the Australian Government. Deputy Prime Minister Anthony applied pressure to the Seven Network in an effort to prevent the screening of the British documentary, *Death of a Princess* in Australia. Why? Because the Saudi Arabian royal family thought the documentary was insulting to them. If you read Andrew Duncan's article on Page 110 you, too, might believe the Saudis have good reason to be insulted. Princess Misha'al and her

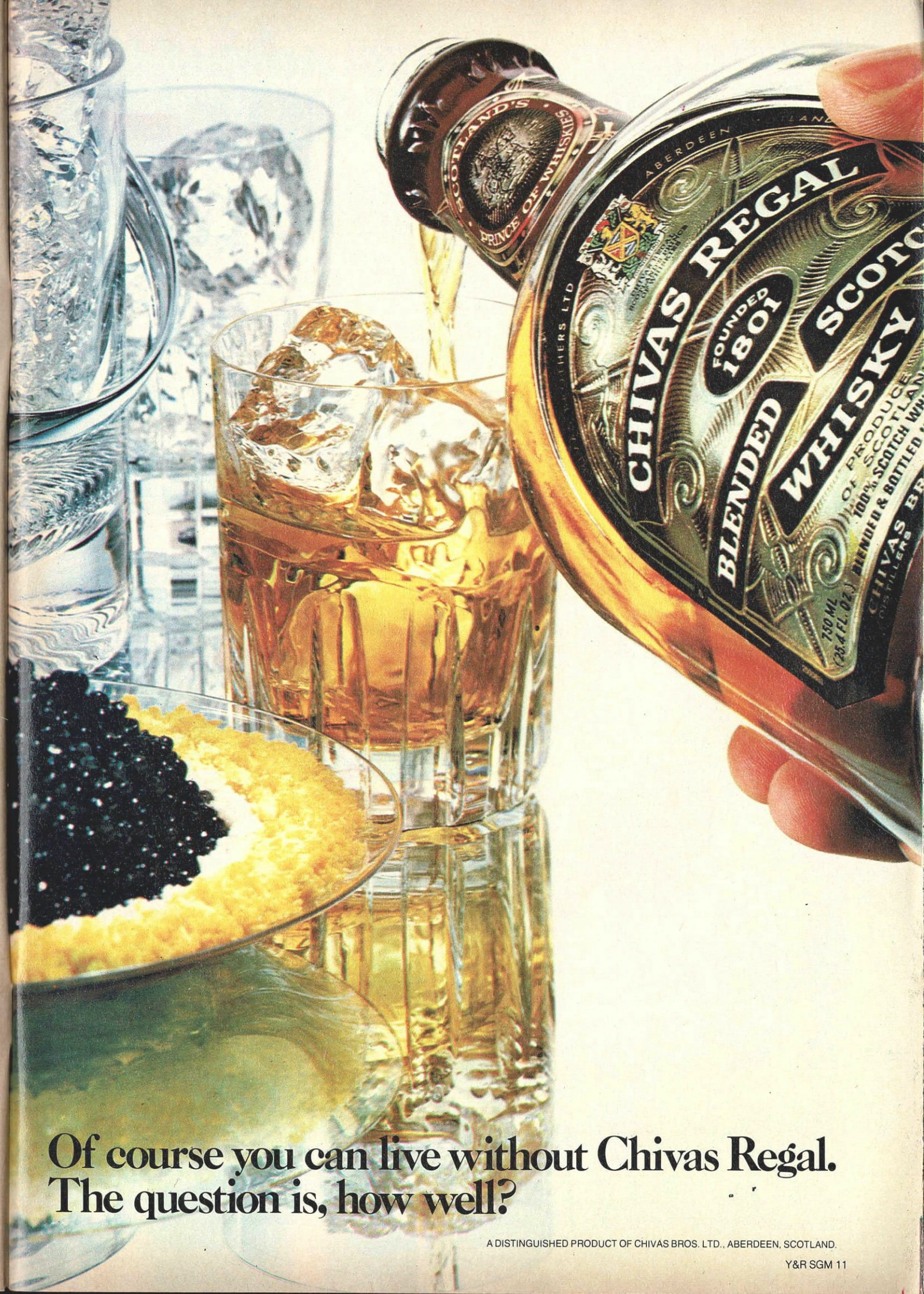
lover's fatal mistake was believing they could escape their heritage. Anthony's belief that he can control the minds of this nation's people is equally dangerous — at least in a political sense.

This month *Australian Penthouse* begins an alarming series on fluoride. For the past two decades the fluoride debate has been emotion-charged and riddled with dogma. As Dr Geoffrey Smith reports in his article starting on Page 34, "the dental profession would hear no wrong about fluoride, nor would it permit any arguments about its safety or efficacy. Now the 'fluoride theory' is a crumbling citadel of dental orthodoxy . . . but the dogma is still strenuously defended. The penalty for heretics is discreet but effective ostracism". Dr Smith, a Melbourne dentist whose 25 years in the profession has taken in field research for the World Health Organisation, consultancy work for major international pharmacological companies and long stints in private practice, expects censure from Australian dental authorities. However, he feels the facts about fluoride must be aired and the debate must be reopened. The illustration is by Jo Anne Hook.

Two other stories in this issue must raise public doubts about the proper use of our money. Regular *Australian Penthouse* contributor Maxwell Newton fulminates on the outrageous waste of taxpayers' money by a bumbling, boneheaded bureaucracy (the art is by Nicholas Harding with apologies to Dali) and Melbourne writer Brian Blackwell teams with staffer Martin Riordan to investigate who gets what out of charity donations. Their discovery: often the charity gets least and the professional fundraisers do very nicely, thank you. Danny Burke contributed the outstanding artwork.

Also in this issue we welcome one of Australia's top writing talents, Steve J. Spears, whose *Elocution of Benjamin Franklin* brought him international acclaim. Spears' *In Search of the Bodgie*, illustrated by Martin Sharp, begins on Page 122. We hope you enjoy it . . . and on your way through stop to meet Sydney's Tracey Wallace, our July Pet of the Month, photographed by Walter Glover.

Finally, keen masthead watchers will notice a change this month. Phil Jarratt, 28, a Senior Editor since the inception of *Australian Penthouse* has become Editor, while Mark Day becomes Editor-in-Chief and remains Publisher. 



Of course you can live without Chivas Regal.
The question is, how well?

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF CHIVAS BROS. LTD., ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

Y&R SGM 11

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

MARK DAY
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher

EDITORIAL

Editor: Phil Jarratt; Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire; Contributing Editor: Owen Thomson; Art Director: Lyle Nagel; Creative Designer: Bruce Morgan; Writer: Martin Riordan; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Kay Klima.

ADVERTISING

National Representatives: Gower and Partners; Account Director: Robert Gower; Account Managers: Steve Bocksette, Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Screid Representations; SA Representative: Hastwell Media; Queensland Representative: Media Services.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Financial Services: Jacqueline Aldridge; Promotions: Rodi Wells; Office Communications Co-ordinator: Michelle Collings.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; Production Assistant: Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch (A'sia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and President)
Irwin E. Billman (Executive Vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (Senior Vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)
Marianne Howatson (Senior Vice-president)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; Associate Art Director: Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; Vice-president/Advertising Director, Marianne Howatson; Public Relations Director, Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director, John Evans; VP/General Counsel, Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion, Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128.
West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070.
London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Technique

Our neighbor is a long-legged, brownish-blond who has been the cause of many of my erections. Her name is Pat, and she has a couple of kids just starting school and long hair often worn in a ponytail. She would come on to me and then shut it off just when she had me up and expectant.

She would eyeball me sexylike, scanning my bulging crotch, and one time she got gravelly-voiced when I commented on her pretty mouth and long neck while I was rubbing the length of my straining hard-on. Her eyes said: "Let's get it on." But her cold shoulder attitude that always followed was puzzling. Her teaser technique is what had kept me hot to trot and wondering.

Two days before my holidays were over, she called to speak to my mother who was out shopping, and we chatted for a while. I told her she sounded like a real sex kitten on the phone, and I would return her lawn mower that I had borrowed.

I knocked and entered through her carport door, and she was bent over the end of her kitchen cabinet, talking on the phone and jotting on a note pad, with her prominent bottom stuck out and straining through an old pair of side-zippered slacks and her pink panties showing brightly through the wide-open, unzipped side gap.

I walked up to her and stroked a finger up and down on her exposed panties. She glanced over her shoulder seductively and did not even break her dialogue with whom ever she was talking to, if anyone, for looking back on it, I think she probably planned it for my entrance.

Having awoken that morning with a raging hangover hard-on and having gone without a girl for my entire holiday, I thrust my hand into that pocket-less opening down on to her pussy and rubbed vigorously, easing behind her to nuzzle myself against her.

She hung up and slowly extracted my arm out of her slacks not the least bit irate about my actions and rolled around to face me, but she would not allow me to kiss her on the lips and turned her head aside. So I tongue-danced over her jaw to her ear and down her neck.

Then I unbuttoned her waistband and dropped to my knees, stripping her bare to the ankles. She moaned as I blew gently on her mound and then stuck my face into it.

For too long I had been dreaming of this to be satisfied with it on the kitchen sink, so I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Stretching her out on the bed, I undressed her slowly and teased and kissed her firm tits and then took off my clothes.

Getting on to the bed, I went down between those long legs, bringing her off twice before she begged me to make love to her.

As I crawled up over her, she guided me into her. I stopped twice to go down on her, and then she would pull me back to her again before I finally exploded with her. Now that's what I love, neighborly love! — Name and address withheld.

Tenting tonight

I recently enjoyed the most curious encounter I have ever experienced. It began, innocently enough, with a camping trip I had been planning for some time. My girl and I were to spend a long weekend with some friends of several years, Tom and Susan. Two days before the trip my girlfriend was sent out of town on business and I was unable to find another partner on such short notice, so I ended up doing a solo on the trip. The country and fresh air have always had a dramatic effect on my libido, and the absence of a companion was only compounded by my constant exposure to Susan's laughing brown eyes and enticing body.

Time and again she or Tom would catch me eyeing her well-filled T-shirt and

Now, all things are remotely possible.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE TRUST.



From Sony, the amazing Z-600 matched component Stereo System with full cordless remote control. Now you can control every component in the system from the comfort (and perspective) of your listening position.

Switch functions, adjust volume, operate the turntable, Dolby® cassette deck and tuner — it's all possible. But look past this obviously brilliant feature to the system itself. Undoubtedly Sony's top-of-the-line matched Stereo System with a sophisticated Program Timer at its heart. You can pre-set up to 4 on/off times daily, record from the tuner in your absence up to 7 days ahead, and more.

Sony Z-600 — proving that all things are remotely possible. Play with one soon.

Z-600
REMOTE CONTROLLED STEREO SYSTEM



SONY
AUDIO

*Dolby is a registered trade mark of Dolby Laboratories.

Paper, petrol costs beat us
Because of huge increases in all costs — particularly the price of imported paper and petrol-induced transport charges — it has been necessary to increase the price of *Australian Penthouse* to \$2.50, effective immediately. All existing subscriptions will be honored and new subscriptions will be received from the advertisement on Page 143 at \$24 until June 30, 1980. The fee will then be \$30 per year.

skin-tight shorts. Their good-natured chuckles only added to my embarrassment and consternation. Throughout the remainder of the day I was kidded mercilessly about my lack of partner.

After dinner we drank some beer, had some smokes, and pitched the tent. Out of habit I had brought two sleeping bags that zipped together, but Tom, anticipating warm weather, had brought only light blankets. During the night it began to rain, and by morning it was quite chilly.

An intermittent drizzle throughout the day kept the temperature down and the hiking cold and damp. When the sun set, it was very cold, so we decided to zip my bags together and spread them open, using the blankets as a community cover.

This accomplished, the interior of the spacious tent was effectively transformed into a wall-to-wall sleeping bag. I took one end with Tom several feet away and Susan on his far side.

Some time during the night I was partially awakened by the tent flap being unzipped. I assumed a late-night leak would ensue, and fell back asleep. I was again awakened at re-entry and felt the covers shifting as the relieved party settled near me. I dozed for a while and gradually became aware of a bare leg thrown carelessly across me. It was Susan. Relief, nervousness, and guilt hit me at about the same time. Arousal came in a close fourth.

Susan and I had engaged in the pseudo-teasing so common in friendly relationships, but this was not the same. Two days of sexual frustration seemed to focus on my acute awareness of the hot smoothness of her inner thigh. I couldn't help myself. I was responding in a typically physical way, and as my sleepy alertness grew, so did my hunger.

Without consciously willing it, I carefully rolled toward her, and she raised her leg slightly to facilitate my movement. When I completely faced her, she threw her arm over my neck and brought her leg back around my middle, pulling her hips closer in the same motion.

I was unable to determine if she was awake or not. Her breathing was heavy but regular, and I simply could not tell whether it was passion or sleepy mistaken identity. Her T-shirt was bunched from her waist to her armpit, and I could feel a warm, naked breast against my shoulder. I couldn't resist placing a hand on her buttocks. I felt what seemed to be a pair of loose-fitting panties.

By this time my erection had become almost painful, due partially to the position in which it had been caught. I pulled my undies below my balls and placed my freed organ between her legs. Slipping my hand underneath the loose leg of her panties, I began slowly caressing her.

My excitement began to mount, and

my touch became even bolder. Soon one finger, two, and then three were exploring and she began an almost imperceptible movement against me.

I reached back between her legs and inserted the tip of my cock underneath the leg of her panties. Susan began arching her pelvis to facilitate my entry, and at the proper pitch of excitement, I slid into her.

As strange as it may seem, I had not thought of Tom since the episode had begun. I now found myself listening intently for any sound coming from his direction. Looking back, I guess it was a pretty ridiculous situation, but at the time I wasn't inclined toward reflection.

As I listened for Tom, I concentrated on quietly screwing Susan. Her movements had become so violent I was afraid that I might not be able to keep myself positioned in her. I wanted to roll her on her back for more control, but I was unsure how close Tom was. My lungs were bursting, and I was getting a cramp in my side, but the pleasure was exquisite.

We enjoyed the sweet friction until I could endure no more. As I felt my orgasm begin its unalterable climb, I locked myself closer to Susan. Apparently her own release was also on the way because her movements became almost superhuman.

In order to stay in her — and without thinking — I rolled her on to her back. Luck remained with me. Her legs relaxed and we came together.

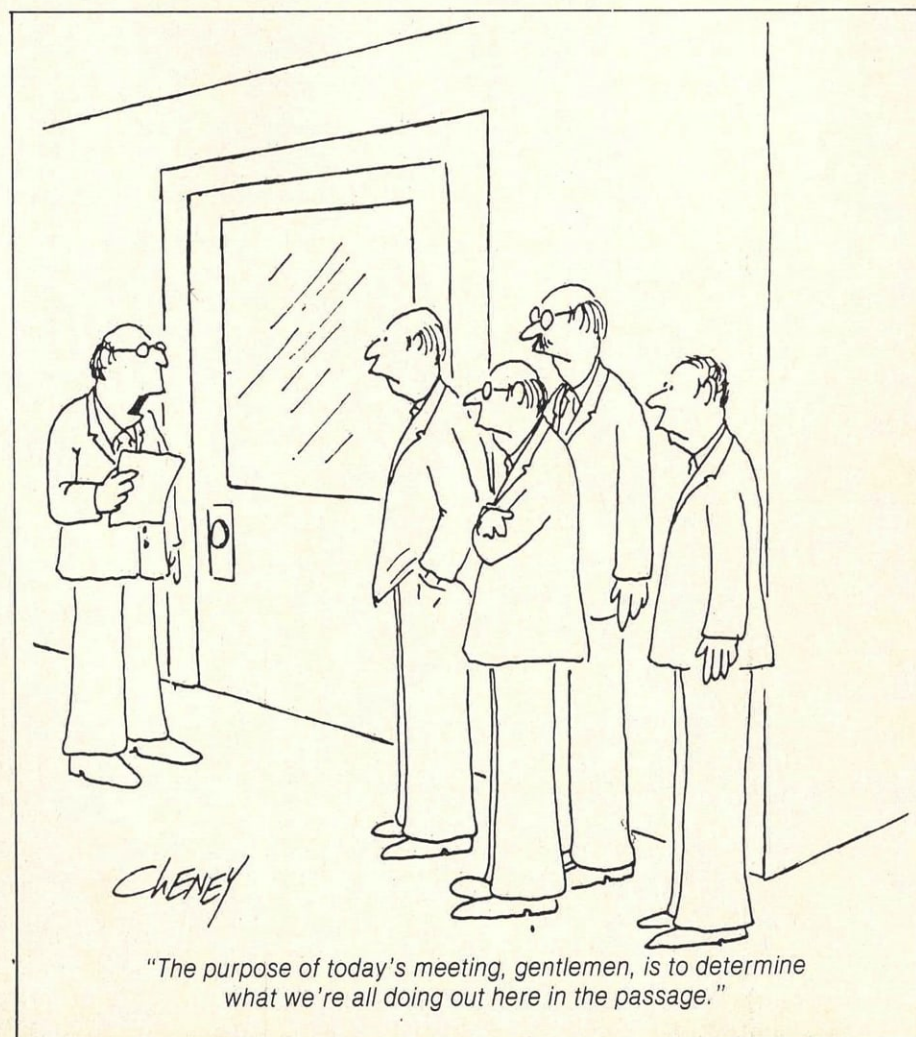
After a few minutes my heartbeat returned to some semblance of normalcy, and I was delighted to discover I was still erect. My head was filled with visions of a magnificent continuation of our lovemaking, but at the same time I could almost feel Tom bending a tyre lever over my head, so I rolled us back to the position in which we had begun.

As I untangled myself from her, Susan turned onto her stomach. She was completely passive. I couldn't tell whether she wanted me to persist or desist, so I contented myself by lazily stroking her back.

It wasn't long to daylight, so I pulled her T-shirt down to cover her and slid into my jeans and let myself out of the tent. I washed the last traces of our encounter from me in the cold waters of the nearby lake.

In a few minutes the sun came up, and shortly thereafter so did Tom. My heart skipped a beat when he stepped out of the tent, but I soon determined nothing was amiss. Susan emerged in a short while, and all appeared normal.

Later, as we were loading the car, Susan brought up an armload of gear and with a twinkle in her eye said: "I hope I didn't disturb you last night." I asked her what she meant. She replied: "I had to make a trip to the bushes. Didn't you hear me?" I told her I had, but that it hadn't



Join the Bee Gees.



It's only natural that the Bee Gees — the world's most popular recording group — master their hit albums on the world's most popular professional recording tape — Ampex Grand Master. In fact, more hit albums, by more top stars, are mastered on Ampex tape than on all others combined.

Now there's a home version of Ampex Grand Master. So you can get the same star quality at home that top stars like the Bee Gees insist on in the studio.

You'll get the incredible signal-to-noise ratio and low distortion the Bees Gees get. And whether you choose normal or high bias cassette, you'll be recording on the one component that never needs upgrading. Ampex Grand Master tape.

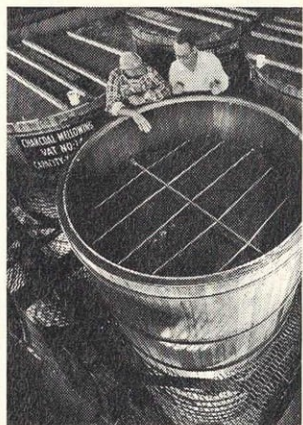
AMPEX

The sound of the stars.



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

IF YOU COULD VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, you would discover how the world's smoothest whiskey is made.



Filtered through ten feet of charcoal

You could taste the pure, iron-free water we use. Inspect our choice American grain. And watch us smooth out our whiskey's flavor—by filtering it through ten solid feet of charcoal before it is barrelled to age. Of course, you don't have to travel all the way to America to learn this. You can sample Jack Daniel's just about anywhere that good whiskey is sold. One taste, we believe, is enough to discover its rareness.



disturbed me. "Besides," I said, "I used the bush myself last night." "I didn't hear a thing," she replied. — *Name and address withheld.*

Travelling salesman

Many men probably fantasise about good-looking women when they travel on the road, but my fantasies came true.

I checked into a popular motel in a certain town late one night, and because I was tired and lonely and the attractive receptionist didn't seem too busy, we struck up a friendly conversation. She was about 40-plus, slim and very attractive, with short blonde curls and a lovely peaches-and-cream complexion. We got on to the subject of "travelling salesmen" and "nights on the town", and she suggested I join her for a drink when she got off duty.

Her flat was only around the corner from the motel, and she immediately turned on the stereo and got out the drinks. After the first drink was downed, this beautiful stranger got up and left the room, saying she had to get out of her work clothes and into something more casual.

My eyes popped when she returned in a clinging satiny gown that showed off her firm, round breasts with enlarged nipples poking at the front and a long slit up the side that exposed her creamy thighs to the waist.

We moved closer but still hadn't touched until we finished another drink and she suggested we go into the bedroom to "listen to the music and be comfortable". I couldn't believe I hadn't yet made a pass and she was inviting me into her bedroom.

She stretched out on the bed and languorously slipped one strap off her shoulder, exposing a white mound of breast, tipped with a swollen brown nipple the size of the tip of my little finger. She whispered: "Try it. You'll like it."

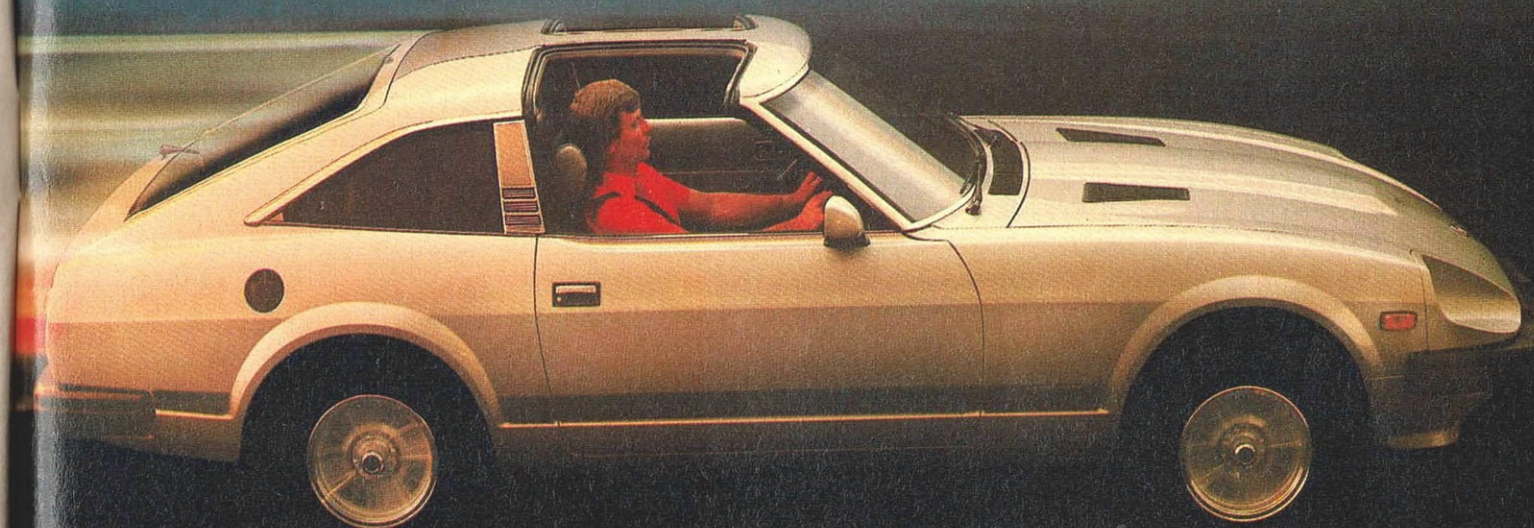
She was right. As I bent my head to take her nipple between my lips, she moaned and moved her lithe legs apart. I gently bit and licked her nipple, sucking on it softly while she moved her own hand down between her legs and squeezed her mound under the satin material of the gown.

I traced circles around her light tan areola with my tongue and then covered her own hand with mine and massaged her.

She was writhing and moaning when I pushed the gown up around her waist, exposing the most beautiful body I'd seen in a long time. Her skin had the soft texture of a baby's, with just the rounded hint of fullness that only a mature woman can offer. The soft springy hair was curly and exactly the color of the curls of her head, which was now thrown back on the pillow, eyes closed.

I moved down lower to her belly and

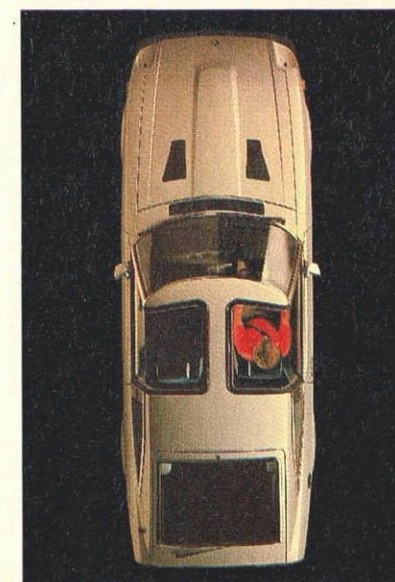
NOW OPEN



NEW DATSUN 280ZX WITH T-BAR ROOF

Alas, many people will find the look of our beautiful new 280ZX 2 + 2 with T-bar roof just a little too daring. A shame, because in reality it is a very sensible luxury car.

A logical alternative to those rather staid and expensive saloons. The problem is that to some people it doesn't look entirely sensible. Frankly, it looks as if it will go like the wind. And we must confess that those accustomed to the sedate manners of ordinary cars will find its performance rather breathtaking. The outstanding roadholding and the exhilarating acceleration provided by our race-proven 2.8 litre fuel injected engine have to be experienced to be believed.



But performance and appearance aside, it is a first class, fully-imported, luxury vehicle. With air conditioning, multi-directional stereo and ZF designed power-steering. And with a T-bar roof which very sensibly allows you to take advantage of our excellent climate and fine scenery.

It's just a pity that it looks so distinctive.

People tend to notice you.



Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

NEW DATSUN 280ZX

felt the soft tickle of the faint hairs leading down from her perfect navel to the golden triangle between her spread thighs. My tongue lapped at her, and by this time she was kneading her breasts with both hands and moaning. This was really turning me on, and I was still fully dressed. I began increasing the pace until she bucked and gasped and came to a violent orgasm.

I jumped up and pulled off my clothes as she was lying back breathing heavily and sighing.

I slowly lowered myself on to her slender body, and she lifted both legs up around my shoulders to allow me to penetrate her. She grasped me with both hands and rubbed around her pussy until I was ready to shoot. Finally, I eased into

her and rotated my hips slowly as I pushed into her. We came to climax together as she squeezed me tightly with her slender legs. We collapsed in each other's arms and slept until dawn. The next morning I awoke in an empty bed and went to the bathroom, where my stranger was standing nude in the middle of the room, drying her hair, her breasts hanging down and softly swaying with the movements of her body. I turned her around and entered from behind, and we rocked to and fro standing up in the bathroom, she playing with her own nipples and my hands massaging her. This woman really knew how to use her body. Later we dressed,

and I dropped her off at the motel front office, where she offered to "work out a refund" on the room I'd never used. I left town and never saw her again. But now I have a new fantasy to keep me warm when I travel. — *Name and address withheld.*

Letter game

Last Saturday my wife, Karen and I had another couple over for dinner. We've known Greg and Anne for several years and often have dinner at their house or have them over. Greg will sometimes bring out part of his *Penthouse* collection and we ogle over them as a stir to our wives. They're not prudish, however, and often read them too.

So last Saturday, after dinner, a couple of bottles of wine, coffee and liqueurs we decided to write a letter like the one's we'd been reading in *Forum*. The letters we'd been reading, the effect of the wine and discussion of possible themes for the letter had made us all pretty frisky and I could see it was going to be an enjoyable evening.

The letter was to be written by me and it began:

"I'd like to share a recent experience with you. After dinner and drinks recently my wife, Karen and I and another couple, Greg and Anne, decided to play cards. We arranged the card table in our spacious lounge room and kept plenty of drinks handy. We sat with Anne on my right and Karen on my left.

hands I lost my watch and asked Anne to take off her pantyhose.

"The atmosphere was charged now and I, for one, was positively randy. No-one had lost the important things yet but as Anne got up and nervously pushed her pantyhose off that moment was obviously close. There was no move to back out."

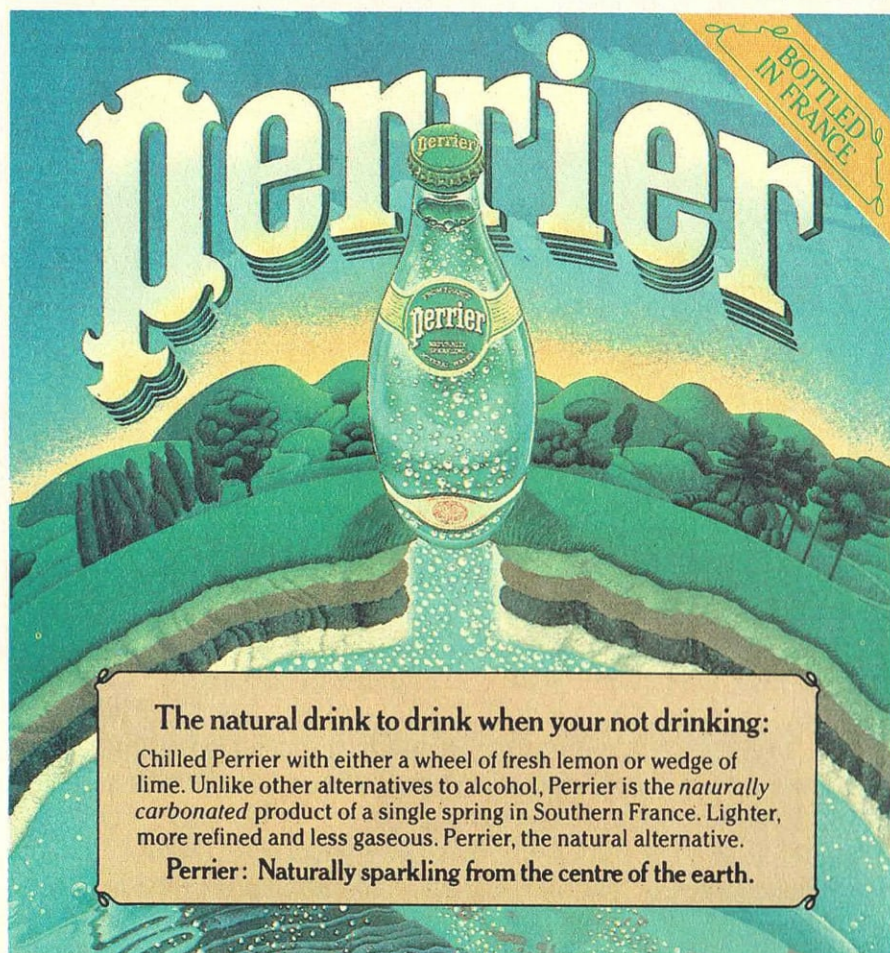
This much was taken down and the story appeared to be coming along well when Anne, supported by Karen, objected. "Just because you're the narrator doesn't mean you get to win you know. We can see what you two are planning. You are going to have the story written so you win just to boost those great male egos of yours. Goodness knows who'd really win, but judging by how excited the two of you are getting from just thinking

about it then 'poker faced' you wouldn't be!" The next step was almost too obvious and it was Greg who finally got up and suggested it. "Well we might just see about that won't we! Come on Mike let's get the table out and show those two." So we did. Against their wishes we made the girls accept the point reached in the letter as a starting point. So off came all our shoes and watches. I put on a tie and Anne, for real this time, took off her pantyhose. If Greg and I had hopes of a quick and decisive victory, luck didn't go our way. In the first three hands I lost my tie and shirt and Greg his shirt. The girls gave us heaps for this and were already proclaiming a win. Despite the mirth, it

was getting pretty hot and horny. The letter being written had moved from fiction to fact as it described what happened next:

"On the next hand, though, our dented egos recovered. Greg had a full house to beat my three Kings. He looked across at Karen as he announced his hand and told her to take off her blouse.

"It was a light, clingy material and crackled with static as she felt nervously for the buttons. The breathing was noticeably heavy and we all watched her. She removed the blouse to reveal only a light body bra, her nipples erect and quite prominent. Karen has a good body and her well proportioned boobs are its best feature. Greg was trembling a little as he



AMT0059-C

"After only about half an hour though we tired of 500 and Anne (whose body I've always fancied) jokingly suggested she was hot and we ought to play strip poker to cool down. She 'wanted to slip in to something more comfortable'. Joke or not I didn't have to be asked twice and immediately agreed it would be fun.

"We agreed easily enough on rules. Whoever won the hand would 'invite' the friend of the opposite sex to take off a piece of clothing. We counted up the pieces of clothing and Greg and I got ties from my room to make things even.

"After a dozen hands we were pretty even and it was getting interesting. We'd all lost our shoes/sandals, all except me, their watches and Greg his tie. In the next

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

"It's the best deal Winfield's ever offered
... and that's sayin' something!
... anyhow* have a Winfield 25's."

Hoges



dealt the next hand which Anne won. I had to stand up and get out of my jeans. I got up and Anne did too, declaring her right as winner to get them off me. She dropped to her knees, undid the belt buckle and the jeans themselves. As she pulled them down she ran her hands all over my arse and then felt up my prick. I almost jumped when she touched me I was so horny. I stepped out of my jeans, stopped my very erect prick from bulging out of the top of my jockettes, and sat down. The atmosphere even more charged.

"Next, Greg lost his trousers and

Karen 'helped' him out of them. He won the next hand and returned the favor, mauling my super randy wife out of her shorts.

"Anne, still in a dress was the only respectable one amongst us and we ganged up on her to make sure I won the next hand. Anne and I got up, I moved behind her and pushed my prick against her arse. Facing Anne toward our audience I fondled her large juicy boobs and felt for the first of the buttons which went right down the front of her split-sided dress. She reached behind her and felt for my prick. It was very hard to concen-

trate on those buttons! Greg and Karen were watching intently and Greg reached over and pushed his hand inside my wife's panties and she moaned quietly, slouched a little and spread her legs to allow better access. When I got the last of Anne's buttons undone I turned her toward me, pushed the dress back off her shoulders, watched it fall to the floor and we kissed passionately.

"An orgy could well have occurred right then but my wife insisted that 'the game must go on' and so we slowly settled back into our playing positions. Anne agreed that the girls wanted to prove a point by winning but it was Greg who came up with four sevens on the next hand. He reached over, undid the front opening clasp on my wife's bra and she slipped it off. He found it hard to concentrate on the next hand, won by Karen and lost his last item of clothing. He was the first person eliminated and the three of us played on. Anne lost her bra next and I nipped one of those beautiful boobs as I pulled her bra away.

"As a forfeit for losing, Greg was made to lie on the floor beside Karen, his throbbing erection impossible to hide. She reached out casually and stroked it a couple of times just to make him suffer a little more.

"I won the next hand and took Anne over on to the floor where I slowly and carefully pulled off her knickers. Greg could take no more of Karen's 'attention' and dragged her off her chair to the floor. Anne and I looked at each other in pure lust and she reached inside my jockettes, held my prick with one hand and pushed the pants down and off with the other. We were virtually in a 69 position and I began eating her pussy while she nibbled on my balls. Meanwhile Greg gave Karen some of her own back, lightly stroking her pussy and slipping her panties off. When they rolled over to join us there was a tangle of four wildly horny people. Karen jumped on to me and rode my pole wildly. Greg attacked Anne doggie style beside us. Anne and I were kissing and mauling while being screwed by our respective partners. A while later we had all come but in that atmosphere (and for the first time with another couple present) I just stayed hard. Greg and Anne had changed positions and were lying beside us, Anne underneath, enjoying a long, leisurely screw to wind down. Karen moved down to lay gently on top of me. We all came again about 15 minutes later."

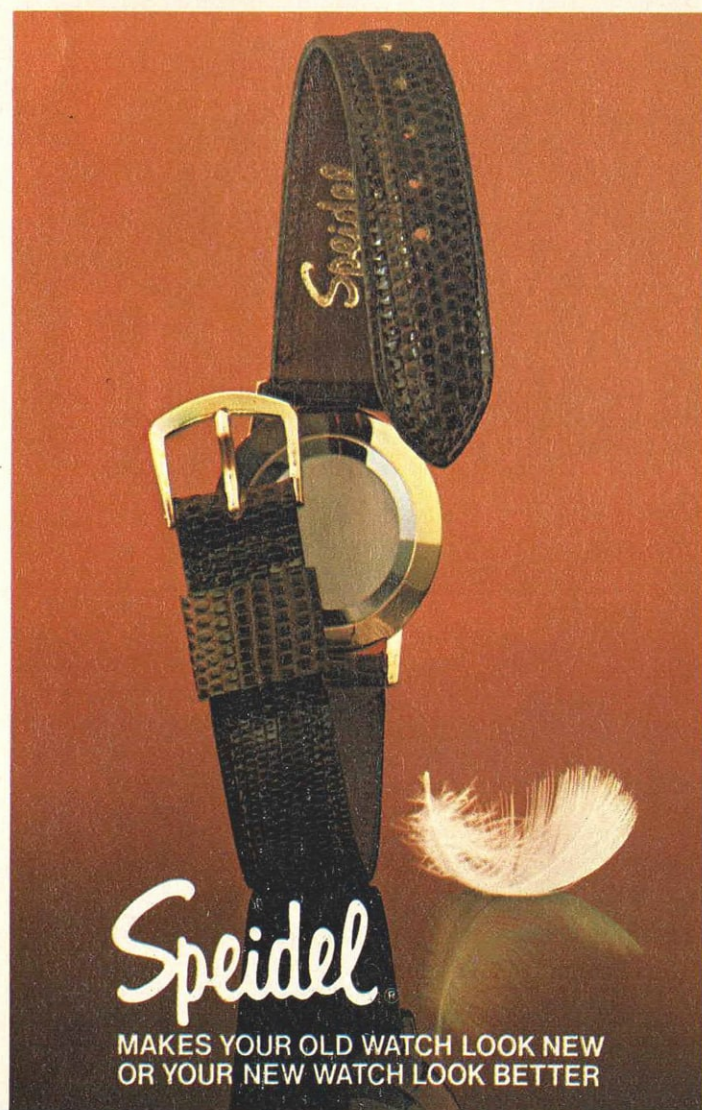
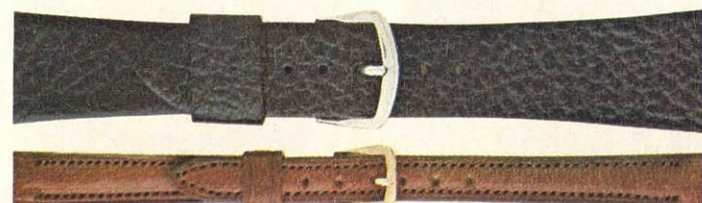
So if you find reading Forum letters pretty stimulating, as we do, then you ought to see what happens when you write them. I can vouch for the opinion that it's twice as much fun. — *Name and address withheld.*

Believe in Santa!

One of my uni mates asked me to go home with him during last Christmas

Elegance in leather by Speidel.

Speidel proudly present their new range of leather watch straps. The lightness and comfort of genuine leather in a wide range of finishes, from the boldly masculine to the flatteringly feminine. Recommended prices from \$4.95 to \$15.95.



Speidel

MAKES YOUR OLD WATCH LOOK NEW
OR YOUR NEW WATCH LOOK BETTER

ALA/SW1491

Bose® presents the most exciting bookshelf speaker since the Model 301.

The new Model 301. With an improved tweeter that took three years to perfect. An innovative Dual Frequency Crossover™ network that delivers smoother midrange response. A unique tweeter protection circuit that virtually eliminates tweeter burnout. And a subtle exterior modification that makes the Model 301 more elegant than ever.

But even with changes, the Model 301 retains its conventional personality.

It is, after all, a Bose Direct/Reflecting® loudspeaker system. Which means it utilizes a carefully produced balance of reflected and direct sound to give you the spatial realism of a live performance. From nearly every location in your listening room, you hear accurate stereo balance. Accurate location of each instrument, each note. Clearly, precisely. And with a fullness and richness you may have thought

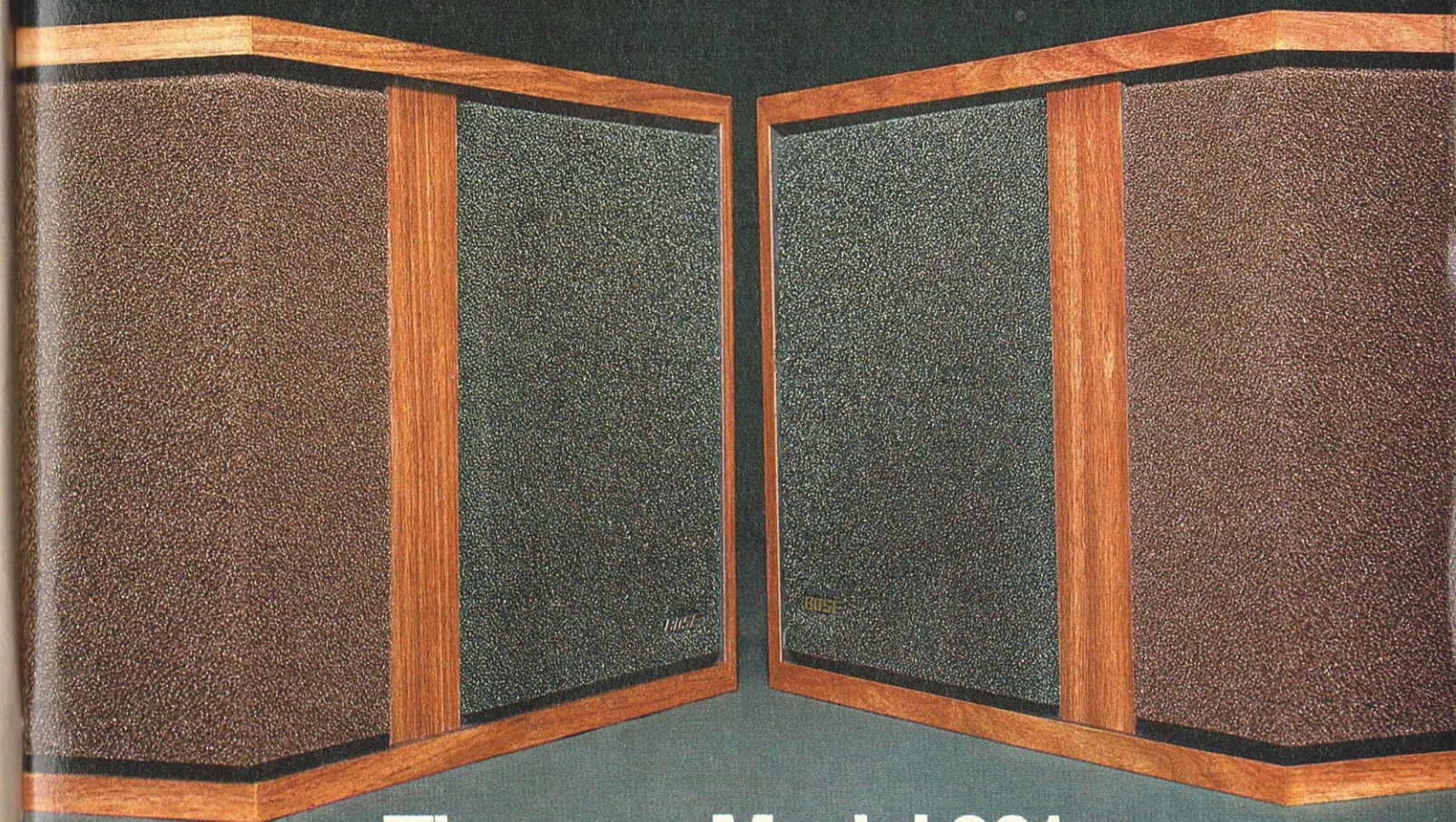
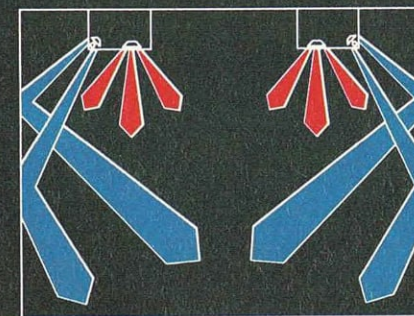
impossible from such a compact enclosure.

As a matter of fact, the Model 301 delivers a level of performance which simply astounds first-time listeners.

It could happen to you. Ask your Bose dealer to demonstrate the Model 301 against any bookshelf speaker, regardless of price.

Then ask him to demonstrate the Model 301 against even much larger speakers. In each case, you will hear an open, spacious sound that expands the confines of your listening room. Suddenly, you are in a larger, more open space, listening to music as if you were hearing it for the first time.

No other bookshelf speaker even approaches the spatial realism of the new Model 301. See your Bose dealer for a demonstration and hear what we mean.



The new Model 301.

BOSE®

For complete technical information on the new Model 301 speaker system, write Bose Australia Inc. 11 Muriel Avenue, Rydalmere, NSW. 2116. Covered by patent rights issued and pending.

holidays, and not really having any family, I was pleased at the invitation. Even though I felt a little uneasy, being a stranger in the midst of a very large family, I decided that it really had to be better than being alone at Christmas-time.

We arrived at Joe's place a week before Christmas, and all of his brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends really treated me as though I was one of the family. By the second day I was really amazed at how friendly and pleasant they were to be around.

There was a party every night with a lot of drinking and a lot of dancing. I seemed to always be busy talking or dancing with aunts, sisters, cousins, mothers, or whatever from the age of 16 to 60, and the food and drinks were fantastic.

We spent Christmas eve going from one party to another, and it was after 3am when we finally got home. During our several parties it seemed that there always were two and sometimes even three Santa Clauses around. It was really funny watching the young kids seeing double and triple at the same time. I assumed that Joe's dad was probably one of the Santas, but really hadn't given it much thought, because there were always so many family members around.

When we got home, there was a note pinned to my pillow, telling me to take a good warm shower before going to sleep

if I expected Santa to be good to me. I really thought it was a joke, but I even surprised myself when I realised that the shower really felt good and relaxing.

I had crawled into bed and turned off the light and was nearly asleep when I heard my door open and someone lock it, and then I heard a muffled voice say that Santa had a surprise for me.

I rolled over but really couldn't see other than what appeared to be a large Santa in the very dim light through the window. Then, suddenly, I felt a small, soft, warm hand slide in under the covers and grab me, and I knew that the hands had to belong to a woman. But then I was again surprised when I felt myself sliding between someone's lips and could also feel what felt like a moustache and whiskers.

I know that I had wanted to come at least six times when Santa said: "It's perfect — I've got just what it needs." Suddenly Santa slipped out of the oversized trousers and mounted me, and I could feel the most wonderful pussy.

She knew just how to keep me hard and had orgasm after orgasm without letting me come for the longest time. While this was going on, I had been running my hands up her blouse and feeling her tits, which were at least 36s or 38s.

I couldn't hold back any longer, and Santa was having the same wonderful problem, and we were both coming.

I heard Santa leave the room and began wondering if maybe I'd had a wild dream, but still I knew that I had been wonderfully screwed and that someone else had been, too.

During the next two days I kept trying to figure out just which sister, aunt, or who had given me such a wonderful Christmas present. When Joe and I were leaving, his mother squeezed my hand as she said: "I hope that Santa was good to you and that you enjoyed Santa as much as Santa enjoyed having you come." And then she added: "I hope that Joe invited you here for Easter, and I'm sure that the Easter bunny will be even better to you."

During the drive back to town and ever since, I've had some very pleasant memories of the most memorable Christmas I've ever had. Now I've really been more amazed at just how fantastic an "older, experienced woman" can be. If Joe invites me for Easter, I know that I'm certainly going to be trying to eat an Easter bunny if I get the chance. — *Name and address withheld.*

Three for the road

Recently I was driving my van back to town after a week's holiday. About two hours into my excursion, I noticed two shapely blondes on the side of the road, hitchhiking, so I pulled over on the shoulder and picked up the two girls. After a few minutes of light conversation, Kathy, 21, said that she and her friend, Julie, 18, were both grateful for the lift, as it was very cold outside.

We all began talking, and eventually the topic turned to sex. Then Julie asked me if I would mind stopping at the next service station so that she could use the rest room. As we waited for Julie, Kathy turned to me and reiterated how thankful she was for the ride. Then she planted a long kiss on my lips.

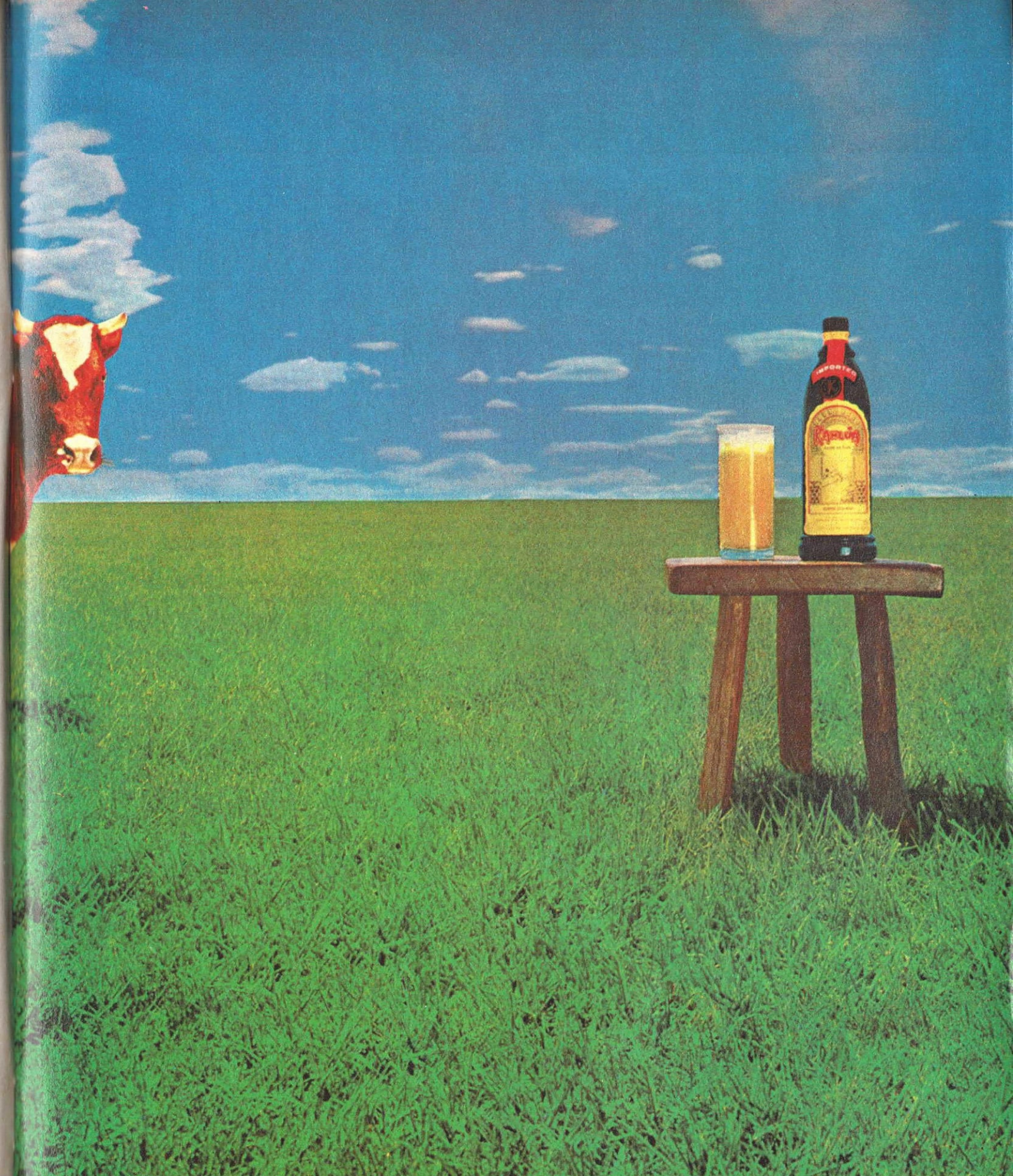
Before I knew it, we were lying down in the back of the van and she had slipped her hand slowly down the front of my jeans. We quickly disrobed, and I lay down on my back, while she knelt over my anxious face. Just as she began to buck wildly, I heard the van door slam.

It was at this point that I got the surprise of my life. As Kathy came in a shuddering orgasm, I felt myself being engulfed by a hot mouth. Kathy raised up, and I looked down to see Julie, now naked, wildly swallowing me. Within seconds I shot my load and watched in disbelief as Kathy embraced her friend and moved into a quick 69 position.

Extremely horny after the scene I had just witnessed, I slid into Kathy while working on Julie until we all came.

An angry station attendant's loud knock on the van door sent us flying for our clothes.

I jumped into the driver's seat and sent us rolling down the road again. — *Name and address withheld.* ☺



TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. **Kahlua**

Longbeach. 25 of life's simple pleasures.



The real satisfaction of rich Virginia tobaccos
in a smooth tasting, easy smoking cigarette.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Computer talk

I totally agree with your story, To Err Is Inhuman (*Australian Penthouse*, June). I, too, have been driven around the bend by being told that what I consider to be staff inefficiency was really a computer error. So much so, I confess, that I once folded and spiked a computer payment card before I sent it back to the company. I then received a curt letter from the computer telling me how naughty I was.

Running a close second to computer contact, is talking to answer phones. I would rather not get an answer than have to speak to some silly tape recorder. I may be paranoid, but I always suspect that the person I'm ringing is really there and listens to who is calling before he decides to intercept the call. — R.P., West Beach, South Australia.

More suspenders

I have been buying your opposition's magazine for some time now (about a year) so I am not a biased person, except when it comes to organisations like the Festival of Light.

If it wasn't for beautiful ladies like Lindsay in your May issue, *Penthouse* wouldn't exist. You guys have just got to give us more ladies like her or, better still, Lindsay again and again, and more ladies with suspenders, lace, black stockings and high heel shoes.

You've won yourself another subscriber — Raymond Matarczyk, Windsor, Queensland.

What about the workers?

Australia's artful dodger, Peter Clyne, may be clever and his tax avoidance schemes brilliant (*Australian Penthouse*, June), but how many earn more than \$100,000 a year to take advantage of such "fun and profit"?

To the eternal displeasure of my fast-spending wife and myself, I earn about one fifth of that figure. How about running a series, this time concentrating on people earning sums similar to our average weekly earnings? That this enormous group of tax payers continue to be slugged may amuse Mr Clyne and others, but for us, it provides no laughter at all. — J.B., Franklin, Tasmania.

Platform pin-up

I am writing on behalf of the boys on Kingfish-B oil platform in Bass Strait. We

are all slightly depraved and have an extreme case of the "hots" for Lillian Gasinskayay. We would like to know if you could supply us with a full frontal photo (nude and as large as possible) exposing all her glorious charms, as we would like to make her our mascot — platform pin-up for 1980. — Roy Burchell, Kingfish-B.

For Roy and the boys, here's a sneak preview of the photograph now on its way to Kingfish-B.



Disturbing

The idea of one of Australia's worst criminals, murderer, kidnapper and rapist, John Cribb, being able to have his autobiography published is disturbing (*Australian Penthouse*, June).

That a book publisher is interested is of even greater concern. How far will prisoners' rights go? Perhaps the next step will be their own television variety show starring the misfits of our society. — F.G., Perth, Western Australia.

Horse sense

It was great to read about the nation's horse breeding industry and the extraordinary money involved in this area of sport (*Australian Penthouse*, May).

Richard Sleeman's description of thoroughbred business made interesting reading.

I can now appreciate why people such as T.J. Smith, Colin Hayes and Bart Cummings are so keen to stay in the racing game. But with yearlings being sold for more than \$10,000, it could be a few more months before I'm in the market. — K.L., Cheltenham, NSW.

No Alternative

Max Teichmann's advise in Don't Vote — It Only Encourages Them (*Australian Penthouse*, June) is the most pathetic bit of negative writing I've read for some years. He sets out to ruin every party, every policy and initiative during the past couple of years under Fraser.

He even has the audacity to slate Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau for admitting the truth: he has no lasting solutions to anything.

After taking his readers through six pages of stinging criticism, what has Mr Teichmann got to offer as an alternative? Like many academics, precisely nothing! — B.K., Toorak, Victoria.

Nuggets of wisdom

Steven Schwartz's Gold Fever (*Australian Penthouse*, June) was interesting, with some inaccuracy here and there.

Most metal detectors are useless for locating gold, as opposed to most other metals, and none of them "bounce electromagnetic waves off the ground", the principle is magnetic coupling.

While I have no more faith in world leaders than Mr Schwartz, I'm not certain his wager on gold is all that sage either.

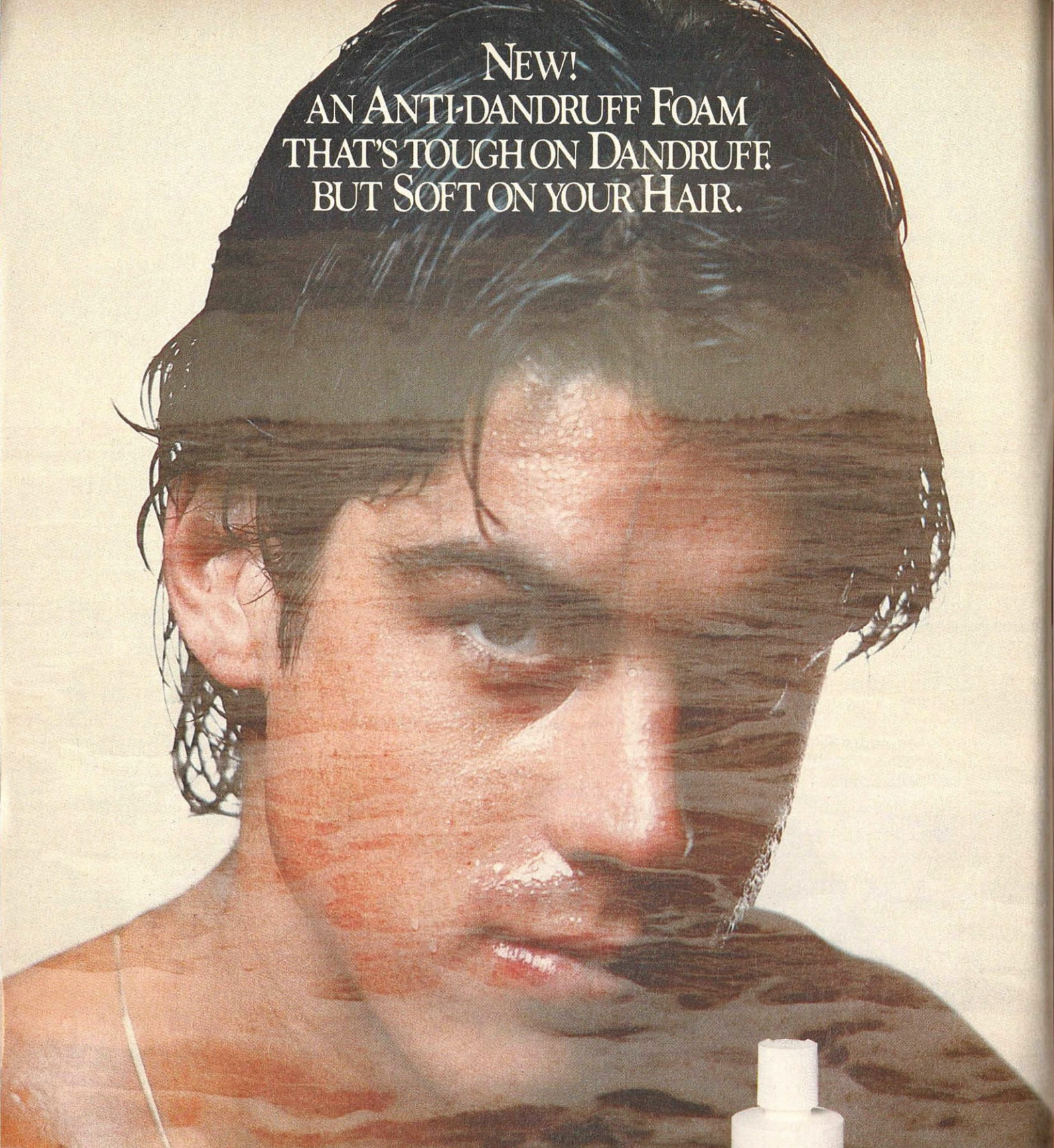
In the 1930s, Western governments went off the gold standard and forced private bullion owners to trade-in their gold for paper (fiat) money at low exchange rates.

Then those bottom-dealing institutions gave the ex-bullion owners even more of the fiscal shaft by devaluing fiat money by nearly two-thirds, while raising gold by some 75 percent. Said owners were thus screwed out of 90 percent of their international buying power.

Given that present governments are even more adept at using the fiscal phallus than those of the Thirties, who will reassure current bullion owners that they won't end up in the "ex" class, too?

Perhaps Mr Schwartz will next write of the investment possibilities of diamonds, which so far have rather escaped Big Daddy's legal thieving. — George Lindley, Redfern, NSW.

NEW!
AN ANTI-DANDRUFF FOAM
THAT'S TOUGH ON DANDRUFF
BUT SOFT ON YOUR HAIR.



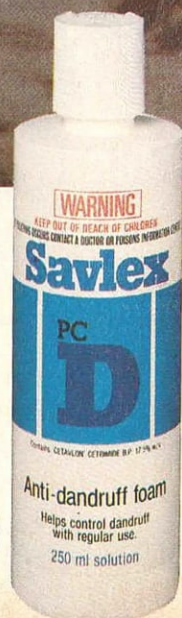
Most serious anti-dandruff treatments are tough on dandruff. But they tend to be rough on your hair. So you have to give them a rest from time to time and switch to ordinary shampoos.

That's why ICI created Savlex D. It's an excellent long-term treatment for dandruff because its active ingredient, Cetrimide, is tough on dandruff — but soft on your hair.

Use Savlex D foam regularly and it will keep your scalp clear of dandruff. Use it as often as you like for as long as you like. It will leave your hair soft, healthy and manageable.

Savlex D. A serious answer to the problem of dandruff.

Savlex D



ICI 132 PM4290/80

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to tell if
the age of anxiety is getting you down.

It has been said by great psychoanalysts: "Anxiety is essential to the human condition." But even though a little tension now and then keeps us on our toes, there are times when all the stresses of modern living crowd into your head and dance around your psyche in army boots. And that's what this psychograph aims to find out: is the age of anxiety getting to you?

It's possible that our modern age is no more stressful than any other period in history. After all, cavemen worried about being run over by herds of stampeding mastadons, while medieval peasants had plagues, feudal lords and visiting barbarians to keep things exciting. But modern life has brought us the disappearing ozone layer, acid rains, surly bus drivers and global disasters.

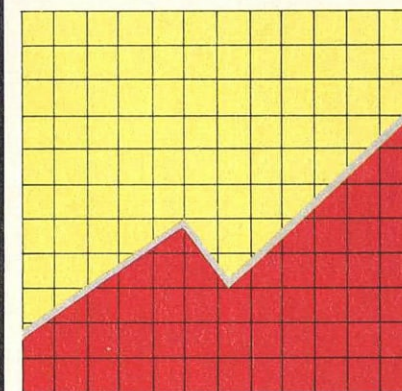
In any case, science has shown an enormous interest in the effects of stress and anxiety. Back in the 1930s medical researchers became curious about the causes and symptoms of stress. Since then thousands upon thousands of medical and psychological papers have been written on the subject.

The buildup of stress, it seems, not only causes psychological problems but also affects our physical well being. Stress has been linked to everything from allergies and head colds to heart attacks, tuberculosis, and cancer.

In this questionnaire we outline symptoms and correlates of stress that have been isolated by researchers. Try to examine yourself objectively. If you answer the questions carefully and thoughtfully, you may get a good idea of just how much stress you're carrying around.

1. Do you find you get angry more than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no
2. Do you have trouble sleeping?
(a) yes
(b) no

THE STRESS TEST



3. Do you frequently have disturbing dreams and nightmares?
(a) yes
(b) no
4. Are you tapping or jigging your foot at this moment?
(a) yes
(b) no
5. Do you seem to have less interest in sex than you used to?
(a) yes
(b) no
6. Do you find you often compare yourself with others to see whether you're doing better or worse than they are?
(a) yes
(b) no
7. Did your parents argue a lot when

you were growing up?
(a) yes
(b) no

8. When things around you get screwed up, is it likely to be your fault?
(a) yes
(b) no
9. Do you find it harder to buckle down to your work now than formerly?
(a) yes
(b) no
10. Do you think you are lazier than other people?
(a) yes
(b) no
11. Do you think of yourself as shy and bashful?
(a) yes
(b) no
12. Are you worse off financially than you thought you'd be at this point in your life?
(a) yes
(b) no
13. Have you always been jealous?
(a) yes
(b) no
14. Are the palms of your hands clammy?
(a) yes
(b) no
15. Would you say that you really don't know where your career is headed?
(a) yes
(b) no
16. Was either of your parents seriously ill while you were growing up?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Would you say you're not so healthy as most men your age?
(a) yes
(b) no
18. Do you often have nausea or stomach pains?
(a) yes
(b) no
19. Do you frequently go through periods when you feel incapable of making any decision?
(a) yes
(b) no
20. Do you like your boss? (If you're self-employed, substitute "colleagues", "clients", or whoever else is most crucial to your business.)
(a) yes
(b) no
21. Are you more tired than you used to be?
(a) yes
(b) no
22. Does your mouth often feel dry?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Have you either been overeating or has your appetite dropped off?
(a) yes
(b) no
24. Do the muscles in your shoulders, neck and back often hurt?
(a) yes
(b) no
25. Have you been tapping your fingers or pencil while doing the quiz?
(a) yes
(b) no

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS

Taken individually, none of the items on this psychograph means anything. Yet taken together, these items add up to a profile of the typical stressed man. Give yourself one point for each yes answer.

If you scored 20-25 points:

You show an extremely high level of stress. Men in this category tend to be hard driving and highly successful — the obsessive over achievers you read about in popular novels. But they often pay a price in the form of wrecked interpersonal relationships and prematurely failing health. They're the men who end up with heart attacks before they're 50.

12-18 points:

While you may not be operating under the extraordinary levels of stress as men in the preceding category are, you are by no means the most relaxed man in the world. Your life is more stressful than is good for you. You probably share many of the same characteristics with men in the preceding category but not to the same degree. Men in this group are attracted to the high-powered world of achievement and success, but they realise that a life like that can rob them of the benefits that go with a more relaxed existence.

6-11 points:

If there were such a thing as an ideal level of stress, it would probably show up in this category. Men in this group operate at levels of stress high enough to keep them sharp, interesting, and alert, but without making them hypertense crazies. They accept stress as a normal part of life but don't let it take over. They know there are times when stress is appropriate and they don't try to avoid it.

0-5 points:

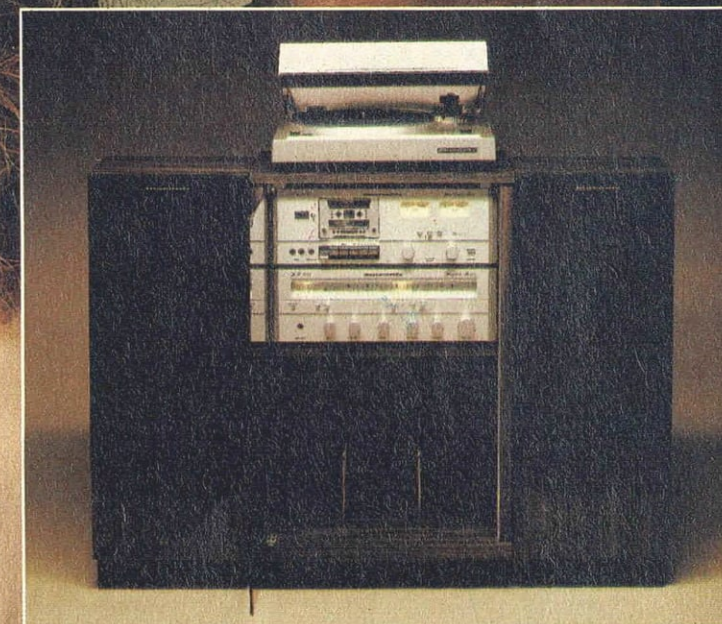
You're so relaxed that you probably fell asleep halfway through this quiz. You're one of those rare people who can keep calm in the midst of catastrophe. Anybody who can be so composed is to be admired. Such inordinate composure, can sometimes be a drag on your career. Superiors may interpret your calm as lack of enthusiasm, while others may view it as downright eerie. +

BE5265



paco rabanne
paris

We have an agreement



The Marantz Agreement.

Sevruga? I asked. No thanks, I'll have the taramasalata. Rye? I tried. No thanks, only drink champagne. Music? I queried. Marantz? she countered. Yes, I sighed with relief. In that case, she said, we agree. I don't care for your taste in caviar or booze, but I like a man who listens to his music in style. What would you like to hear? I ventured. Marantz and the rustling of satin sheets — she kicked off her shoes and curled into the couch.

It's the Rhapsody 800. What? she asked. The hi-fi, I said. Oh, tell me about it. Well, I

started, the Receiver is the Marantz SR800 AM/FM, plenty of power, dual function AM/FM tuning meter and switching for 2 pairs of speakers. That's nice, she said.

I went on — the turntable is belt-drive auto-return, (so am I, she said) has an AC synchronous motor, (so have I, she said) and damped cue control tone arm with anti-skate. The cassette deck naturally has Dolby Noise Reduction and a Super Hard Permalloy head for both performance and durability. Mmm — I like Marantz, she said. Then, there's the speakers. Yes, she

said — handle 65 watts per channel, 3-way infinite baffle design. Exciting and accurate sound. How do you know? I asked. Well, I chose the Rhapsody 800 for myself, she smiled — simply because it's the best in the price range, and I liked it.

Do we have an agreement then? I asked. Yes, she smiled again, Marantz and you and me.

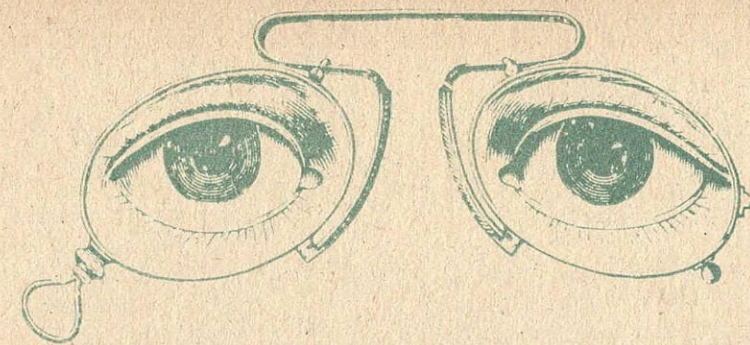
marantz.
Now you're listening.

For further information on Marantz Music Systems write to our Brookvale address or call any of the listed numbers.

MARANTZ (AUST.) PTY. LTD. 32 Cross St., Brookvale, NSW 2100, Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA24121, Melbourne (03) 329 7655, Brisbane (07) 48 8266, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 328 3874. MPC5



Improve your French.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

STATUS QUO GOES BANANAS

BY FRANK ROBSON

One sizzling summer night a council inspector marched up to a group of diners he'd caught toasting the moon from a Brisbane sidewalk cafe. "Go inside," the inspector said irritably, waving an ordinance that empowered him to deal with this sort of insurrection. Clutching their unfinished meals, the diners did as they were told while the proprietor wearily stacked away the sidewalk tables. In the cafe it was monstrously hot — and when a man strode to the door to lob his salad after the departing inspector, everyone cheered.

But within five minutes the incident was forgotten. Only in Brisbane, I later realised, does a side salad tossed in anger serve to mollify so wronged a gathering.

No one could explain why we had been sent inside like a bunch of kids caught playing in the rain. It was an ordinance, they said, something about health requirements, or something. Before we left, the proprietor, smiling with boyish bravado, let slip that he would set up on the sidewalk again the following night: "I just wish a few other restaurants would do it, then they wouldn't pick on me so much..."

That was five years ago, several years before the forces of Banana Status Quo began finally to lose ground to the forces of Innovation. In 1980, as Premier Joh's hob-nailed regime enters its swan song, Innovation has skipped from the closet to dance in the streets, eat on the sidewalks and make jubilant plans for the new Brisbane to come.

In a short time no one will recognise the Brissie of old — that oversized Cunnamulla of rusty red roofs, a treeless steaming place seemingly populated by old skin cancer victims and sad, falling-down aborigines.

The new Brisbane will pulse with vitality, fashion and beauty. It will hide beneath a forest of cool tropical trees, its people will stroll (in groups of more than three if they wish) through trendy malls, discover all-

night clubs and eat on the sidewalks until they explode ... or swoon from sheer sophistication.

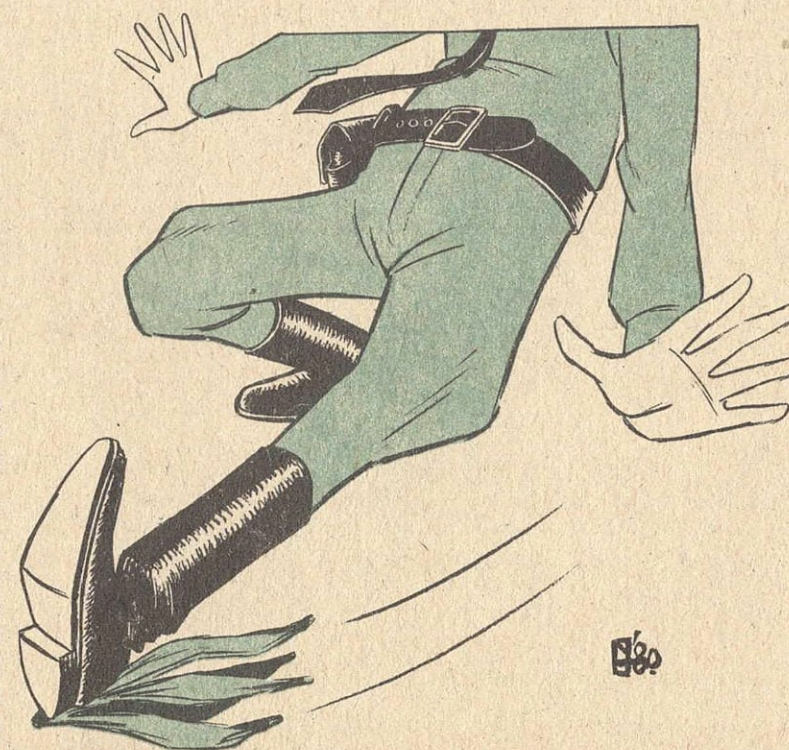
And as the State Liberal Party heads inevitably to senior partner status in the coalition, politicians have leapt aboard the Innovation bandwagon and become suddenly animated about trees, a clean river, inner-city redevelopment, and so on. Even National Party polities with an eye to survival in the post-Joh Utopia have caught the scent and begun making bizarrely uncharacteristic noises about "the quality of life in our beautiful tropical city".

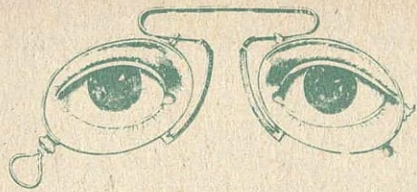
Local newspapers, too, can feel the stirring. The *Courier Mail*, which once referred to the Brisbane River only in terms of how many floating derelicts it yielded, has now begun a community series called 'It's Our River — Let's Use It!' Ferry services will be streamlined, pollution more rigidly opposed and multi-million dollar riverside restaurant and shopping complexes encouraged.

ALP Lord Mayor Frank Sleeman is always popping on TV to talk about 'the Sleeman blueprint for the greening of Brisbane' — a scheme now well advanced in which the council supplies free shrubs and trees to residents.

In a town where tropical vines can grow up and strangle you almost overnight, the big mystery is why the greening of Brisbane is only just starting. The answer, according to an official council source, is that thousands of elderly folk hate trees. They fear any growing plant taller than a cabbage, in fact, because of their conviction that rapists and drunken aborigines will hide among the leaves and jump out at them.

This sounds crazy, but it also sounds very much in line with other arbitrary rulings and superstitions of the demented Banana Status Quo. All over Brisbane I have seen old people working with silent desperation to rid their properties of undergrowth. You can tell that some of them are even scared of their lawns because they crawl around pulling out any weed tall





enough to conceal a 10cm-high mugger. And council workmen, despite Frank Sleeman's green blueprint, attack existing kerbside trees the very instant they begin to acquire a pleasant, natural look. A row at the top of my street had flowered and were smelling marvellous when the workmen (secret agents of the Banana Status Quo?) came with chain saws to teach the trees a lesson. Boy, did they show 'em!

Not surprising, then, that the council's free trees scheme is only successful in some areas. A gift of used condoms or home abortion kits would be no less popular among those who want Brisbane to stay just like Cunnamulla. Eventually, of course, they will die and the Innovators will plant trees on their graves.

But trees, pretty riverside scenes and even sidewalk dining don't add up to the kind of cultural revolution Brisbane seems determined to achieve. Less obvious but more important matters need attention — like the ingrained offensiveness of petty officials and police, and the whipped-cur compliance of the public with any form of authority.

In other parts of Australia, a cop who catches you doing something wrong is usually expected to be as rough and rude as he wishes. In Brisbane, a great number of cops are just as unpleasant to people who haven't broken any law. If your car is pulled over by a Queensland policeman, it is a time-honored tradition for you to hang your head and appear to be on the verge of tears. This is what the officers are accustomed to, and any other attitude is likely to be construed as cheeky. Even a polite explanation about some alleged traffic violation usually falls into the category of backchat.

Naturally, not all Brisbane police are like this and the ones who are, are not individually to blame. Their collective

megalomania stems from the fact that they are used as a political tool of the Government, and thus enjoy the vital protection that such a tool needs to remain effective. They are immune — and it makes a lot of them very stropky boys.

Petty officials like parking cops (and council inspectors) are infected, it seems, by the same holiday spirit of carte blanche pushiness. In other places parking cops give you tickets — in Brisbane they often cannot resist dispensing lectures as well. And people actually take it!

The Ghengis Khan approach to the masses goes clean through the fabric of Queensland society. Many publicans will call the police if drinkers sing in their bars. Head waiters at restaurants will make frightful scenes if someone is found (during a summer heatwave) to be wearing sandals. A caravan park manager (now an endorsed Liberal candidate in Brisbane) will not let men with longish hair into his park.

In perspective, these things are minor irritants, nowhere near as insidious as many southern trendies are thrilled to believe. In so many other ways Brisbane is a fine and unique city, full of that magic unpredict-

ability which seems to flourish in the tropics.

Over the next decade, when the Banana Status Quo has been exiled to that Big Prejudice in the Sky and no one is scared of the trees any more, it will become a whole lot better.

SCENES



GUNNING FOR BUST

Sexy ads are one thing, but the prospect of a topless girl in an industry journal was too much for workers in the Furnishing Trades Journal. They objected to this advertisement featuring an attractive girl with nothing between her breasts and the rest of us except a machinegun.

Furno Industries, a Sydney hardware supplier, displayed the ads in the *Furnishing Trades Journal* after Christmas. The first showed the girl dressed in an Al Capone style hat, with matching black shirt and white tie. In the next issue, readers were forced to see the girl topless, with the machinegun covering her breasts.

One issue later the girl appeared again, this time, as this page reveals,

showing a good deal more

Apparently, the sight of nipples was the last straw and letters quickly flowed into the union's Melbourne office deploring the "sexist" ads. Says union chief, Ken Carr: "Many women in the furniture trade were outraged. We had no alternative except to write to Furno, asking that they stop the sexist, terrible promotion campaign. If they didn't the union was considering black bans and boycotts against the company."

The latest edition of the FTJ has the attractive young girl back in her original outfit.

Furno spokesman John Armstrong said he was surprised by the reaction: "I think it's a storm in a teacup." If you want to see the particular ad, you won't find it easy. Furno has asked the journal's publishers not to release the offending issue to media groups.

"We just want the ad dropped," said Armstrong.

GETTING KNICKERED

Who knows what was going on in Miss Beryl McAdams' mind back in 1912 when she sat down to make herself a pair of very daring open-leg knickers?

One thing for sure, she had no idea that almost 70 years later thousands of men would stand and speculatively eye those very same knickers at, of all places, Melbourne's National Art Gallery.

But there they were, together with dozens of other frilly bits and pieces of feminine unmentionabilia, posing as part of the gallery's exhibition of Dress and Undress over the last three centuries.

We don't know much about Miss McAdams, but the connoisseur of erotic and exotic lingerie would be able to piece together a sort of pantie profile of the lady.

The young Beryl, as seen through her knickers, must



have been a woman who combined a sense of feminine coquetry with a fairly practical and expedient nature. The choice of material for her unmentionables — white lawn and lace, decorated with broderie Anglaise, French knots and ribbons — manifests the coquetry while her practicality is indicated in the open-leg design, a forerunner of the raunchiest crutchless panties available in today's sex shops.

Women's underwear through the ages, says the gallery, is a good indicator of style and Miss McAdams' knickers show she was ready for any style her beaux could devise.

There are many conclusions the modern student of panties could draw from the gallery's display of historic knickers. One gentleman, examining a particularly complex pair of panties, said: "It's amazing that they went to all that trouble to make something which wasn't meant to be seen." Of course, he had it all wrong. The whole point of yesterday's knickers, like today's, is that they were meant to be seen by husbands and/or lovers, and having been seen were then meant to excite.

Indeed, a gallery curator said the knickers display proved that women have never changed. Their choice of knickers, she said, shows women have always been a little wicked.

An astute observer might add that women have always been a

little dishonest as well. If women today wore the infernal devices on display, it could be called misleading advertising. In the past couple of centuries women have used a truly horrendous array of pads, corsets, wire and whalebone to exaggerate their bust, crimp their waist or plump out their buttocks.

One can only shudder at the thick hunks of whalebone used to strap straying waistlines, laugh at the large and ludicrous wire and cotton cages women suspended from their waists, and wonder how women with "slight figures" could have withstood the discomfort of bust pads stuffed with horsehair covered by Pongee silk. Dressing last century must have been prolonged agony for women, and undressing prolonged agony for men.

Fortunately, as the 20th century unfolded, women's underwear became more sensible and more sexy. The flappers of the Twenties and Thirties sported saucy and sheer loose chemises and bloomers, perhaps indicative of the gay abandonment of the times.

The gallery also displays a series of quaintly-dated *Women's Weekly* advertisements which sold the allure of one of undie-doms most exciting discovery of the Forties — the development of the rayon sheer stocking. With the stockings came an interesting array of suspenders and garters.

Sadly missed amongst the items on the display was an example of the dreaded pointy bra of the Fifties, but perhaps that's a little too close in our memory for comfort.

The gallery's display also

suggested that elaborate underwear or even any underwear last century, was the province of the upper classes. The only working class item on display was a dairymaid's smock and whether the dairymaid wore anything under the smock, no one was telling.

HEROIN PRO...

A call for laws on heroin to be relaxed has received a cold response from senior police and legal officials. Mr Greg Woods, director of the NSW Attorney-General and Justice Department's division of criminal law review, made the call at a Sydney seminar. He said it was time law reformers followed Britain's example of providing heroin to addicts in controlled circumstances by doctors. Speaking at a seminar organised by the University of Sydney's Institute of Criminology, Mr Woods predicted that heroin given in controlled circumstances would lessen the level of corruption in society.

He said: "I seriously suggest we have now reached the stage where the level of funds involved because heroin is illegal, is a seriously corruptive factor in the police and in the legal profession. I am the father of two children, now both teenagers. Like many parents, I think it would be good if less heroin was sold outside schools and hotels."

He said the high level of corruption merely reflected the general level of corruption in society. There were corrupt police, corrupt solicitors and corrupt barristers in NSW, he said, but no more than in other States, or other countries around the world.

But within hours of his call, many of the State's leading police and legal officials described the idea as ridiculous. Mr Alan Mitchell, president of the NSW Law Society, said the allegation that some solicitors

have been corrupted by heroin cases was absurd.

The president of the State's Bar Association was even more vocal. Mr Rod Meagher, from the association, said: "Mr Woods' imagination has got the better of his training and learning."

He also dismissed suggestions that barristers were involved in the heroin business. After hearing police and legal reaction, Mr Woods told *Penthouse*: "It is a misrepresentation to say I called for the complete legalisation of heroin. No one with commonsense would call for such a move. What I did say is that laws, such as exist now in Britain, should be examined here with a view to reform. Some of this reaction has been extreme. It is an area where the mere mention of reform can mean much misrepresentation."

The NSW Attorney-General, Frank Walker, said there was "no way" laws on heroin would be relaxed.

...HEROIN CON

In the US it's almost commonplace, but in Australia little is known about the treatment of drug addiction through self-hypnosis. What it means is that any person who has experienced a particular drug can be taught to simulate precisely the same sensations with hypnotic suggestion.

In America, large groups gather regularly, mostly heroin victims, to mentally recapture the euphoria of their habit — minus the killer side-effects that drove them to seek therapy.

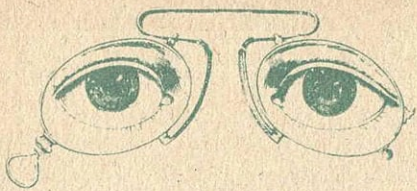
For a reasonable percentage of addicts, this has meant a release from the ravages of heroin and the insidiousness of pills, both in America and Europe. But here, it seems, an almost unanimous distrust of hypnotism and its practitioners (largely well-founded) has

Hardware & services for the mob we aint got... but for the furniture industry we got it all

And it's all in the new Furnco catalogue - ask your representative

furnco

SPECIALISTS TO THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY A MEMBER OF THE



Bob Perry: Hypnosis hope for heroin addicts.

denied addicts access to what appears to be a gilt-edged escape hatch.

In a small way at first, Bob Perry hopes to change all this. Perry is one of only four hypnotists with State Government registration allowing him to practise in Queensland. Scores of others practise unregistered, because they either can't or won't meet Health Department criteria.

For several years Perry, 54, has been teaching self-hypnosis to drug addicts at his clinic at Southport on the Gold Coast, mostly kids sent to him by the Coast's Drug Referral Centre.

To improve what he admits is a depressingly low success rate, Perry is seeking support to launch a clinic for addicts similar to the one he operated in Florida before coming to Australia in 1970. He has studied hypnosis since the age of 20 and qualified as a practitioner in 1958, which is no mean feat in the States where the practice is rigidly controlled and monitored by the medical profession.

He says his problem working with individual addicts is that without the support and encouragement of a group therapy environment, most junkies quickly backslide from mental hits to the real thing.

"It becomes a way of life in which the addict's friends and few remaining social contacts are usually involved," he says. "If he goes to a party and turns on through self-hypnosis while the others are using heroin, he will feel cheated."

"But if his immediate support group were all using hypnosis, that could be very different."

LAST OF THE DIRTY DOZEN

Prostitution is always described as the oldest profession, and the National Trust has a keen interest in antiquity. Even so, Perth burgesses have been slightly embarrassed to learn that the latest building scheduled by the Trust for preservation was formerly one of the city's most thriving brothels.

It is the last remaining of the "Dirty Dozen" which for more than half a century made the name of Roe Street notorious not only throughout WA but throughout the Commonwealth.

First in flounced chemises, later in cami-knickers, and then bikini pants and bra, generations of Delilahs lolled under garish lights on wired-off verandahs, endeavoring to part passers-by from their trousers and a couple of quid.

The law and the city fathers

turned a tolerant blind eye, while one local scandal-sheet maintained a healthy circulation by a thinly-veiled Who's Who on prominent personages seen in Roe Street during the previous week.

In the heyday of train travel, royal visits to Perth posed something of a problem when VIPs inside the carriages asked innocently what was the cause of all the gaiety and activity in that quaint street running alongside the line? For the visit of the Prince of Wales (later Edward VIII) in the early 1920s, hoardings were erected to screen the tarts from the track — in case the prince, well-known as a *bon viveur*, took too keen and informed an interest in the proceedings.

But the brothels survived to delight servicemen of two world wars and the homesick, language-handicapped European migrants who flooded into Western Australia in the early 1950s — until a public servant on a routine check of title deeds discovered a potential scandal of national proportions.

Several of the brothels, it transpired, were on land belonging to a German who was overseas when the 1939-45 war broke out and had not returned to Perth since. As an enemy alien, he had automatically forfeited his Australian property to the Crown — which meant the Federal Government had become in effect the landlord of the madams involved and could be accused of living off immoral earnings.

In less time than it takes to be hustled out after a quickie, both the brothels concerned and their "private enterprise" neighbors were closed. In the 20 years since, all have been demolished for site redevelopment except the one which the National Trust of WA has classified as "essential to the heritage of Australia".

Trust officials have been at pains to explain that this

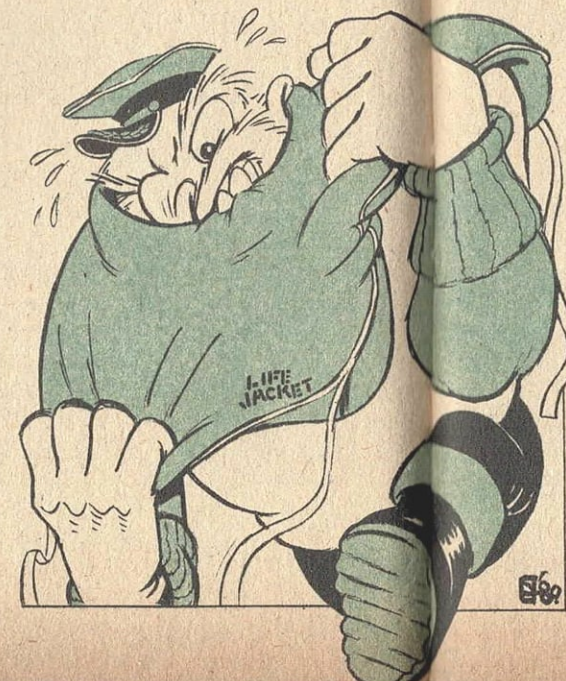
reference is not to Oz's bawdy beginnings but to the origin of the brothel itself, which was built as a modest residence in 1863 and is now the last colonial cottage in Perth's central area.

However, there are still optimists who hope that for tradition's sake the building's former usage might be restored, too. They point out that although it has languished as a scrap metal store since the early 1960s, the wire-mesh which protected les girls from wowsers and free-loaders is still rolled on the verandah waiting to be nailed back for a reopening...

MAKING NO HEADWAY

At-heads are apparently not catered for by some lifejacket manufacturers but, according to disgruntled WA yachtsmen, there is no shortage of the breed among members of the Standards Association of Australia.

Western Australia has more than 45,000 amateur sailors, many of whom disdain rivers and harbors in favor of the turbulent and often dangerous waters off the south-west coast.



They have now been warned by the WA Harbor and Light Department that many life-jackets examined by the department officials are useless because the hole between the front and rear sections and the shoulder pieces is too small to get the head through.

That sounds silly enough as a boo-boo; but, even sillier, the Department warned the Standards Association of Australia about this rather elementary defect no less than eight years ago, and the SAA, which determines safety specifications for products sold within Australia, has apparently done nothing about it yet.

The Harbor and Light Department has now issued a general warning to all boaters to test their lifejackets instead of waiting for an emergency, and has raised the matter again with the Standards Association.

An SAA official tackled on the subject said the Association's appropriate committee would be reviewing lifejacket standards pretty soon now, and added rather loftily: "I expect that interested parties will get in touch."

Until then, it seems, life-jacket owners must pull their heads in — if they can.

BOOK BARGAINS

Keen bargain hunters now have their own book. *The Bargain Shopper's Guide To Sydney*, compiled by two Sydney television journalists, Margaret Megard and Jebby Phillips, took more than three months of probing and trekking around the back alleys of the city and suburbs to discover where the best bargains could be found. Everything from soap and plastic cups to toys, booze and pet

supplies are included in this shopper's handbook.

The Guide, selling for about \$2.95, concentrates on where to find goods wholesale or at a reasonable cost. But the writers do add a word of caution for full-time bargain hunters: don't get carried away. They note the example of buying bulk sugar cheaply.

The CSR company will deliver it to your door, except you have to order 1.2 tonnes of the stuff!

In case you haven't seen the Guide in your local bookstore, it's available from Bargain Shoppers, PO Box 382, Eastwood, NSW, 2122.

TOUR DE FOURS

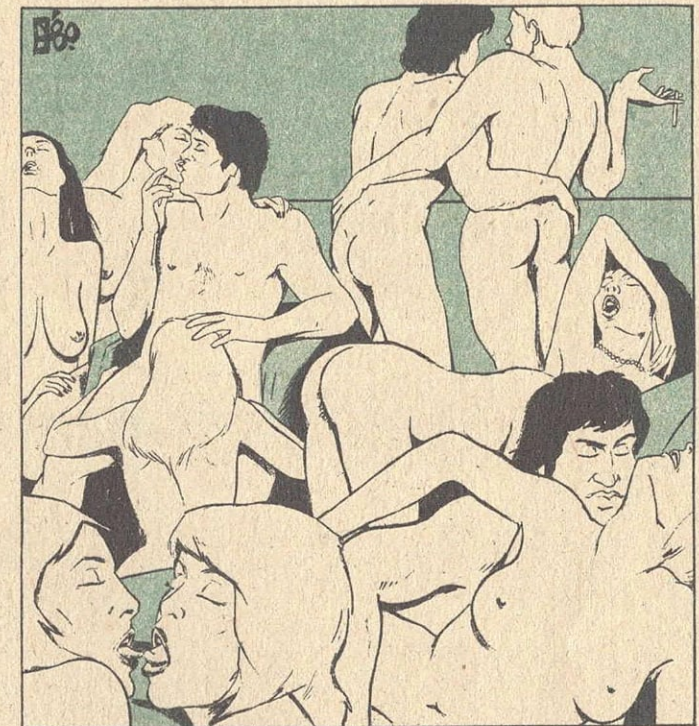
Fancy, if that is the appropriate word, an overseas tour party composed entirely of gay males or gay females or mixed singles or swinging doubles or (the mind boggles) mixed gays?

If so you can be catered for with no embarrassment and no worries in, of all places, Perth.

This surprising city, which for years has countered a depressingly prim exterior with Australia's most outrageous personal column (in Rupert Murdoch's Perth *Sunday Times*) is now the take-off point for trips which promise "to realise your every fantasy".

They are being organised by Barbarella's, a Perth store stocking crutchless knickers and Perth's nearest approach to hard-core literature. Destinations include Manila, Hong Kong, Singapore and Bangkok.

In view of the varied excitements indicated by the make-up of the tour parties themselves, to transport them to the sex capitals of the Orient might be regarded as taking coals to Newcastle. However, the organisers are determined that no one shall miss out (suppose the tour totals an odd number?) and that every traveller will have an opportunity to do his or her



Own Thing, no matter how way-out it might be.

The tour literature has the appropriate nudge-nudge wink-wink approach: "Whether your tastes are for blue movies or live shows, gay bars or massage parlors, your guide will be able to direct you to hygienic, non-rip off places. We will even show you where to buy cheap erotic literature, movies and sex aids. There are few restrictions on what you import for your own use..."

The itinerary also breathes meaningfully into your ear of "ample time to do your own thing" in Manila; of being "free to pursue your own pastimes" in Honkers; and of how, "relaxed after your stay in Hong Kong" you will arrive in Bangkok to find another indefatigable guide on hand "to assist you with any special requirements".

There appear to be only two snags about these trips to erotic elysia. The first is the sheer stamina required to take advantage of all their promised delights; the second is that

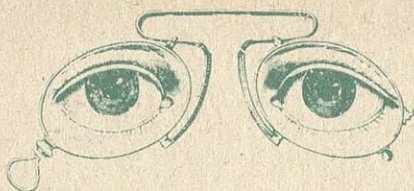
these delights are not included in the tour price anyway.

The brochure points out, fairly enough, that it would be pretty difficult to do this because "it is impossible to predetermine the prerequisites of each individual"; but without these special goodies in the package, we are back really to the hints from a guide of Where the Action Is that are inseparable from every other Asiatic tour.

It might be cheaper and safer, under the Barbarella formula, to confine your attentions to the Free Thinker in the next seat...

FREE KELLY!

A giant petition is being compiled calling for the pardon of perhaps Australia's greatest folk hero, Ned Kelly. Circulating in all States, organisers of this patriotic move hope to display tens of thousands of signatures to the Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen, before November. The petition will be presented on November 11, commemorating 100 years from the date Kelly



was hung in a Melbourne jail in 1880.

Behind the move are several musicians from folk groups, including the Bushwackers and the Sydney troupe, Carri Myriad and the Leahy Brothers.

The official launching of the petition kicked off at a reception in an old tavern in Sydney's historic Rocks area. After more than a couple of ales, Peter Galvin, a builder's laborer and head of Ironbark Promotions, told how Kelly and his colleagues Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne, were wrongly arrested and persecuted. And, he claimed, because most police involved in the Kelly case were later dismissed after a Royal Commission into Ned and his friends, a full pardon was long overdue.

So if you're keen to help the Kelly cause, the Kelly Centenary Committee can be contacted by writing to PO Box J73, Brickfield Hill, NSW, 2000.

THE NAKED AND THE LIVE

Adelaide's striptease industry has just received a big shot of adrenalin. The Crazy Horse has opened in Hindley Street, and it provides the slickest show the town has seen.

There has always been striptease in Adelaide, but at best the quality has been intermittent. In most cases, if anyone wanted to see a strip show they would end up paying to see something no one in St Kilda or King's Cross would bother about.

All the undressing has until now taken place at another Hindley Street site, a little false-fronted job down near the West End brewery. It started as the Bay Ganew in the mid-Sixties and it was always a comfortable joint — a little rough around the edges, but with a relaxed ambience.

In the early Seventies Doody, a statuesque, inventive strip-

per, arrived at "The Bay" from Sydney. She'd grown tired of the Cross and little Adelaide gave her a big welcome. Doody was the forerunner of a stream of girls from Sydney.

But eventually the old Bay Ganew went cold. The fireside atmosphere froze and the place became La Belle, which still churns through the shows like a metronome.

Other clubs have geared up in the meantime, but their initial vigor soon wears off. The rot sets in and they fade away under waves of small-town talk and the odd front-page kidnap threat.

The Crazy Horse looks set to change everything. This club's proprietors have done their best to create a refreshing venue and have even put more enthusiasm into compiling their list of acts. They provide a true international revue, riddled with flash and sparkle. No longer does "international" mean one Maori girl in the midst of a string of tired and tattooed locals.

There's a good bunch of local talent to boot. Not a bruise or tattoo in the show, and the only quiver of cellulite's on the waist of Paul, the Belgian former youth who performs in a discreet way with Chantelle to a stringy version of *Love Story*.

Silver-haired and dapper, British emcee Chris Travis steers things through to three each morning. He's cool and tuxed, and his easy banter keeps clients light and chuckling between strips.

And the girls... from Miss Julie Christie (?), jubilant wielder of the baby oil after "just five weeks of stripping", to Miss Hally Wild, "straight from the Dutch East Indies", this is a collection of a rare calibre. There's Su Mai Ling, she of perfect curve and oh-so-pleased to be letting you look, and from Paul Raymond's London revues, Ann Johns, who does terrible things with a baby's bath and a hockey stick.

So Crazy Horse, with its thoroughly-mirrored walls and brittle-crisp table linen, is about to lift the Festival City's naked nightlife about 10 notches.

MEGABUCK MADNESS

Psst! Wanna score a quick hundred million? For \$125 the distant nephew of bushranger Frank "Darkie" Gardiner will show you how — give you the good oil, in fact, on money-lending oil barons.

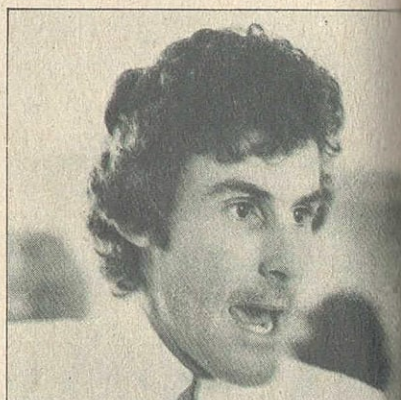
Bill Bailey, one of life's tireless business schemers, is flogging his latest brainwave in the form of an 18-page booklet with addresses of 40 OPEC mega-millionaires and instructions on the etiquette of borrowing big.

Not that the jaunty Bailey, 33, has met any of the petro-money-bags personally. The Brisbane wheeler-dealer got the idea last year while in the US, where he talked briefly to a trustee representing the investment operations of four wealthy Arabs.

Back home, after a six-month flurry of research, Bailey produced 100 copies of the booklet he reckons can put liquidity-hassled Australians in touch with financiers lending from \$100,000 to \$100 million at 2.5 to 7.5 percent interest.

If you're wondering about that reference to bushrangers, it's a mark of Bailey's style (slick, but unfailingly and disarmingly candid) that he frequently mentions the distant connection between himself and the infamous colonial outlaw, Gardiner.

"He was a prize prick," chortles Bailey, "who would shoot you for sixpence." Nevertheless, it was the Repatriate Darkie Gardiner's Remains Scheme that Bailey was working on in the US when side-tracked by the Arab Lending Scheme. Gardiner was exiled from Australia in 1875. He was reportedly shot in a gambling



Bill Bailey

duel and buried in San Francisco under the name Frank Smith.

Bailey's scheme was to have the remains returned to Australia to rest alongside those of Gardiner's protege, Ben Hall, at Forbes in NSW. There's an uncanny physical resemblance between Bailey and his wild old uncle, and Bailey's frenetic career pursuing bizarre get-rich-quick ideas creates another similarity.

In a way he's a kind of bush-ranger of the 1980s, a dapper, silver-tongued opportunist who swanks about in a white Rolls and confides that he'll be a millionaire by the time he's 35. He describes his fiscal machinations so far as a series of crazy schemes, shady schemes and dumb schemes — and his love life as a series of wives (four to date) who become ex-wives the moment they lose their sense of humor.

Of the Arab millionaires listed in his booklet, Bailey says: "Really, I'm doing these guys a favor. Some of them have billions of dollars to invest. They get hundreds of letters every day seeking loans — and all the letters go in the garbage."

This won't happen, Bailey insists, when the request for cash is prepared the way he suggests: "What can you give a guy who has \$500 million? Courtesy, that's what, it's all that's left."

"So letters done my way are

in Arabic, and that's a big thing for them. It's personal — and straight away, you have the man's attention."

With this formula Bailey says he's already sold more than 80 of the booklets to Australians wanting a quick mountain of lucre for, among other things, clubs, factories, breweries and shipping fleets. The booklet describes Arab customs and traditions and advises that they are proud, sensitive people, used to formality.

It also describes how to apply for a loan in four steps and gives a sample letter in Arabic to be sent to private investors and financial institutions.

Right now Gardiner's engaging nephew is on to his biggest scheme yet. It's so big even Bailey can't bring himself to break the secret. But he had to drop a clue. "It involves the most famous people in the world," he whispered. Watch this space.

WHAT'S ON WHERE TO GO

Australia seems to be leading the world in Big Kitsch. You've no doubt heard of the Big Banana, the Big Pineapple, the Big Peanut, the Big Cow, or the dog on the tuckerbox on the road to Gundagai.

South Australia has now joined in with the world's biggest lobster — as tall as a tele-

graph pole and as long as a semi-trailer. You'll find it at Kingston, together with restaurants featuring lobster and deep sea crab on the menu. This tourist complex also features lobster cooking demonstrations and the Lobster Motel is nearby.

But our favorite "Big" is still the Big Lawnmower just north of Brisbane.

The "bigs" in entertainment this month include Vincent Price, Johnny Shines, Rory Gallagher, The Duke Ellington Orchestra, Taj Mahal and John Williams.

Vincent Price — star of countless horror films with the voice that starts somewhere in the cellar — will tour Australia in a show called *Diversions and Delights*, based on works by Oscar Wilde. The master of cold chills is also very funny.

He'll be in Sydney from June 30 to July 12 at the Theatre Royal. He will then go to Adelaide, Canberra, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth.

Johnny Shines Blues Band, featuring blues singer/guitarist Robert Lockwood, tours Australia in June and July. This five-piece band is from Chicago.

Rory Gallagher, the virtuoso Irish rhythm and blue guitarist, swings around the country from June 18 to 30. Tickets are about \$11.

Duke Ellington died in May 1974, but his orchestra lives on and will be playing here in June, lead by his son Mercer. Catch them at the Sydney Opera House Concert Hall June 18, the Canberra Theatre June 19, the Dallas Brooks Hall in Melbourne June 21, the Adelaide Festival Theatre June 22, the Darwin Sound Shell June 24, the Townsville Sound Shell June 25 and the Brisbane Festival Hall June 26.

Taj Mahal and the International Rhythm Band finishes touring June 22. This American blues musician started with Ry Cooder and he has since re-

corded 15 albums. His music ranges from blues to soul, reggae and calypso.

John Williams will give a solo classical guitar recital at the Festival Theatre in Adelaide on June 21 — not to be missed if you love guitar. Tickets are \$9.60, \$7.10 and \$4.60.

Two contemporary German plays are on at the Athenaeum 2 in Melbourne.

The first is *Bremen Coffee* by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, best known as a filmmaker. Fassbinder looks at a series of poisonings carried out by a woman in Bremen in the 1820s.

The woman slowly eliminates any potential foes who wish to interfere with her life plan, and develops a taste for her work.

Shakespeare the Sadist is a satirical comedy by Wolfgang Bauer which looks at instant culture. It is played in 49 brief scenes and pokes fun at films, pornography and casual sex. Fassbinder and Bauer are two of the most provocative writers in Europe today.

After a successful tour in London and New York, *Bent* is now at the Russell Street Theatre in Melbourne from June 10 to August 2. The play deals with the vicious Nazi persecutions of homosexuals in the Germany of the 1930s. Laughter mixed with a few kicks in the groin.

If you live in Brisbane and want to pick up on some good films instead of the usual froth, try the Brisbane Cinema Group. The group shows films every two weeks on the second floor at 303 Adelaide Street, including foreign language films, contemporary and classic films as well as art films. Membership costs \$20 for a year and entitles you to a bulletin on coming events. To find out more drop in to the American Bookstore 229



Snow business: On the road again.

Elizabeth Street, Brisbane, or call 229-4821.

For the latest look at boats, Adelaide and Melbourne are holding boat shows in July. The Adelaide show is on at the Wayville Showgrounds July 3 to 7. The Melbourne Palmdale National Boat Show is on from July 12 to 20 in the Exhibition Buildings, where you can also fish from among 4000 trout.

On the lecture circuit, Community Aid Abroad is holding a series of discussions on the Third World and its struggles with the West starting July 14. Topics include the "The Fight for a Feed", "Battle for Jobs" and "Arms and Aims". The series of lectures held once a week for four weeks will be held at 262 Pitt Street, Sydney. Phone 235-7602 to find out more.

If you have mixed feelings about technology, you can find out more at the discussions being held by Learning Exchange in Melbourne. On June 19 the topic is "Technology and Work", with speakers from the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology and Environmentalists for Full Employment. On July 24 "Social Responsibility and Technological Change" will be discussed. Admission is free. Call the Exchange on 211-5413 in Melbourne for more details.

Skiers rejoice. The snow season is just beginning and will continue until early September. The main resorts in NSW are Perisher Valley, Smiggin Holes and Thredbo. Perisher has the largest ski hire



Vincent Price



service in the southern hemisphere. Your travel agent can tell you about weekend tours where you can fly, take a coach or drive yourself. The NSW Government Tourist Centre also has weekend tours starting at \$95. For more information call the centre on 231-4444.

The main resorts in Victoria include Falls Creek, Mt Hotham, Mt Buller and Mt Buffalo. You'll find details about all these places in the Ski Victoria booklet at your local Victorian Government Travel Centre.

For those who like to venture further afield, New Zealand has slopes to challenge the most determined skier, both in the North and the South Islands. Contact your local New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau for details. If you travel with a group, costs can be reduced significantly.

WINE

FRUITS OF PASSION

Wash me in wine when I go,
For my burial service use a text

concerning wine;
Would you find me on the Day of Doom,
Look for me in the dust at the wine-shop's door.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam
(Translation by Peter Avery and John Heath-Stubbs)

If you believe this to be a wine biber's wank, so be it, but let me say that for those who have developed a passion for wines their interest, their talk, is no more pretentious bull-dust than the earnest conversations of fellows possessed by any other passion. Whatever the subject, it is boring, mystifying claptrap to the outsider who is often induced to retreat in fear to his shell.

Moral number one: Share your obsessions only with like-minded friends.

What wines can we find today that are worth talking about, rather than just talking over? The more determined connoisseur will be looking around for great wines of some maturity and of well-established distinction.

Wine like this is not easy to find unless you have an enterprising wine merchant who carries small stocks of mature wine, or you can try the auction houses in Sydney and Adelaide. A word of warning here — don't buy at auction unless you can be there and inspect the wine. Even then, most wine is from unspecified sources and you will have no knowledge of previous storage conditions.

Some older wines of fine quality are released by companies like Lindemans (the Classic Wine series), Orlando and McWilliams. For really worthwhile wines like these, expect to pay from about \$8 up to

\$70 or more for really unique wine like the great ones produced by Maurice O'Shea.

We cannot exclude recent vintages, just on the market, from consideration. Wines for talking about can be very young and far short of their peak. For the connoisseur intent upon building up a fine cellar, careful selection of the best newly released wines will bring great pleasure at modest cost in the future.

Some currently available wines worth looking for are:

Brokenwood Hermitage Cabernet 1979: Remarkably young at this stage, but a very fine wine indeed. Still available at time of writing ex cellars from Brokenwood, which is in the Hunter Valley. Cost is about \$4.50, plus freight.

Robson Hermitage 1979: Another excellent Hunter that scored 19/20 at the Royal Easter Show in Sydney. Priced also at \$4.50 plus freight from the vineyard.

Wynns Coonawarra Cabernet

1976: Just released and the winner of the 1977 Jimmy Watson Trophy. Looking superb now with great potential for development. The cost is \$6.35.

Balgownie Cabernet Sauvignon 1978: An outstanding wine, and probably very hard to find. All Balgownie wines are very good and underpriced at around \$5. Watch out for the next vintage and, even more so, wait for the 1980, which will be exceptional. It is worth noting that in most wine regions, 1980 has produced some outstanding wines.

Brands Laira 1978: These wines are all very fine and not always easy to find. The Shiraz sells for around \$3.35; the Cabernet Sauvignon for \$4.15; and the Cabernet-Malbec for \$4.40.

In white wines, there are a number of excellent possibilities that include:

Taltarni Chenin Blanc 1979: Probably scarce now, but worth the hunt. Very Vouvray in style and a good cellaring wine. Price is about \$4.50.

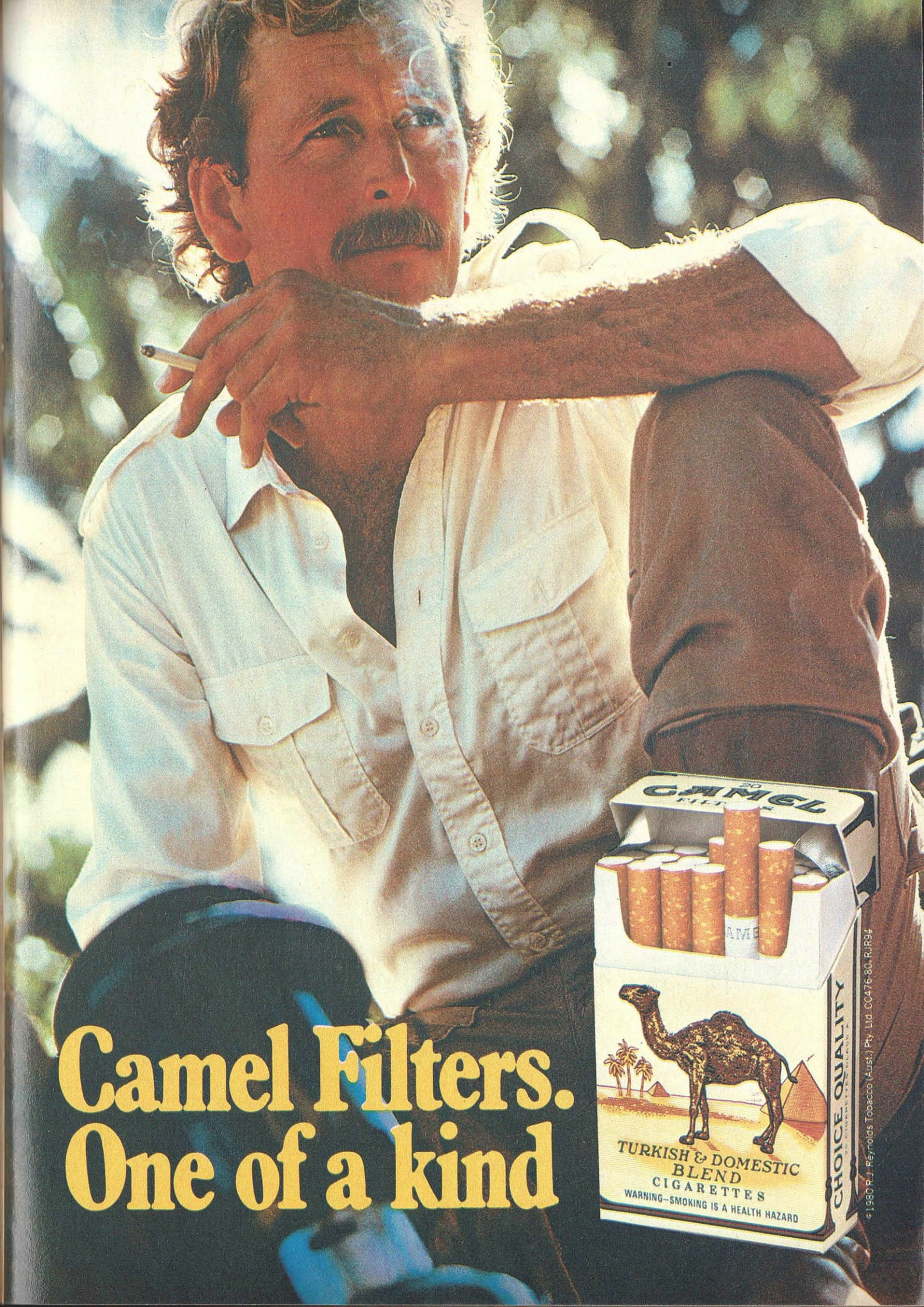
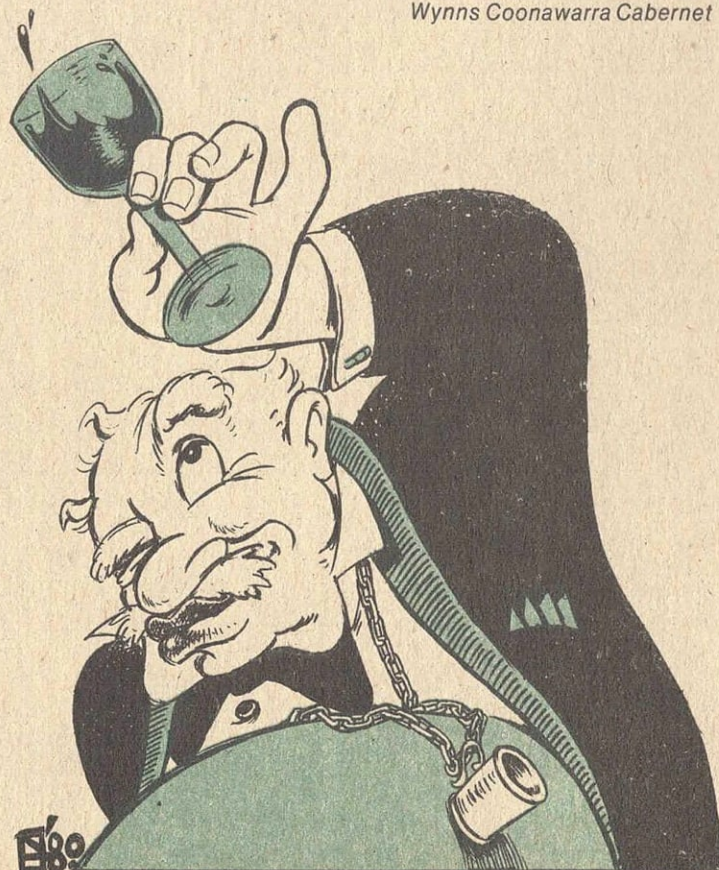
Brown Brothers Chardonnay 1979: A few good Chardonnays are being made now. This is one of them. The grapes come from the same Cowra vineyard as the Chardonnay used for the yet-to-be-released Petaluma 1979. It is priced at around \$4.25, with limited availability.

Orlando Auslese 1976: A superb, rich rhine riesling, very expensive, but frankly worth it, at \$17.

All prices are, of necessity, approximate because of interstate variations. Curiously, most of the wines are from small vineyards that produce some of the best and most individual wines.

The problem then is availability, but that can be part of the challenge — finding these wines, then being able to produce them years hence as unique and rare wines to talk about with like-minded friends.

— Paul Day. ☉✎



Camel Filters. One of a kind





In the 1970s, the use of fluorides became scientifically indefensible. In the Eighties, it will be recognised as one of the great catastrophes of modern medicine.

THE FLUORIDE FALLACY

BY GEOFFREY SMITH

I qualified as a dentist in June 1956, at the Royal College of Surgeons in England. Since then I have extracted more than 10,000 teeth, placed upwards of 40,000 fillings and fitted about a thousand sets of dentures. Any of my colleagues in general dental practice over a similar period would have done a similar amount of work, or more.

During my career I have sympathised with thousands of children as they steeled themselves before the approaching drill or needle, and I have tried to console the few who just couldn't hold back the tears. Like every dentist, I have seen strong men faint in the chair and known prospective patients who can get as far as the waiting room, and no further. But the vast majority of my patients have come to accept regular visits to the dentist as a necessary routine.

While tooth decay doesn't kill or cripple, it does cause a disproportionate amount of pain and misery across every age and social group in all the countries of the developed world.

In America, 58 percent of children aged three have already had tooth decay. More than 90 percent of all adults will, at one time or another, have been affected by the disease.

More than \$8000 million a year is now spent in the US alone on treating dental disease and maintaining dental health.

For the past 40 years dentists have increasingly based their techniques for preventing tooth decay on the use of a variety of fluoride-containing compounds and preparations, and the dental profession has repeatedly insisted that all public water supplies be fluoridated.

But do fluorides really prevent tooth decay? And, even more importantly, are fluorides safe?

I believe the profession's support for fluoride in the early 1940s was misguided and premature: in the 1950s it became dangerously overenthusiastic; after 1960 it was illogical; and throughout the Seventies it was scientifically indefensible.

Drinking fluoridated water is dangerous for people with kidney problems and other ailments. Evidence exists to show a far greater potential danger — that fluorides can be mutagenic and carcinogenic — yet no exhaustive testing of fluoride-containing substances has been done. Even after 40 years, the "optimal" dose of fluoride has not been defined.

The difference between a safe and toxic dose of fluorides is very fine, yet some of the equipment used by water supply

Illustration by Jo Anne Hook '80

JO ANNE HOOK '80

authorities to pump tonnes of fluorides yearly into drinking water is incapable of maintaining precise fluoride levels. It is impossible, anyway, to monitor any individual dose because of the big range of fluoride-containing substances apart from drinking water.

Aside from the dubious social principle of enforced medication, people in fluoridated areas face these problems for the privilege of taking in a potentially lethal substance which has not been shown to do any more than delay the onset of tooth decay.

Unfortunately, during the 1980s the consequences of the dental profession's obsession with fluoride will finally come to be recognised as one of the great catastrophes of modern medicine.

In 1933 Dr Trendley Dean, a dentist employed by the US Public Health Service, was asked to try to find what concentration of fluoride in water caused mottled teeth, a disfigurement also known as dental fluorosis and recognised as the first clinical symptom of chronic fluoride poisoning. He was also asked to determine what amount of fluoride could be safely permitted in public water supplies.

In 1936, he explained to a meeting of the American Medical Association: "The minimal threshold of toxicity in drinking water has not yet been definitely established. But studies to date would suggest that amounts not exceeding one part per million fluoride are of no public health significance."

Remember that at this stage no one, let alone the US Public Health Service, was proposing to add fluoride to water to prevent tooth decay. Dean had been asked to determine a safe level of fluoride in water, because at the time the American aluminium industry was dumping ever-increasing amounts of fluoride wastes into the water courses.

In 1939 Dr Gerald Cox, after studying Dean's epidemiological data, made the observation that in areas with mottling of the teeth there appeared to be less decay. He suggested: "The present trend toward complete removal of fluoride from water and food may need some reversal. Indeed, some fluoride could be added to water supplies as a means of reducing tooth decay. The surveys of Dr Dean suggest a relationship of dental caries (decay) to water supply and fluorine is the element in the water most likely responsible for improved resistance to dental caries."

By 1941 Europe was at war and America was preparing for war. In less than 18 months, large numbers of American dentists had been mobilised and were serving with the armed forces. Dental schools and universities were understaffed and graduating only a trickle of new dentists — most of whom

went immediately into the services. With this shortage of dentists and new graduates, the dental health of American children became a matter for concern. Understandably, the Public Health Service looked for a possible solution and a small group of dentists decided that Cox's suggestion of adding fluoride to public water supplies should be tested. This was first done in Texas, in 1944.

Initially then, fluoridation was introduced on the strength of Dean's epidemiological studies — undertaken to investigate dental fluorosis and not the incidence of tooth decay — and Dr Cox's inspired guess that fluoride was the substance in water "most likely responsible for improved resistance to dental caries".

Dean's original mission, to determine the margins of safety of fluoride in water, was never completed. In fact, not one single experiment was undertaken to

An enormous potential market for the disposal of fluoride wastes opened up for the American aluminium industry.

demonstrate the safety and efficacy of fluorides before they were added to public water supplies in Texas and Chicago.

In 1944 the US Public Health Service set one part per million (ppm) of fluoride in public water supplies as legally permissible and combined with the American Dental Association to start the great promotion which was to persuade people that fluoride at 1ppm was safe and highly effective in reducing tooth decay.

The fluoridation of all water supplies in the US was set as the goal, reduction in tooth decay by 60 percent the stated objective.

Incidentally, of course, an enormous potential market for the sale and legitimate disposal of fluoride wastes was opened up for the American aluminium industry.

The 1940s and early Fifties were a tremendously exhilarating period in medical research. In 1941 Florey and Chain finally found a way of manufacturing penicillin, which Fleming had discovered in 1928.

By 1943, 500 cases had been treated with the drug and by the end of the war large-scale production was under way. The antibiotic revolutionised the treatment of streptococcal infections, pneumonia, gonorrhoea, syphilis, puerperal fever, scarlet fever and meningitis. In 1943 Waksman and his co-workers isolated streptomycin, which attacked the tubercle bacillus. Chloramphenicol was isolated in 1947 and the tetracyclines became available in 1948.

In 1955 the Salk vaccine was pronounced effective by an evaluating committee, followed two years later by the Sabin vaccine.

Meanwhile, and during this explosion of medical knowledge, dentistry had "discovered" fluorides. Perhaps it is understandable how the euphoria of the moment persuaded the dental profession to become overenthusiastic about its discovery. For 100 years dentistry had enjoyed a close relationship with medicine: if medical researchers were conquering a succession of diseases, then surely dentistry could expect to join the bandwagon.

By the late 1950s some localities in America had been using fluoridated water for more than 10 years. That was the signal for a succession of dental researchers to produce a steady stream of poorly-constructed, small-scale epidemiological studies all purporting to show both the safety and effectiveness of fluoridation.

Unfortunately, and admittedly with hindsight, any responsible scientist or statistician has to agree that all these studies are meaningless. The reason is quite simple.

Every dentist is aware that many factors are involved in the process of tooth decay, including diet, the presence or absence of certain bacteria in the mouth, the overall bacterial flora of the mouth, the presence or absence of specific antibodies in the saliva, a range of genetically-determined factors, the presence or absence in the diet of minerals such as vanadium, strontium, calcium, magnesium and fluorine, individual oral hygiene habits and the alignment of the teeth in the dental arches.

Every single one of these factors must be taken into account when comparing the decay rates between two superficially-similar study groups. This excessive number of variables prevents the use of small-scale epidemiological studies as a measure of efficacy, because multivariate analyses cannot cope with more than three or four variables and retain credibility.

Today's scientist is forced to discard all the early epidemiological evidence as worthless, and to ask for the experimental data instead. Here, the work is no more convincing.

REAL HI-FI

AND IT'S ALL IN OUR COLOUR CATALOGUE

The truth is, JVC have always produced real hi-fi components and we believe this current range represents JVC's finest range ever. Here are some real innovations and performance features to whet your appetite:— Quartz locked turntables with uncanny accuracy; Receivers/Amplifiers, some with built-in SEA Graphic Equaliser and DC, class A/B amplification; Cassette deck with JVC automatic computerised tape tuning; Computer designed

speaker systems; Separate but matching JVC components designed to compliment one another, perfectly. And all this real hi-fi know-how is yours ...merely for the asking.

FREE OFFER COLOUR HI-FI CATALOGUE

Just fill out this coupon and we'll fill you in on what's available and new in terms of JVC hi-fi entertainment...and it's all FREE!

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

WT1323/EA/79

I am especially interested in...

- ☐ Cassette Decks
☐ Matching Systems ☐ Amplifiers
☐ Speakers
☐ Turntables
☐ Receivers

Just address your envelope to...
 JVC Hi-Fi Advisory Service,
 Post Office Box 307,
 North Ryde,
 N.S.W. 2113

JVC

the right choice



If you think they look different,
 wait till you've heard them!

In the natural state, no experimental animal species suffers from tooth decay. The very large number of variables in the caries process, together with several specific problems associated with inducing decay in laboratory animals, makes it impossible to relate findings in animal studies to the human situation.

By 1956 the commercial potential of adding fluoride to toothpastes had been identified by the multinational toiletry companies. On January 6 1956 *Colliers* magazine ran a feature story on the development of fluoride toothpastes, showing "proof" that tooth decay could now be a thing of the past.

On January 26 1956 Proctor and Gamble took a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* to announce "Triumph over tooth decay". They proclaimed Crest the only toothpaste "that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for people of all ages". Crest was called "an important milestone in medicine to be compared with Jenner's discovery of vaccination, Morton's discovery of ether and Fleming's discovery of penicillin".

The toothpaste market is an enormous one and the addition of fluorides was a very promotable gimmick. The Medicines Acts of the United Kingdom, and similar legislation in America and Australia, exempt toothpaste from the strict testing needed before a new pharmaceutical product is allowed on the market.

To this day no one has ever required the fluoride toothpaste makers to submit evidence of the safety and lack of toxicity of their products. Perhaps it is significant that all the leading manufacturers of fluoride toothpastes are toiletry companies, not research-based pharmaceutical companies, even though it is a lucrative market.

In the 1950s fluoride was acclaimed by the dental profession as a wonder drug, fit to be set beside penicillin, tetracycline and the polio vaccine.

Many professional reputations were made by joining the fluoride bandwagon early and a good deal of prestige was to be gained by becoming an "expert" on fluorides.

In 1960 an event took place which should have led to a revolution in dental practice.

In that year an American researcher, Dr Robert Fitzgerald, reported that he had identified a specific micro-organism which caused tooth decay in hamsters. The organisms were similar to *Streptococcus mutans*, a bacteria which in 1926 a British researcher called Clarke had claimed caused tooth decay.

Fitzgerald's work has since been confirmed and elaborated by many other researchers and it is now clear, beyond any reasonable doubt, that *Streptococcus mutans* is responsible for causing 90

percent of tooth decay in man. The bacteria colonise the teeth by using sugar to produce a sticky gum which binds the organisms to the tooth surface. Then the bacteria metabolise and produce weak organic acids as waste products. These acids gradually demineralise the enamel of the tooth and eventually produce a cavity.

When the organism which produces a disease has been identified and isolated, the researcher has two opportunities to try to prevent the disease: he can search for a drug which destroys the bacteria but doesn't harm the patient; or he can use the bacteria themselves to trigger an immune response in the patient, as in vaccination.

The best way to prevent dental caries would be to prevent decay-causing bacteria from ever entering the mouth. The second-best way would be to destroy or inactivate the bacteria in the mouth.

Fluoride was acclaimed
by the dental
profession as a
wonder drug fit to be
set beside penicillin
and the polio vaccine.

The third most effective way would be to prevent the bacteria colonising the teeth. The fourth way — and only acceptable if the other three proved impossible — would be to accept the bacteria, and the acid they produce, but somehow to make the tooth enamel more resistant to acid attack.

This, of course, is what fluorides can do: harden tooth enamel. They do not prevent tooth decay, they influence the rate of development of decay by slowing down the demineralisation of tooth enamel.

The Sixties were a frustrating time for many dental researchers. Fitzgerald's discovery at the start of the decade should have unleashed a massive attack on *Streptococcus mutans*, but it didn't. His experiments went almost unnoticed in the continuing euphoria about fluoride.

By 1970 most of the world's leading dental researchers had switched their attention away from fluorides. Fitzgerald was searching for an antibiotic specific to *Streptococcus mutans*. Other Americans sought to perfect various preparations that could prevent bacteria colonising

the teeth, while in Europe the most important German and Swiss researchers concentrated on a vaccine approach, as did the workers at the Royal College of Surgeons in England.

Meanwhile, after 25 years of almost continuous propaganda — chiefly from the American Dental Association and the US Public Health Service — very few countries were actually fluoridating their water. In Europe, only Holland had implemented the measure before taking it out again in 1976. In Britain, just three test areas serving some four million people were fluoridated and even in America, opposition to fluoridation continued unabated.

The dental profession has insisted over and over again that all reputable dentists support fluoridation. Sir Arthur Amies* was certainly one of the most reputable dentists who ever graduated in Australia. He was known and respected throughout the dental profession. As Dean of the Melbourne Dental School he was responsible for making that institution one of the best of its kind in the world.

In 1975, Sir Arthur wrote this letter explaining his views on fluoridation: "... I believe fluoridation of a water supply is a very wrong procedure. Some of the reasons for my belief are as follows:

"Dental caries is not caused by lack of fluoride, nor has fluoride been determined to be essential to human nutrition.

"The fact that any element frequently occurs in water or foodstuffs does not constitute a valid argument for assuming it will be safe when the amount of the element is artificially increased with the purpose of using it as a medicament.

"The administration of fluoride via a community water supply is a completely new principle in social medicine; it constitutes compulsory mass medication for a non-contagious disease regardless of individual desire, need or safety. It contravenes long-accepted standards in medical ethics, and the principle involved is potentially dangerous in that it could be used to justify the similar use of other chemical preparations for quite different medical effects.

"The use of fluoridated water may contribute to a limited reduction in the incidence of dental caries in young children, but the claims for its effectiveness are often based on superficial and inexact assessment. There is evidence to show that any effect is really one of delay of the onset of caries, and this effect gradually decreases as the

*Professor Emeritus Sir Arthur Barton Pilgrim Amies, CMG: BDS Sc Melb. 1924, LRCP, LRCS Edin. 1928, DDS Sc Melb. 1929, DLO Melb. 1933, FRACS (Laryngo-Otology) 1934, FRSE 1939, FACD 1939, FRCS Edin. 1949, FDSRCS Eng. 1948, FDSRCS Edin. 1950, Hon LLD (Glasg) 1963. He was Professor of Dental Medicine and Surgery and Dean of Faculty of Dental Science, University of Melbourne, Dean of The Royal Dental Hospital of Melbourne, Senior Honorary Oral Surgeon and Senior Consulting Oral Surgeon, The Royal Dental Hospital of Melbourne.

Discover the subtle yet distinctive taste of Glenfiddich Pure Malt.

Glenfiddich* is pure, unblended malt whisky.

Distilled in the ancient way—in hand-beaten copper pot-stills—it has a smooth, mellow, yet subtly distinctive taste.

Enjoyed straight or with a little water, Glenfiddich is perhaps, the greatest single malt of the Highlands.

*"Glenfiddich", in Gaelic, means "Valley of the Deer".



child gets older. In this regard, a false sense of dental security may be developed in both parents and the young patients.

"Water fluoridated to the so-called optimum gives varying doses of fluoride dependant on the amount of water drunk. Water consumption varies tremendously between individuals depending on factors such as age, habit, environment, health and disease. Therefore it is impossible to control the individual dosage of fluoride obtained from a fluoridated water supply. It is of significant importance to note that proponents of fluoridation admit that twice the estimated dose obtained from water adjusted to the "optimum" is beyond the margin of safety.

"The question of total dosage of fluoride is generally ignored. No allowance is made for the intake of fluoride from other sources, such as food and beverages, which can be considerable.

"Although it is stated by some that fluoridation is absolutely safe, this is not so.

"Dental fluorosis or mottled enamel is an irreversible pathological condition which occurs in some 10 percent of children who habitually drink artificially-fluoridated water during their early years of life. It is generally agreed that mottled enamel, which varies in severity, is the first demonstrable sign of fluoride toxicity in the individual. It is not unreasonable to suggest that there may be other areas in the body similarly affected, but not immediately or clearly demonstrable.

"There are many documented reports of patients suffering medical side effects when using a fluoridated water supply, or taking fluoride tablets by prescription. Such conditions include involvement of the dermatological, gastro-intestinal and neurological systems.

"In India, cases of skeletal fluorosis have been observed where the naturally-occurring fluoride in the water supply has been little more than that suggested as the 'optimum' for artificial fluoridation. Yours faithfully, Sir Arthur Amies."

Sir Arthur spent a lifetime improving the standards of dentistry in Australia. He succeeded so well Australian dentists are generally recognised to be amongst the most technically-competent in the world. Sir Arthur vehemently opposed fluoridation up to his death in 1976, and for many years was instrumental in keeping the measure out of Melbourne.

There is no doubt fluorides can harden tooth enamel, but there are good scientific reasons for doubting the accuracy of the figures for percentage reduction in caries so unblushingly quoted by spokesmen for the dental profession. Any marginally beneficial effect of fluorides must be weighed against the possible hazards. Between 1963 and 1976 at least

15 scientific papers were published by reputable researchers in well-known scientific journals, demonstrating that the fluoride ion was mutagenic — capable of causing chromosomal damage — and carcinogenic — capable of causing cancer.

In 1976 J.A. Yiamouyiannis and Dean Burk published a long-term study which showed a higher cancer death rate in fluoridated cities than in comparable non-fluoridated ones. When the survey was first published it was ridiculed by public health officials in the US, despite the fact that Dr Burk had worked for the American National Cancer Institute for more than 30 years. In November 1978, however, the study was recredited before a court of law as a scientific study done according to the state of the art.

The study is not altogether surprising, because many scientists have suspected its conclusions for some time.

A long-term study showed a higher cancer death rate in fluoridated cities than in non-fluoridated ones.

What is implicit in the study is that fluoridated organic compounds and the fluoride ion may be carcinogens as potent as chlorinated organic compounds. Although the literature on the subject is still rather sparse, we do know of at least two fluoridated organic compounds which are potent carcinogens, namely, 2-acetylaminofluoride and 2-fluorenyl-acetamide. The possibility of formation of fluoridated organic compounds, either during the water treatment process, or during later use by industry, should be of the utmost concern to all interested in public health.

On April 10 1978, on oath before a court in Pennsylvania, Dr Burk — one of the best-known cancer research scientists in the world — said: "The scientific and medical status of artificial fluoridation of public water supplies has now advanced to the stage of the possibility of socially-imposed mass murder on an unexpectedly large scale, involving tens of thousands of cancer deaths of Americans annually".

It is generally agreed that the mutagenic activity of a substance can be a

warning of its possible cancer-causing activity. In August 1976 Dr Aly Mohamed, professor of biology at the University of Missouri and a well-known cytogeneticist, presented a paper called "Cytological effects of sodium fluoride on mitotic and meiotic chromosomes of mice" before a symposium of the American Chemical Society in San Francisco.

Dr Mohamed looked at chromosomal or genetic damage in bone marrow (somatic) and testes (germ) cells of inbred strains of male mice which were given doses from zero to 200ppm of sodium fluoride. In the bone marrow and testes cells of the mice sacrificed at the end of the trials, the chromosomal aberrations increased as the fluoride concentration of their drinking water increased.

Dr Mohamed concluded: "Sodium fluoride was able to produce chromosomal abnormalities either in the bone marrow or in the meiotic cells through the testes. And the final conclusion is that sodium fluoride in a concentration of 1ppm was considered to be a mutagenic agent."

In April last year the journal of the New Jersey Dental Association carried the following warning:

FLUORIDE DOSAGE REMINDER

"Are you aware that the American Dental Association has recommended changes in daily dosages for systemic fluoride supplements?

"If your water is *not* fluoridated, be aware that former dosages of 0.5mg fluoride from birth can cause mild dental fluorosis of the permanent teeth.

NEW RECOMMENDATIONS

Fluoride content of water		Daily dose (fluoride ion)
less than 0.3ppm	0-2 years	0.25mg
	2 to 3	0.5mg
	3 and over	1mg
0.3 to 0.7ppm	0-2 years	0.125mg
	2 to 3	0.25mg
	3 and over	supplements contraindicated

In 1968, the Food and Drug Administration of the US Public Health Service advised that fluoride containing tablets or drops should not be given to pregnant women. In America, supplements are prescribed only where public water contains less than 0.7ppm fluoride.

In Australia, fluoride tablets and drops are recommended in both fluoride and non-fluoride areas — and they are recommended for expectant mothers. Going by the prescribing manual *MIMS*, for 1979, Australian dentists, dental therapists and doctors have been recommending the following doses of fluoride in areas with fluoridated water:

Expectant mothers	0.75mg
Infants under 1 year	0.25mg
Children to 15	0.5mg



THE TR-7 AS HER MOTHER SEES IT.

Sports cars have always gone over rather well with attractive young ladies.

They have not, however, gone over particularly well with their mums.

The TR-7 is no exception.

The styling hardly suggests you're the sort to settle down. And the fact that you almost have to lie down to sit in it only confirms a mother's worst fears.

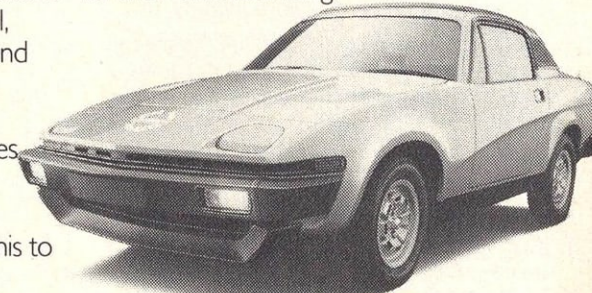
The TR-7 also looks like it costs an indecent amount of money.

But at around \$12,000, it obviously doesn't. Despite the superb radio/cassette sound system, sports steering wheel, 5-speed gearbox, and the James Bond touch of pop-up headlights.

It also looks like it would chew through petrol. But figures of 9.4 litres per 100km (30mpg)* from its lively 2 litre OHC engine prove otherwise.

But don't try to explain any of this to your girlfriend's mum.

Mothers of girlfriends are not noted for their understanding.



*The fuel consumption you obtain will vary with where and how you drive and your car's condition and equipment. LA52749E/1994
FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER, PHONE (REVERSE THE CHARGE IF YOU LIKE): SYDNEY: MR. G. KENDALL, TRIUMPH CARS, 82 PARRAMATTA RD, LIDCOMBE, 2141. PH: (02) 648 5411.
MELBOURNE: MR. T. CAVANAGH, TRIUMPH CARS, 2161 PRINCES HWY, CLAYTON NTH, 3168. PH: (03) 547 6611. ADELAIDE: MR. H. GARFT, TRIUMPH CARS, 575 SOUTH RD, REGENCY PARK, 5010. PH: (08) 268 3333.
BRISBANE: MR. J. TAIT, TRIUMPH CARS, 1709 IPSWICH RD, ROCKLEA, 4106. PH: (07) 277 4111. PERTH: MR. J. MILLS, TRIUMPH CARS (L.D. 3361), 535 GRT. EASTERN HWY, REDCLIFFE, 6104. PH: (09) 277 1611.

In America, remember, doctors and dentists do not prescribe fluoride supplements at all in fluoridated areas.

In non-fluoridated areas the dose prescribed in Australia is:

Expectant mothers	1.5mg
Infants under 1 year	0.5mg
Children 1 to 15	1mg

Again, in America and the rest of the world fluoride supplements are *not* recommended for expectant mothers.

Unfortunately, the problem doesn't end there.

Many States now have dental therapists treating primary school children. The scheme is funded by the States and the Federal Government. The therapists undergo two years training in practical dentistry and are then permitted to fill and extract teeth in primary school children.

They are taught to apply topical fluoride solutions to the teeth of *all* their patients. They recommend fluoride tablets and they use fluoride polishing pastes routinely. They are *not* taught to recognise dental fluorosis, nor is anything explained to them about the potential toxicity of all fluoride-containing compounds.

Professor Davies of Brisbane Dental School gave an address to therapists graduating in Brisbane on April 11 1979. Here is part of his speech:

"During the past 23 years there has been a readily observable and significant reduction in the prevalence of caries to the extent of about 50 percent in Brisbane schoolchildren aged between nine and 13 years.

"There has of course, been an even greater reduction in caries in Townsville since fluoridation was introduced there more than 10 years ago. This being the case, it is a great pity that Queensland has such a poor record with respect to the use of fluoridated water.

"In Australia as a whole, about half the population drinks fluoridated water, but in Queensland only nine percent do.

"There is an obvious need for a continuing educational and informational campaign at both grassroots and governmental levels to explain the effectiveness, safety and need for this important public health measure. As members of dentistry's front-line troops, you are in a key position to exert a positive influence for good in this respect.

"In the meantime, and indeed even when fluoridation is more widely practised than it is now, it will be necessary to use your influence to encourage school tuck shops to substitute nutritious food for sweets, to promote the use of fluoride tablets, and to make regular topical applications of fluoride solutions.

"I was interested to note in the Division's annual report for 1977/78 that there were 219,000 attendances by children at school dental clinics, for whom there were 52,000 courses of

treatment and 52,000 topical fluoride applications."

I have had the pleasure of working with dental therapists in both Victoria and Queensland, and I have nothing but admiration for them. But to my mind, if they are to be allowed to use fluoride compounds they should be taught *all* about fluorides.

In Washington in September, 1977, a Congressional committee of inquiry investigating the attitude of the National Cancer Institute to the safety of fluoridation found that the institute had never done any experimental studies on the safety of fluorides.

Despite this omission, it had been endorsing fluorides as safe for 27 years.

The Congressional committee insisted that the institute immediately initiate animal tests to evaluate the safety of fluorides. The results cannot be expected

No fluoride-containing product has been submitted to the stringent tests now mandatory for new medicinal products.

before 1981. The British Dental Association is in favor of fluoridation and so is the Australian Dental Association, and the American Dental Association; I, and a small number of other dentists, are totally opposed to the measure. Here is a summary of my objections.

Pharmacological: After 40 years, no one has yet identified the optimal dose of fluoride. After 40 years, no one has succeeded in showing that fluoride is essential to any metabolic process in the body. A minimum daily requirement has never been established.

No fluoride-containing product, let alone fluoridated water, has been submitted to the stringent preclinical animal tests for safety, mandatory since 1968 for all new medicinal products. The basic pharmacological principle of an optimal dose, a measured dose and a controlled dose cannot be applied to fluorides when they are put into drinking water as well as a wide range of other products.

Every therapeutic substance should be thoroughly tested *before* being put on the market. Preclinical testing establishes parameters of safety for drugs and in-

dicates the safe and optimal dosages.

Dental: Cavities are not caused by a lack of fluoride. They are caused by specific bacteria using sugar to colonise the teeth and produce acid which attacks tooth enamel. No experiment capable of being repeated has ever been designed which can show that fluorides have a lasting effect in preventing tooth decay. The epidemiological studies which purport to show the efficacy of fluorides are scientifically unacceptable due to the very large number of variables involved in the caries process.

Dental fluorosis, or mottled enamel — an inevitable side effect for some children who consume fluoridated water — is not only an aesthetic problem, it is also the first clinical symptom of chronic fluoride poisoning.

The use of a fluoridated water supply may contribute to a limited reduction in the incidence of dental caries in young children, but there is evidence to show that any effect is really only one of delay of the onset of caries and that this effect gradually decreases as the child gets older. Official British studies seem to show that after the age of eight, fluoridation delayed decay in *one* tooth for *one* year. This is an insignificant contribution to solving the problem of tooth decay.

Robert Fitzgerald demonstrated the bacteria responsible for tooth decay in 1960, 20 years after the "fluoride era" started. As he himself has said, decay will only be prevented when we can eradicate the decay-causing bacteria. Fluorides cannot do this, except in strengths which would also damage body cells. Tooth decay can be prevented by dietary control, removal of decay bacteria and effective oral hygiene procedures. In the near future, decay will be almost totally prevented by the use of specific antibacterial agents, or vaccine therapy.

Medical: There are groups of patients for whom fluoridated water is objectionable and dangerous — patients on dialysis machines, patients with allergies to fluorides, diabetics, patients with renal deficiencies and those with polydipsia.

In areas where fluorosis is endemic, Singh has reported calcification of tendons and joints, fusion of the spinal cord and various skeletal abnormalities. Even children may be affected by serious malformations of their knees. Patients suffering from a non-skeletal form of fluorosis may suffer from hyperparathyroidism and also show mild to severe neurological symptoms. The possibility that water containing fluorides may be directly implicated in a disease called nephrogenic diabetes insipidus has to be taken seriously.

The Yiamouyiannis-Burk study purporting to show higher cancer death rates in fluoridated cities was at first ridiculed by public health officials. More recently however, it has been reac-

credited before a court of law as a scientific valid study.

At least 15 papers, published in reputable journals, have shown fluorides to be mutagens and carcinogens. It is now believed possible that fluoridated organic compounds and the fluoride ion are as potent carcinogens as chlorinated organic compounds. Although the literature to date is limited, we do know of at least two fluoridated organic compounds which are potent carcinogens, 2-acetylaminofluoride and 2-fluorenylacetamide.

The World Health Organisation places as top priority on testing for mutagenic properties products which are: related to known mutagens; used over a period of years, particularly on children; prescribed for large numbers of the population; and used for general prophylaxis. Fluorides are therefore top priorities for testing on every count.

According to Marier, and many others, adult man absorbs today quite involuntarily more than the 1 or 2mg a day first suggested as the optimal dose. Fluorides are highly toxic for humans, and a narrow margin separates an acceptable level from a toxic level. The parameters of safety of fluorides have never been established.

Until the thalidomide tragedy, many countries did not insist on thorough preclinical testing of therapeutic substances. The lack of knowledge of the actions of fluoride is causing concern to many medical researchers. The Yiamouyiannis-Burk study must be re-evaluated objectively and the dosages of fluorides which people are now ingesting must be brought under control.

Environmental: Fluoridating water supplies means adding massive amounts of fluoride so that very small amounts will reach children's teeth. To fluoridate the total public water supplies in the UK to 1ppm would require 3650 tonnes of fluoride a year.

The accumulation of fluorides in aquatic plants and fauna is important because of its potential impact on all animals consuming these organisms. Recent studies suggest that the concentration of fluorides along the food chain is certainly not less than 10 to 1. At the level of 1.9ppm fluoride, the rate of growth of the green algae *Chlorella* is lowered. *Chlorella* is an important link in the food chain.

The embryonic development of frogs' eggs are delayed when exposed to a concentration of 1ppm fluoride. Similar effects are observed when tadpoles are exposed. The eggs of trout do not hatch when they are exposed to a concentration of 1.5ppm fluoride.

Although to date there is a lack of information regarding the accumulation of fluorides along the food chain, there is enough evidence to conclude that the presence of fluorides above certain

levels in the aquatic environment is causing important biological damage to plant and animal systems.

Social: The administration of fluoride in a community water supply is a completely new principle in social medicine. It constitutes compulsory mass medication and takes no regard of individual desire, need or safety. Chlorine is added to water to kill harmful bacteria and therefore make the water safe to drink; fluoride is added to influence or alter a physiological system.

This measure offends long-accepted standards in medical ethics and the principle is potentially dangerous since it could be used to justify the similar use of other chemical preparations for quite different medical effects.

It has been obvious for some time that only Australia appears to be still actively promoting fluoridation. If the expectations of water fluoridation have been met,

Fluorides are top priorities for testing on every count listed by the World Health Organisation.

why have so many countries rejected the measure or abandoned it? Are we to assume that these countries found it ineffective, or unsafe, or both? Are the teeth of German, Scandinavian, French and Italian children worse than Australian children's teeth? The answer to the last question, of course, is no, they're not — they are very much better, despite being deprived of fluoridated water.

Engineering: Municipalities are required to add fluorides to their water supplies at very precise levels. The type of equipment used to monitor fluorides has an operating precision of 10 percent provided it is maintained in good order.

It is necessary to maintain this very precise level on a continuing basis and throughout the entire drinking water system. The great variety of water systems is responsible for the many problems of maintaining a proper level of fluorides in drinking water. For example, an American study based on 620 local systems shows that 290, or 46.1 percent, were distributing fluoridated waters at concentrations outside the prescribed limits.

From the start of the Great Promotion of fluorides in the 1940s, the dental profession would hear no wrong about fluoride, nor would it permit any arguments about its safety or efficacy. Now, almost 40 years later, the "fluoride theory" is a crumbling citadel of dental orthodoxy. Many individual dentists have, in the last 25 years, either ignored or rejected fluoride dogma.

The contradictions and potential dangers of fluorides have actually been known for much longer, yet the dogma has been, and still is, strenuously defended by the academic community. The penalty for heretics is discreet but effective ostracism.

The reason for this paradox is twofold. First, commitment to a scientific theory can be as charged with emotion as a religious belief — a recurrent theme throughout the history of science. Second, the absence of a credible alternative to the fluoride theory makes many dentists feel a poor theory is better than no theory at all.

A profession generally prefers to consider itself infallible and certainly expects its members to support this fallacy.

A practitioner is permitted to be moved by controversy, but he is expected to conceal his identity behind the mask of his trade and present the case in a language which the layman can neither translate nor question. Temple vows and temple psychology are as relevant to a profession as they are to a religious order. A profession equates such vows with "professional ethics" and any practitioner who challenges the dogma of infallibility risks excommunication.

The fundamental ethic of a healing profession can be simply stated: to do all in one's power for the benefit and wellbeing of the patient. Unfortunately, professional bodies now find it necessary to prepare long lists defining the scope and extent of a wide range of so called "professional ethics". The Australian Dental Association, for example, forbids its members to discuss any aspect of dentistry in public, without first obtaining permission from the leadership of the profession.

It forbids writing articles about dentistry for publication in any journal not approved by the association.

Fluorides and fluoridation are matters of public concern. Their use is now so widespread and uncontrolled, and their potential dangers have become so apparent, that any dentist with knowledge of the subject finds himself facing a conflict of ethics.

If fluorides are poisoning some people, and helping to kill others, and if the official dental journals of Britain, America and Australia refuse to publish works critical of fluorides, should the dentist remain silent or should he publish, and be damned? ☉



Millions of your tax dollars
will be wasted this year by profligate
public servants enmeshed in
their own self-preservation society.

BUREAUCRATIC OUTRAGES

BY MAXWELL NEWTON

I am filled with despair over what is happening to our country. Australia is being destroyed, its initiative killed, its resources wasted and its people dulled by bumbling bureaucracy. As you fill out your tax returns this year try not to remember the millions and millions of dollars which will be lost *without trace* by a scandalously inefficient public service.

The size of the government share of Australia's annual income and expenditure has now reached the point where it represents the most important single threat to the viability of our economic system.

After a horrible decade of government profligacy during the Seventies, the judgement must be made that Australia now enjoys most of the disadvantages of a full-fledged socialist system, with few of the advantages. Spending by governments and their offspring, the so-called "statutory authorities", has exploded out of control to the point where a single department, Social Security, now pays out \$250 million every fortnight — through a system so stretched by simply pumping the pension cheques out that there is no hope of satisfactorily policing any frauds.

Even more frightening and potentially more costly is the ghastly waste in the huge government sector. Unless strong control and efficiency systems are imposed on the huge government sector we will continue to suffer from endemic inflation, slow growth of productivity (and hence of living standards) and growing lawlessness on the part of all the main elements in our society. There is very little evidence of such control systems being devised, let alone implemented. Government debt has ballooned in terrifying style during the past six years — the years when we have reaped the full force of the whirlwind of waste and spending mania unleashed during the Whitlam years.

Were it not for their freedom to borrow without limit to finance their annual losses, (for which we might use the polite word "deficits"), all governments in Australia would be bankrupt by now. In contrast to the stark issues which face spendthrift privately-owned organisations, there is no automatic stopper on governments and their statutory authorities. Governments and government authorities don't go broke when they spend too much, they simply borrow more money from the rest of the nation — which means from the decreasingly important corporations and individuals still left in the so-called "private" sector.

Authorities like the Australian National Railways can contribute a loss of \$68 million to the near-\$1000 million a year

Illustration by Nicholas Harding

losses incurred in running the nation's railways without even lodging a report to the owners — us — from 1975 to June last year. ANR knows it will keep being supplied with our tax dollars even when it is castigated for having no system to identify where its money is being spent, and where losses arise.

At least ANR eventually turned in a report. The Wheat Board, on the other hand, has still to provide a report for 1977-78 on the way it handles the \$1000 million a year in wheatgrowers' funds for which it is responsible. Attempts to palm off a glossy "report" lacking in crucial detail did nothing to placate the outrage at the board's cavalier attitude.

Yet even when a report is provided, it can still leave us in the dark. After a 2½-year delay, the Capital Territory Health Commission won the right to present its accounts in a way which still doesn't reflect the extent of possible future liabilities to be met by the taxpayer.

Nowhere is skill at diverting and delaying embarrassing inquiries into expenditure more evident than in the upper reaches of bureaucracy. The Commonwealth Public Service Board attracted the wrath of a parliamentary watchdog committee for trying to hide the fact that its far-reaching MANDATA computer system was, according to the committee, three years behind schedule at a putative cost of \$18 million a year — more millions which can only be made up from the spiralling tax grab.

When the public refuses to pay higher taxes, as is now becoming the case, governments and government authorities still grab the money through borrowing.

By now, almost 40 percent of Australia's gross domestic product each year is consumed by governments and government authorities. Ten years ago, the government take was less than 30 percent.

To finance this stupefying growth in government spending, governments and their authorities have run more and more into debt. Thus, in the four years ended 1972-73 (the last four pre-Whitlam years), the total deficit — or "loss" — of all State and Commonwealth governments and their authorities was just over \$650 million a year.

In the four years ended 1978-79, (the first four post-Whitlam years), the total comparable deficit — or "loss" — was some \$4700 million: within the space of four or five years, the annual indebtedness of all governments and their authorities has risen by 600 percent.

This huge growth in annual government borrowings reflects the desperation of bureaucrats in their fight against cuts in their spending programs. It also reflects, of course, the degree of powerlessness of the Cabinet, the elected Ministers, in any attempt to bring the army of bureaucrats to heel.

In authoritarian socialist countries, waste and inefficiency have been punished by banishment and the firing squad.

In Australia, government inefficiency is more likely to be rewarded by the grant of more government money to cover embarrassing losses. Government bureaucrats play with great success on the ignorance and fear of Ministers; they fight tooth and nail for the retention and expansion of government spending programs; they hide their actions; they deceive.

Meanwhile, the embattled populace outside the charmed circle of government extravagance find themselves under the lash of ever-increasing government demands for more and more taxes.

Thousands upon thousands of Australians have come to resent this. They have joined the "underground economy", where the cash society and the self-employed exist together.

In authoritarian socialist countries, inefficiency has been punished by the firing squad. Here, it is more likely to be rewarded by the grant of more government money.

The evidence of mass tax evasion by the self-employed inhabitants of the underground economy points up the lawlessness in so many public attitudes as individuals make their own practical protests against the uncontrollable surge of government spending. Annual losses in government taxation from this evasion is estimated at something in the order of \$3000 million — enough to cover two-thirds of the annual total deficit of all Australian governments and their authorities.

The ordinary wage and salary earners — the PAYE mugs — know they are being robbed. Their only option is to strike and they are doing so with a force and frequency which threatens the stability not only of the economy, but also of the peaceful nature of the society we live in.

In the past 10 years we have increased the proportion of gross domestic product accounted for by government outlays from about 30 percent to nearly 40 percent. By now, additional annual spending equivalent to about \$10,000 million a year has been diverted to the use of governments. All that money is now being used in the least efficient way. All that money

has been diverted from the use of private businesses and individuals to the use of governments — a huge diversion of annual resources to the least efficient area of the economy.

Add to that the disastrous effect on individual and corporate private energies of the tax burden (which falls with such increasing force on the narrowing base of the "above-ground" private economy) and it is not hard to isolate one most important strand in the explanation for the decline in the growth of productivity in the so-called "capitalist" democracies.

THE SOCIAL SECURITY NIGHTMARE

Each fortnight the Commonwealth Government posts out about two and a half million pension cheques, including unemployment dole cheques.

There are about nine million adults over 19 in Australia. Thus, almost one in three of all the adults in Australia gets a pension cheque from the Commonwealth each fortnight. The frantic growth in the number of Australians on a government pension has overwhelmed the Department of Social Security.

Of the two and a half million on a government pension, about half a million are on a veteran's pension. Excluding those veterans (the total number on veterans' pensions is relatively stable), the number on other pensions has risen from about 650,000 in 1958, through about 900,000 in 1968 to almost two million today.

In the 10 years ended 1968 — when government spending was under relative control, inflation was under relative control and Menzies was in power — the numbers of non-veterans pensions rose by 38 percent. Over this decade total population rose by 22 percent. In the 10 years ended 1978, by contrast, total numbers on non-veterans pensions rose by more than 100 percent, while total population rose by only about 18 percent.

Armies of old, invalid and "unemployed" have gone on to government handouts. It is evident that the task of policing the torrent of cheques going out to pensioners and unemployed is quite beyond the resources of the Department of Social Security. Departmental officers freely admit that they cannot hope to police the volume: they are totally preoccupied with getting the job done, of handing out something like \$250 million a fortnight. There is virtually no system or resources available to the Department of Social Security to police the handout of pensions and benefits.

The Auditor-General of the Commonwealth knows full well the size of the headache, but is not doing anything to investigate the Social Security efficiency at this time. Social Security is being given "a year or two to try to fix itself up", yet there is practical evidence of fraud on a grand scale. In Australia, there are about 4.5

million households. These households receive 2.5 million government pension cheques each fortnight: more than one in every two Australian households gets a government cheque each fortnight.

To put it another way, 10 years ago every 1000 Australians at work supported about 200 people on pensions or the dole. Today, every 1000 people at work support more than 400 on the pension or on the dole.

While we experience reports of some 400,000 "unemployed" in Australia, the true situation is one of labor shortage, particularly in all skilled areas. BHP and other major Australian corporations are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars advertising for labor here and overseas.

The flow of immigrants to Australia is picking up sharply, in response to the true situation — one of labor shortage and of plentiful job opportunities for those actively seeking work. Notably, unemployment among single males under 20 is about 20-25 percent of the estimated number in the age group. Yet unemployment among married males of all ages is negligible. As soon as they get married, young men have to get off the dole bludge and into a regular job.

Nothing truly significant can be done about the control of government spending until the bleeding wound of the Social Security Handout is stopped. Let me repeat that: there will be no solution to the problems of destructive government deficits, of uncontrolled government spending growth, of ruinous taxation and internal discord among our people until the torrent of money flowing from the Department of Social Security is held back. This means there will have to be a means test of some kind. There is no other way. Failure to realise this terrible truth simply makes nonsense of all other rhetoric about "getting government spending under control" or of "stopping government waste".

The Social Security colossus is out of control. The Department itself is seen to be virtually powerless to stem the flood. Eventually, huge scandals will be uncovered, as they have been in the Department of Health, where it was found about \$230 million had been overpaid to chemists in the past six years. No one is to be blamed. It is all to be blamed on alleged errors in computer programming.

THE RAILWAYS MORASS

By now, the Australian railways system's losses have reached the area of \$1000 million a year. These losses therefore account for something like 20 percent of the entire deficit of all Commonwealth Government, State government and all State and Federal statutory authorities.

In NSW, the losses in the Public Trans-

port Commission are in the region of \$400 million a year. In Victoria, VicRail loses in the order of half its revenues each year. These losses amount to a vast subsidy for inefficiency, political cowardice and selected community groups (such as country train users, passenger or freight).

It is argued, by the so-called managers of these financially disastrous transport systems, that they cannot hope to make profits because they are under political restraints which forbid them from closing uneconomic services. This argument merely underlines the urgent need to take these systems out of the area of politics and put them right back into the area of commercial reality, where loss-making activities are simply wiped out through the pressure of financial failure. The railways losses underline most importantly the built-in failure of any enterprise owned and controlled by elected politicians — there is no automatic system for eliminating loss-making activities. Loss-making activities are always kept going, because there is always money available to finance losses.

But the argument about political control assumes railways administrators know where their losses are occurring, and can identify areas where losses are caused by political pressures. The history of the Australian National Railways suggests that the railways administrators do

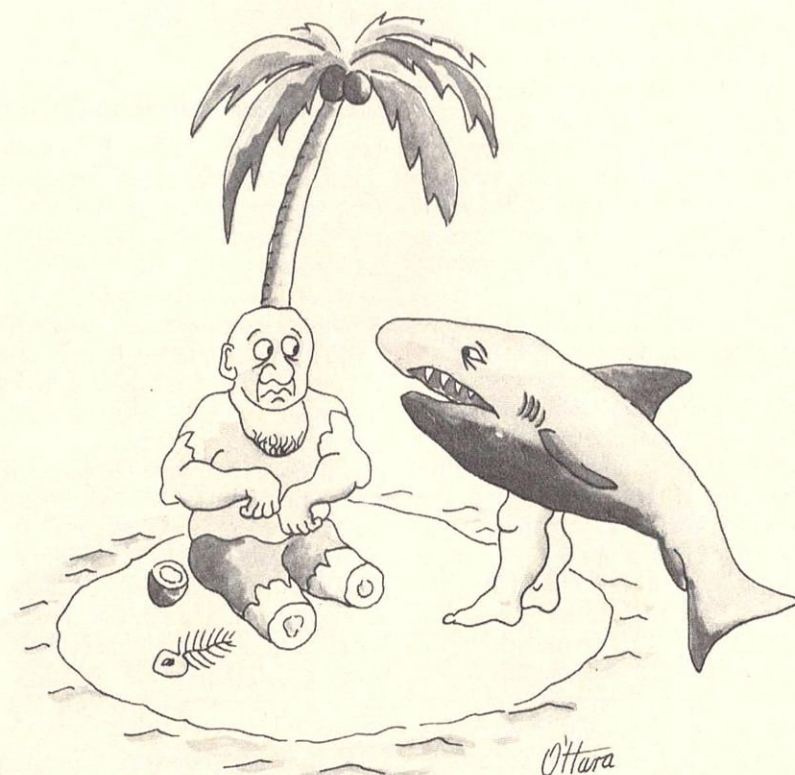
not know what their costs are and fly blind most of the time, not having any accounting systems which will identify loss-making areas and hence the extent to which losses are politically inspired.

The Commonwealth Auditor-General recently carried out an "efficiency audit" into various parts of the ANR accounts and found that the ANR had no policy in relation to costs, no policy on identifying which costs are relevant and how they may behave with various traffic flows and time spans.

The main adjustment factor used by ANR in rate setting appears to be that of inflation in the Consumer Price Index, tempered with "what the market will bear".

The Auditor-General made this damning comment: "The need for a realistic costing system is pervasive; not only would such a shortcoming seriously inhibit the Commission's capacity to meet the terms of its legislation in its commercial activities but it would also compromise its accountability for whatever loss-making public service obligations it may be committed to, the costs of which should be clearly identifiable."

This investigation by the Auditor-General into a small part of the ANR operations indicates the frightful morass of stupidity in which railway administrators operate and underlines the fact that "political interference" is often just



"I know it's a small consolation, but they work perfectly!"

an excuse for railway administrators who do not want to take the trouble to find out where their costs and losses are.

The horror of the ANR does not end there. In 1977-78 the Australian National Railways (incorporating the old Commonwealth Railways and since 1975 the Tasmanian railways and the non-metropolitan part of the South Australian Railways) employed over 13,000 people, its capital expenditure was more than \$40 million and its assets were more than \$225 million. Its net operating deficit was \$68 million, the largest deficit of any Commonwealth statutory authority. Yet this huge organisation does not know what its costs are and as of late 1979 had no way of finding out what they were.

What is more, this vast organisation, subject to amalgamation in July 1975, had not given any report of its activities to the Parliament (and hence to its owners, the Australian taxpayers) until June 1979. Even then, the ANR only gave a report for the years 1975-76 and 1976-77. Only then was it discovered what a horrific loss the ANR was making.

We only know the preliminary extent of the ANR losses because Senator Rae's Committee on Government Operations found out in a questionnaire directed to the ANR management. The ANR certainly did not volunteer the information. We also know from the fact that the Auditor-General made a preliminary efficiency audit of the ANR that "for 1978-79 funds appropriated under Division 662.1 as a subsidy to meet operating losses amounted to \$60 million and a further \$32.55 million was appropriated as advances under Division 957.2".

So during 1978-79, an amount of \$92.55 million was appropriated from taxpayers to be used to support the crumbling finances of the Australian National Railways. Yet this same body had not delivered a report for the whole period since June 1975 when these appropriations were being approved.

Senator Rae's Committee commented: "We would like to stress again that the ANR is one of the Commonwealth's most important statutory authorities. Its impact on the Australian economy is highly significant. From the point of view of those managing the economy, to remain in ignorance of the activities of such an authority is surely to operate partly in the dark. And what of the taxpayers? Their monies were being invested in the ANR in large quantities for some years without information being provided in return. This was in spite of the large losses being incurred by the Commission. "To table these reports in Parliament so late, and with so little explanation, demonstrates the indifference on the part of the executive government to the importance of accountability to the Parliament and the people.

"A public listed company would have

long since been delisted for failing to report. However, the Parliament continued to appropriate funds for the Australian National Railways Commission!"

Stories like this make the stomach churn. Tens of millions of dollars are poured into a business which does not have the decency to report to its owners — the people of Australia; the business does not have any policy of identifying its costs and of relating its marketing and pricing policies to such costs; it makes huge losses, even on its own admission; yet it continues to receive vast torrents of free money on which it does not pay a dividend and never looks like paying a dividend.

What hope is there for our country to raise living standards and defeat inflation when this sort of scandal goes on without check?

One final point: we would never have known any of the above had it not been

Tens of millions of dollars are poured into a business which does not have the decency to report to its owners — the people of Australia.

for two men — Senator Rae and his understaffed Committee on Government Operations and the Auditor-General of the Commonwealth, Don Craik, and his newly-developing and hopefully potent team of "efficiency auditors".

We ask ourselves: why is this allowed to go on? It is allowed to go on because the money is always available to cover up losses and prevent any chance of market forces making changes.

Thus, TAA has evidently failed to make adequate provisions for superannuation payments to be made to its staff. This was a decision of the TAA management. Yet TAA is now some \$90-\$100 million behind in its appropriations to meet its responsibilities to its superannuable staff. Eventually, this money will be found from general government revenue. You can bet on it.

Until all Commonwealth and State government commercial enterprises are sold to private business there will never be a solution, because eventually, the money is always found to bail the managers of these "enterprises" (if that word may be used to sanctify such

shambles) out of the trouble into which their immunity from commercial pressure inevitably leads them.

DELAY AND DECEPTION

As of February 1980, the Australian Wheat Board had still not tabled a report to Parliament for the 1977 and 1978 years in the form legally required.

A saga of delays and deception by the board are all aimed at delaying the re-counting by it of the full details of its stewardship of up to \$1000 million in wheatgrowers' money each year. Despite vigorous demands from the Committee on Government Operations and the unprecedented action of a unanimous vote in the Senate condemning it, the Wheat Board has still not fulfilled its legal obligation to tell Parliament and the Australian people what it has done with their money.

The board at one stage got so desperate it put out a version of the 1978 Report in "glossy" form with plenty of pretty pictures, but none of the financial information required by law and which it has still to provide.

Senator Rae's Committee had this to say: "We are of the opinion that to produce and distribute a version of the report which lacks basic statutorily-required information, with the implication that this is the "final" report of the Board's activities for the year, is so misleading as to amount to deception." Despite threats from the Senate, no one at the board has been sacked for this gross indifference to Parliament and the people.

Nor is anyone in the Wheat Board going to be sacked for the fantastic "errors" discovered by the Auditor-General in the board's accounts. Some of the errors described by the Auditor-General's office in the Wheat Board's accounts were: "Clerical posting error \$41 million"; "Inaccurate bank adjustment \$31 million"; "Overestimate of wheat handling costs \$12.4 million"; "Interest posting mistake \$989,000"; and "Not brought to account in statements \$2.5 million." The errors were set out in a schedule prepared by the Auditor-General's office covering 11 pages, which listed 134 errors covering amounts of up to \$41 million.

No one in the Wheat Board has been sacked for this shambles, either, nor will they be sacked.

Another fiddle has occurred in the accounts of the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories. Under recent legislation, the CSL is empowered to keep all its profits from its commercial operations, while the Commonwealth will make up all costs in CSL's so-called "national interest" operations.

This is a sound start, providing for identification of the element of subsidy in the accounts of a government authority due to its need to undertake uneconomic

operations for political reasons. It also means that the bigger "commercial" profit CSL earns, the more it has available for its "own" use.

Unfortunately, the CSL accounts do not provide for payment of anything like a realistic rent on some 33 acres of land owned by the Commonwealth at Parkville in Melbourne, a choice area. CSL pays only \$123,000 rent on this vast tract of choice Melbourne real estate. Again, CSL does not pay any rates on the land. Nor does it appear that CSL has made a realistic provision for superannuation commitments, having provided only 15 percent of its wages bill while other Commonwealth statutory authorities have provided up to 25 percent. The difference amounts to about \$1 million a year and has been accumulating since September 1976, when the latest Commonwealth Superannuation Act was introduced.

On this unrealistic cost structure, CSL is permitted to compete with private firms, allegedly on a "comparable" basis.

The fiddle in the CSL accounts is, however, as nothing compared with the fiddle which has been organised by the bureaucrats in the Commonwealth Health Department, to hide the true cost of Australia's vast and ramshackle hospital system.

BATTLE FOR SECRECY

The CSL fiddle serves to make the profits of CSL bigger and to protect the CSL bureaucrats from the full effect of "real world" commercial competition.

In the case of the Health Department, a whole system of accounting has been adopted which actively militates against outsiders being able to find out just how much it is costing to run the nation's hospitals.

The issue came to a head in a fight between the Auditor-General and the Capital Territory Health Commission. The commission, apparently in cahoots with the Commonwealth Department of Health, fought tooth and nail against the Auditor-General over the form of the commission's accounts. This fight went on for 2½ years and only came into the open because the delay in the tabling of the commission's 1975-76 report automatically brought the matter under the purview of Senator Rae's committee.

The Auditor-General had demanded that the health commission should provide its reports on an accrual accounting basis. The commission fought for, and successfully achieved, the retention of a cash accounting basis.

As Senator Rae's Committee described it: "The Capital Territory Health Commission stated in evidence that it would be possible to show more financial information in its reports. This would involve a statement of assets and liabilities. The assets could include cash on hand

and at the bank; deposits and advances; sundry debtors; stocks at cost; prepayments and other current assets; fixed assets in terms of land and buildings at cost; office furniture and equipment at cost; clinical plant and equipment at cost; plant and machinery at cost; motor vehicles at cost; and other fixed assets. Liabilities could include creditors and accrued expenses...

"The situation appears to be that because the provisions of certain liabilities are excluded from the accounts used by hospitals, the complete liability of Government and of the taxpayer for the services is unknown. There are few more expensive facilities financed from the public purse than hospitals. It is bad enough that the financial details of these services are not known and even worse when the ignorance includes unstated liabilities referred to above which could be leading to a large and mounting

The full true cost of operating Australia's public hospitals is not known either to the Health Department, the Parliament or the public.

degree of indebtedness which the taxpayer at some stage will have to meet."

A 2½-year fight by the bureaucrats in the Department of Health has succeeded in preventing full disclosure of the cost of running the nation's hospitals. The Department of Health which fought against having its accounts prepared on a full accrual basis (the sort used by every commercial concern in the land) instead of on the penny notebook system of cash accounting, admitted to Senator Rae's committee that because various liabilities are not disclosed by cash accounts, the full true cost of operating Australia's public hospitals is not known either to the department, the Parliament or the public.

How important it was to the Department of Health bureaucrats to win this fight is indicated by their powerful rear-guard action against the Auditor-General. The total amount involved in the cost-sharing agreement on hospitals between the Commonwealth and the States is estimated at more than \$2000 million for 1978-79.

Any official of a privately-owned listed or unlisted company in Australia who

presented his accounts on a cash basis would soon find himself prosecuted and behind bars for fraudulent misrepresentation. Yet armies of bureaucrats routinely hide behind these lies in order to protect themselves — and their administration of massive amounts of public money — from appropriate scrutiny.

THE UNSTOPPABLES

A source of much of the waste in all government programs is the virtual impossibility of stopping them, once started.

No better example could be found than the Northern Territory Forestry Program, as investigated by Mr Kevin Cairns' admirable House of Representatives Standing Committee on Expenditure.

Since 1959, about \$30 million has been spent on this program — yet almost no timber has been produced. In an attempt to hide the true cost of the program over the years, the Northern Territory bureaucrats have successfully split the cost of the program under differing heads of expenditure when the estimates have come before Parliament. This has helped to prolong the life of a program which has produced not a tittle of useful timber, despite almost a quarter of a century of failure and high cost to taxpayers.

In its report, Mr Cairns' committee stated inter alia: "To give one example of the inconsistencies in resource assessments, the Department of the Northern Territory in 1974 informed the Forwood Conference that the anticipated production of hardwood sawn logs in the Territory in 1980 would be 58,000 cubic metres. Despite criticism from foresters this figure, again for 1980, was raised in 1977 to 82,000 cubic metres. The committee is now informed that the figure has been revised in 1978 to zero."

I have now been informed that despite the totally damning nature of the standing committee's report on the Northern Territory Forestry Program, it is continuing and the new self-governing Northern Territory Government is having just as much trouble in closing down the Forestry and Timber Bureau as was the case when it came directly under the control of the Commonwealth Government.

The standing committee stated in conclusion: "It became obvious that the objectives (of the program) were unrealistically ambitious and based on misleading advice which disregarded the real situation of the native forests and plantation potential. The committee wishes to place on record its concern at evidence which suggested that efforts from within the management and research structure of the Department to have the program critically reassessed were ignored and suppressed by senior management.

"The committee's findings indicate that departmental review of the program

in any realistic, practical manner was lacking and finds no justification for the stifling of attempts to implement such procedures internally."

Despite all the committee said, the forestry program still continues and is proving virtually impossible to kill. Certainly, it takes time to kill failures in some commercial enterprises, but eventually the lack of money and unwillingness of lenders and shareholders to cough up kills them. Not so in the government arena, where deception and delay are developed to such a high skill by bureaucratic practitioners.

THE GOVERNMENT STROKE

It has always been assumed by outsiders that the government way of doing things is the slow way.

One striking example of the truth of this view was the experience of the Commonwealth Public Service Board in its attempts to introduce centralised manpower and employment records through its MANDATA system. This project became the archetype of government bumbling, inefficiency, high-cost and low-yield operations. It has been investigated by the Auditor-General, by the Government, by the Public Accounts Committee.

An ambitious scheme, it floundered due to appalling management by the officers of the Public Service Board, who failed to involve themselves at a high level with the costly and developing computer project which has experienced delays, cost increases, changes in development strategy, and changes in product specification. Substantial potential "clients" of the MANDATA system within the Commonwealth Public Service and associated authorities have refused to become involved and have tried to develop their own computer recording systems for management of their staff records.

In its investigations of this chaotic project the Public Accounts Committee stated it "had considerable difficulty and experienced inordinate delays in obtaining appropriate documentation about MANDATA from the Public Service Board. We were given stock explanations for non-production of the material requested. We were told the material requested was (a) used in the preparation of Cabinet documents; (b) were Cabinet documents; (c) were used in the preparation of interdepartmental reports; or (d) were such reports. The committee is strongly of the view that witnesses should not be able to use the screen of alleging privileged status for these documents to escape scrutiny".

Here we have the same old story of bureaucratic secrecy, delay and deception, in order to avoid scrutiny and to be able to get their own way.

By now, the MANDATA project is years

behind schedule, despite efforts by the Public Service Board to cover up the extent of the delays. The Public Accounts Committee commented: "The Auditor-General in his 1975-76 report pointed out that the 1971 feasibility study envisaged the start of implementation of a basic operational MANDATA system in early 1975, and the completion of implementation of a full system by late 1979. As things turned out, a basic system was operational in June 1977 and implementation of a 'full' system is now planned for July 1981. While this gives the impression that MANDATA is approximately two years late, it should be kept in mind that the 'basic system' in operation in 1977 fell considerably short of the basic system it was originally intended to deliver in 1975. Similarly, the 'full' system now to be delivered in mid-1981 does not include all the features originally planned for delivery in 1979. The committee's

Our country
is suffering from the
continual diversion
of resources to the
least efficient area
— the government.

view is that MANDATA is running at least three years late, relative to the schedule in the 1971 feasibility study."

The committee went on to say it believes "that if any consideration is given in future to extending the powers or responsibilities of the Public Service Board for Automatic Data Processing co-ordination, it should take into account the Board's handling of MANDATA. Until the board conclusively demonstrates a greatly improved capacity to manage ADP development, we believe it would be unwise to extend its power to control other departments' projects."

The committee tried to estimate the cost of the delay in the MANDATA project. Based on the total expected cost of the project of \$67 million (in 1978), the committee estimated the cost of a month's delay in the implementation of the MANDATA computer program to be of the order of \$500,000 a month. Hence, the annual cost of the 36-month delay already established is some \$18 million.

More importantly, the Public Accounts Committee went on to compare the average time for the installation of big

computer systems in the Commonwealth Public Service, with the private sector. It concluded: "It will be seen that the typical time for Commonwealth procurement is greater than three times the typical time for the private sector."

To the best of my knowledge, no one has been sacked over the disaster of the Public Service Board MANDATA program — although many disillusioned men have left the board and the public service and have gone to find jobs elsewhere.

We need only translate the cost, the delays and grand chaos of the MANDATA shambles into a general assessment of the relative cost of doing business in the public service and the private sector to appreciate the enormous costs our country is suffering from the continuing diversion of resources to the least efficient area — the government.

Is there any hope of our country being saved from the fierce waste of government operations? My own view is that there is very little.

The basic government structure and the nature of government operations are such that the whole of the emphasis of activity in the government service is on delay, deceit and self-preservation.

Self-preservation is the key. Efficiency rates a very poor third after self-preservation first and self-preservation second.

In respect of the Commonwealth Government, it is a fact that only about 60 per cent of all Commonwealth expenditures come before Parliament for approval at all. The rest fall outside the Budget control system, operating through Parliament.

In the whole of the vast Commonwealth apparatus, which spends about \$30,000 million a year, there are only a very few individuals occupied with trying to control the efficiency with which money is spent.

They include the Auditor-General Mr Don Craik, the chairman of the House of Representatives Expenditure Committee, Kevin Cairns, the chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, Mr D. Connolly, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, Senator Rae, and two young officials, Messrs Michael Tallberg and Tim Mackey, respectively official secretaries of the Public Accounts and Senate Operations committees. Both these young men are Grade 10 in the Third Division and they are expected to find the secret failures of dozens of officials far their senior.

The inherent problem of control of government spending is that it is by nature irreversible. Officials, having once got a job, will never allow themselves to lose it. Secrecy, delay, deception and freedom from the sack are all on their side. ☐



ANNIE

“I like to nest in bed with my lover, making love in as many ways as our wild imaginations allow.”

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

"Sometimes I wish I were statuesque," says diminutive Pet Annie Hockersmith, "but I comfort myself with that old saying 'Little things mean a lot!'" Though she'll never be a heavyweight champion at just over five feet and just under a hundred pounds, our flyweight Pet makes a sizeable impression with her masses of blonde tendrils and a 35-24-35 figure. "After all," she says, "during this energy crisis, compact models like me are in great demand."





A girl like Annie could make a career out of just looking pretty, but she's far more ambitious than that. One reason for her ambition, she says, is that she was orphaned at an early age and learned a lot about self-reliance. "Right now I'm taking modern-dance lessons," she says, "and I'm working several nights a week as a professional dancer. But my big goal is to go to New York and dance on Broadway. I'll be easy to recognise — I'll be the girl on the end where the chorus line tapers off!"





● I was orphaned
at an early age
and learned a lot about
self-reliance. ●

Despite her longing for a glamorous life, Annie continues to cultivate her domestic inclinations. "I guess I want the home I never really had," she explains. "I love to have barbecues with my boyfriend, decorate the flat we share, and have people over for Sunday brunches. But most of all," she admits, "I like to nest in bed all day with my lover, just watching TV, reading magazines and, of course, making love in as many ways as our wild imaginations allow." 





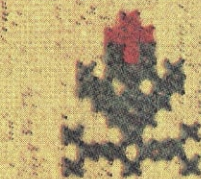
The following being a Dissertation on the abandoned and sinful state of Debauchery which did prevail in the Colony of Australia, looking in Particular at the plight of convict Females, and commencing with an Account of the riotous Orgy which did occur upon the landing of the First Fleet. William Cooper, that notorious Gentleman Highwayman who plagued the roads of Hertfordshire, is the author of this Account, having been an eager participant in the said Orgy. Details of the two-day debauch have hitherto remained unchronicled for fear of offending those of tender susceptibilities; however, the Publishers feel it has historical Merit, and present it hereforth for the benefit of serious and broad-minded Scholars.

FIRST LADIES

O God, how I crave the soft, sweet touch of a woman! A painful fire burns in my loins, stoked by the imminence of the female prisoners' arrival, and kindled by my confinement at His Majesty's Pleasure. For it has been more than three years since I knew a woman: two and a half years in gaol, eight months on the hell-ship *Scarborough*, and several days on these strange shores. Many of my companions have been without for much longer, Old Jack being the most deprived after eighteen years in custody. It was with great disappointment that we learned yesterday morning (from that slave-driver Captain Phillip) of the deferment of the female landing until more shelters were erected. The pompous Lieutenant Clark has been overseeing, and has scarcely stopped complaining about our work. Can he not comprehend the feelings bottled up inside every man?

O God, how I crave the soft, sweet touch of a woman!

I was roused from my lustful reverie by a ragged cry from the shore, which quickly built into a tremendous cheer. At last! My heart was pounding as I burst from the woods to join the hundreds of men lining the shore. The first boat from the *Lady Penrhyn* had offloaded its fair passengers! Having been blessed with a tall frame, I was able to see something of the women over the shoulders of the fellows in front. From what I could see, they were young, clean, well-attired and most desirable. But now the marines had relinquished their charges, sparking off an almighty free-for-all as the females were surrounded by men who snarled, cursed and prodded. I saw Old Jack ploughing through the crowd with his arm round the hips of a red-headed lovely. "I'll show you to your accommodation, m'lady,"



BY TONY MAGUIRE

Illustration by John and Hilde Byrne

I heard him say gallantly, kicking out at a leering rascal who had attempted to grab her.

"Here comes the next boat!" cried a wild-eyed character beside me. Sure enough, another row-boat was rippling through the waters of the cove, and being nearer the front now, I could see its occupants quite clearly. As the vessel drew nearer, my eyes fixed on an angelic girl with honey hair and a slender but well-formed body, sitting proudly for'ard and staring defiantly into the looming horde of men.

A gap appeared in the human wall when the boat landed, an officer ordering a path to be cleared for the ladies.

It was then that I found myself staring into the beautiful but distressed eyes of the honey-haired girl I had admired earlier. And I was horrified to perceive that she was being assaulted by a brute of a man known as Big Bert. His hairy, shovel-like hands were groping at her breasts as she mutely appealed to me for help. With a sense of daring and resolve unknown to me since I was forcibly retired from the highway life, I picked up a stout piece of drift wood and marched towards Big Bert.

The force of the impact to Big Bert's skull sent him reeling, and I despatched him with a special body-kick taught to me by a Chinese seaman. Stepping over the big man's comatose body, I threw down the club and offered my arm to the grateful girl.

I introduced myself to this highly alluring young woman, who was aged nineteen or thereabouts, after we had got through the mob of hungry men to the grassy bank which led to the shelters. "William Cooper, a public schoolboy turned highwayman, sentenced at Winchester to fourteen years transportation." I gave a small bow.

"Elizabeth Dudgeon: seven years on this godforsaken continent, courtesy of a mad judge at Middlesex Crown Court. I was convicted of stealing nine guineas, although I was totally innocent of the crime." Her accent was pure Cockney.

As we reached the mud and wood hut I had specially prepared, the moans of abandoned lovemaking could already be heard emanating from other shelters. Overcome with desire, I pulled Elizabeth to the fern and grass-cushioned floor of my humble abode.

"O Elizabeth!" I whispered, planting multiple kisses on her neck.

"Call me Liz," said she, plunging her tongue into my ear hole.

I undid her bodice to kiss and fondle her gorgeous breasts. Then my hand found its way through the maze of crisp petticoats to her lovely moistness. She groaned with passion, her hand slipping into my breeches. It was time.

With one hand, I swiftly unfastened the buttons on my breeches, continuing to

please Liz, with the other. Then, hoisting up her skirts and petticoats, I positioned my throbbing member at the mouth of her womb, and in I throng!

Dear reader, to describe the joy of that union is beyond the talents of any scribe, let alone one of such modest accomplishments as myself. How can one paint a word picture of the realms of pleasure we explored, ending in a shrieking crescendo which left us drained and stupefied.

Soon we were enjoined in a second round of lovemaking. Aye, and a third!

Black clouds were gathering on the horizon as we consumed some of our rations of salt beef and biscuit early that evening, washing it down with some precious grog.

The storm came quickly, a vast chain of lightning suddenly exploding in the night sky, leaving a flickering memory of naked, writhing bodies. Then came the most violent clap of thunder I have ever

The orgy in Sydney Cove established a loose code of morality in the young colony which some sociologists believe still persists today.

heard, followed by rain. And as the rain really started to pour down in earnest, Old Jack and his woman appeared at the entrance to our shelter, Jack holding a full bottle of grog. They were both soaking wet, and we invited them in.

My memories of what transpired after I consumed my fourth generous measure of rum are somewhat unclear. I have a vague recollection of shouting "Tally Ho!" as I rode Liz (or was it Jack's Isobel?) to the finishing post, half-focusing on the gleeful visage of Old Jack beside me, energetically servicing Isobel (or was it Liz?)

While the tempest had eased by the morning, the ardors of the convicts in Sydney Cove had not. The astute Phillip, who really wasn't such a bad sort of fellow after all, gave permission for our celebrations to continue for another day!

And thus the colony of Australia was christened with liberal quantities of rum and convict sperm.

Long live Australia!

The orgy in Sydney Cove established a loose code of morality in the young

colony which some sociologists believe still persists today.

For the first Australians wallowed in what many righteous people regarded as a moral cesspool, with women being condemned to a life of sexual bondage, and men being forced to promote this because of an acute shortage of females.

The key to this unbridled ribaldry does not lie in the First Fleet orgy, but in the British Government's attitude towards female transportees. Westminster expected the women to act like whores. The 192 women of the First Fleet had to attend to the needs of a disproportionate 586 male felons. And thrust into a strange, barren country on a far corner of the globe, most were forced to accept the role of whore to some degree as a matter of survival. One hundred and nine of the First Fleet's female convicts sailed on the 338-ton *Lady Penrhyn*. The ship's surgeon, Arthur Bowes (also known as Bowes-Smith) completed a list of all the women on board, noting that their ages ranged from 13 to 82, with the majority being in their twenties. There was also a lone male convict assigned to take care of the Governor's horses on the *Lady Penrhyn*.

Surgeon Bowes wrote in his journal: "I may venture to say that there never was a more abandoned set of wretches collected in one place at any period than are now to be met with in this ship in particular." And in another entry: "Perpetually thieving the clothes from each other, nay, almost from their backs, may be ranked amongst the least of their crimes..." Indeed, by the end of the voyage, many of the women were half-naked, although the principal reason for this is likely to have been the use of clothes as gambling stakes rather than theft.

Captain Phillip was just as disapproving as Bowes, telling Lord Sydney before the Fleet left: "The women in general... possess neither virtue nor honesty." Phillip also told Sydney: "I do not know but it may be best if the most abandoned are permitted to receive the visits of the (male) convicts in the time limits allotted to them at certain hours and under certain restrictions." This proposal for conjugal visits was never implemented.

The human cargo was loaded on to the *Lady Penrhyn* and other ships in dribs and drabs over the course of several weeks. Confined together in the dank holds, many women were only too eager to enjoy a few hours of freedom in the sailors' quarters, and "the bulkheads, the nails, the locks and bolts, even the sentinels could not prevent the grossest irregularities".

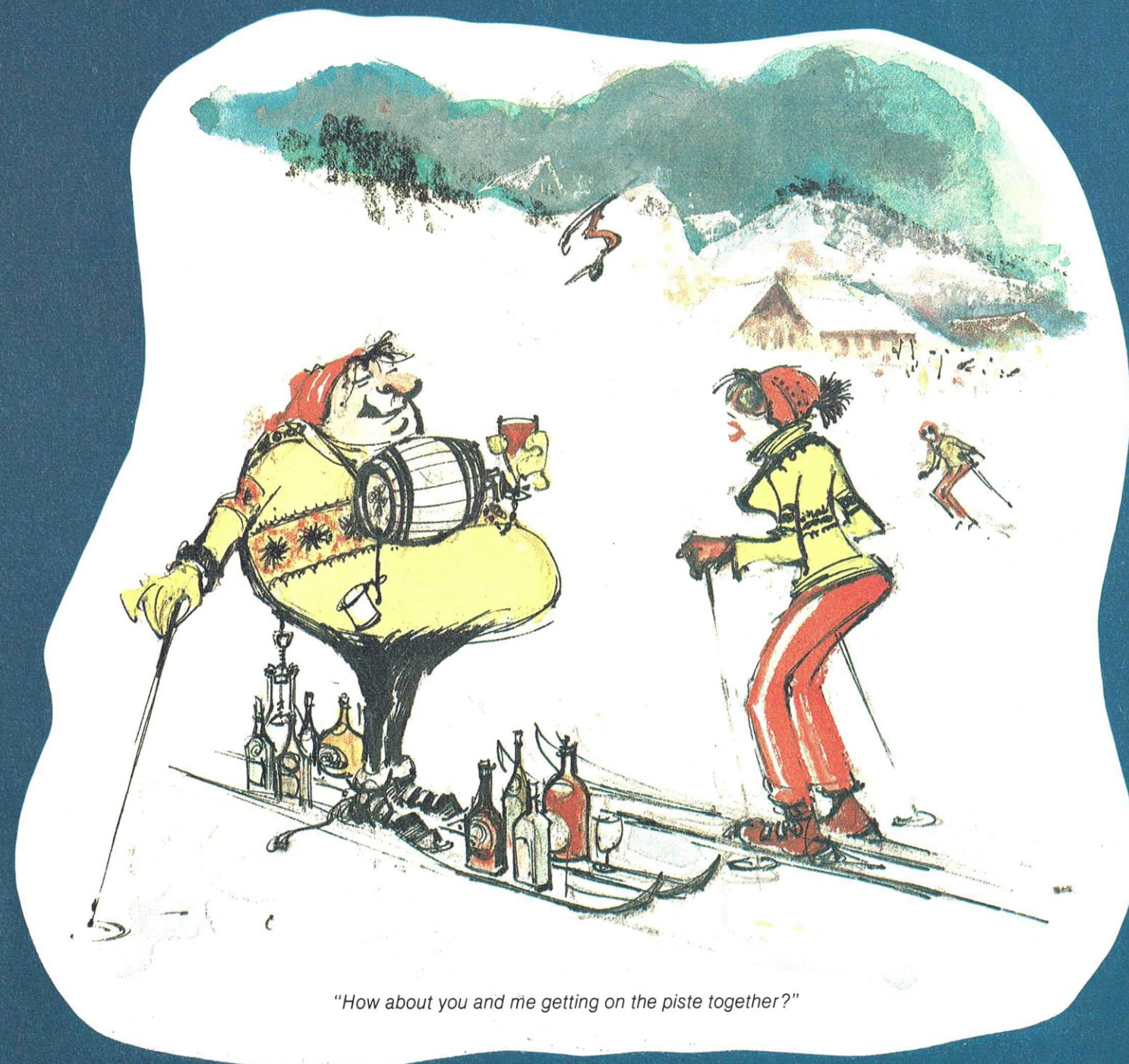
A month before the Fleet sailed in May 1787, five of the women on board the *Lady Penrhyn* were found to be missing after a late-night roll call. Four were

Continued on page 66

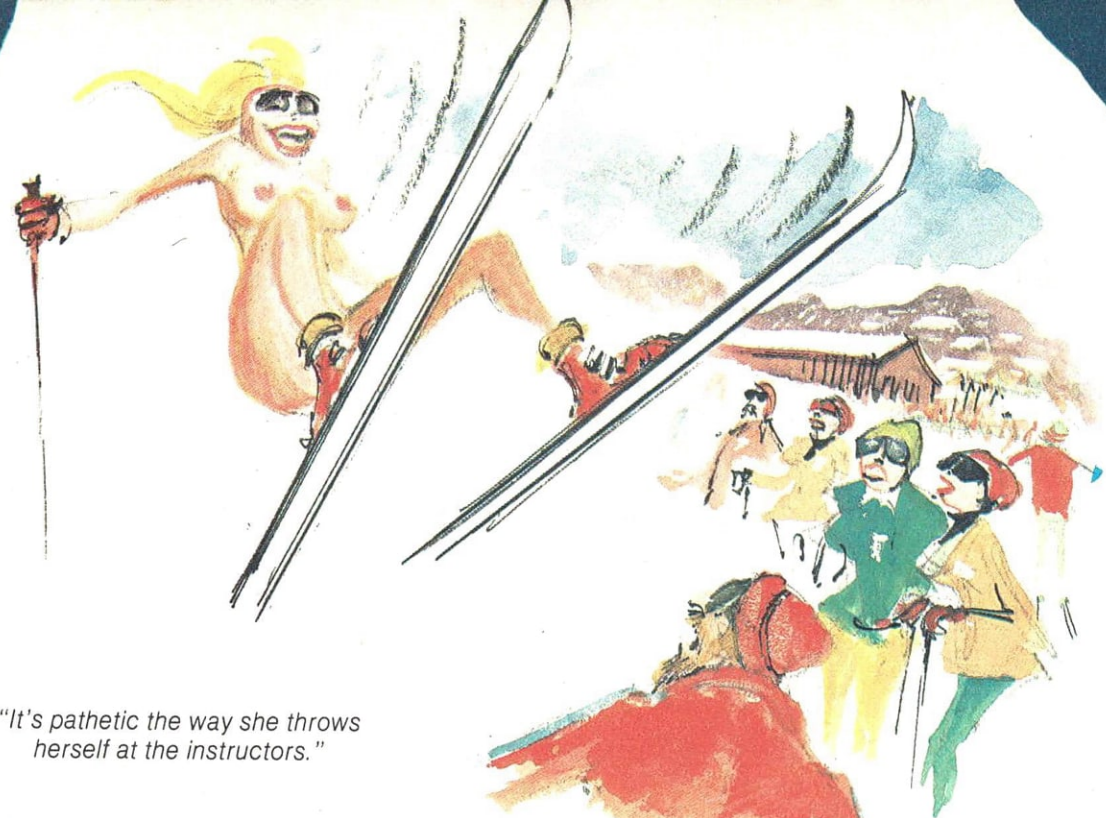
HARRIGAN

The snow season is
13 weeks of ups and downs.

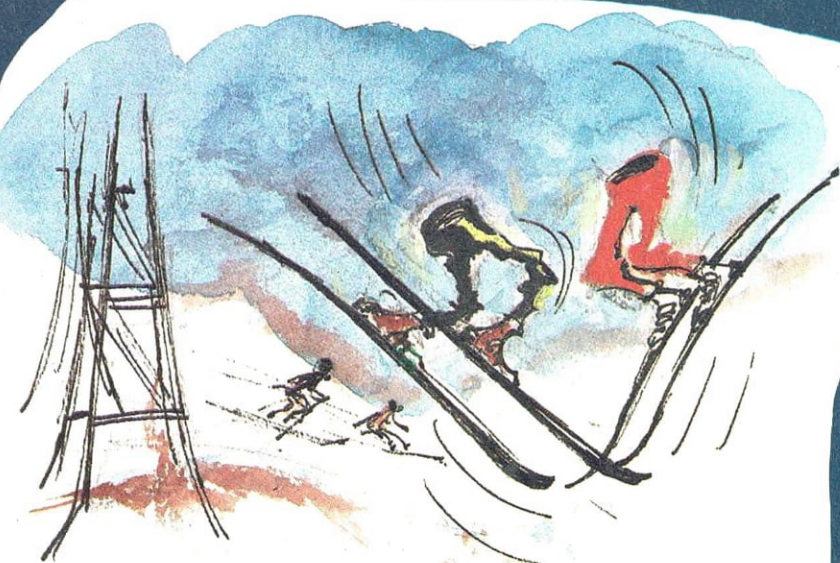
ON THE SLOPES



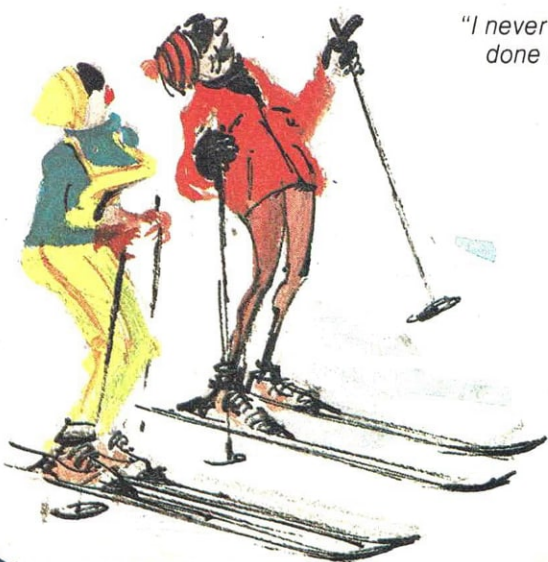
"How about you and me getting on the piste together?"



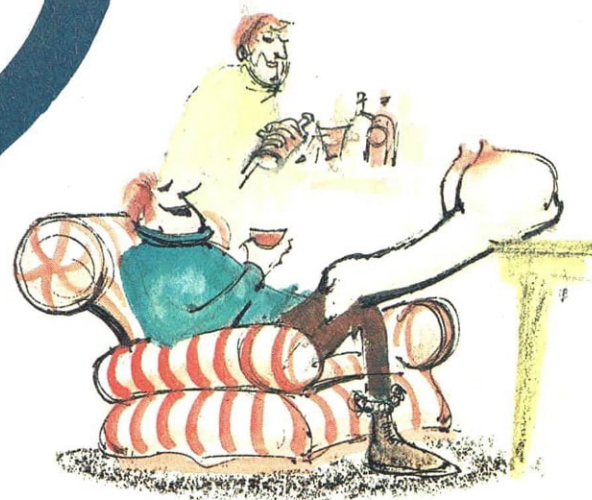
"It's pathetic the way she throws herself at the instructors."



"I never thought I'd see it done on a chair-lift."



"I did my damage apres skiing."



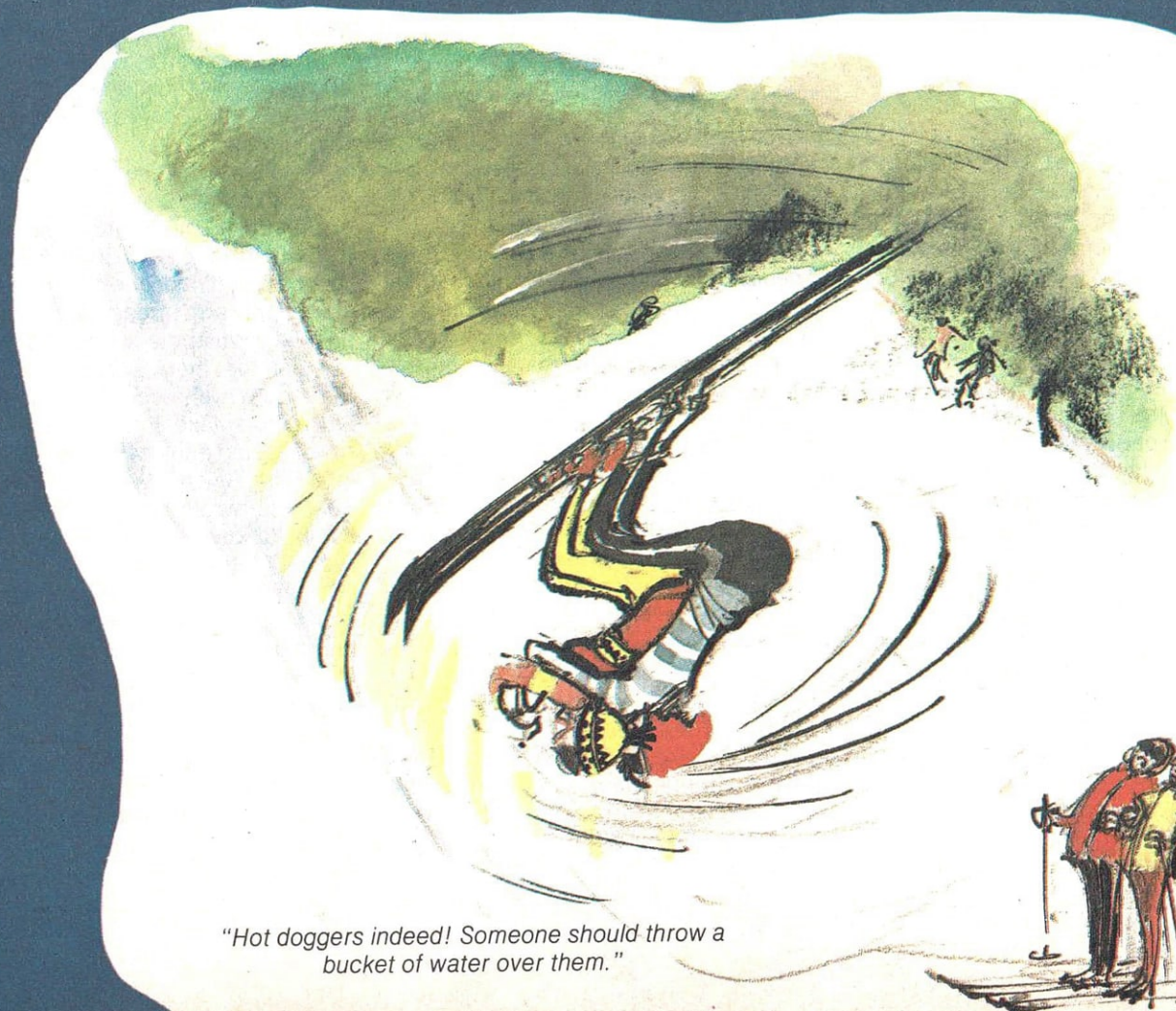
"That doc is quite an artist!"



"Good! Just in time to see the giant slalom."



"Do they have to be so abominable?"



"Hot doggers indeed! Someone should throw a bucket of water over them."

FIRST LADIES

Continued from page 62

discovered with the sailors, and one with Squires, the second mate. All the women were put in irons and Squires was dismissed from the ship.

Meanwhile, similar illicit encounters were taking place on other ships moored at mother bank. Four of the females incarcerated on the *Friendship*, which sailed with 21 women convicts, managed to get to the seamen's quarters and Lieutenant Ralph Clark said of this vessel's crew: "They only want more provisions to get to the damned whores, the convict women, of whom they are very fond, since they broke through the bulkhead and had had connexion with them. I never could have thought that there were so many abandoned wretches in England; they are ten thousand times worse than the men convicts, and I am afraid we will have a great deal more trouble with them."

Lieutenant Clark's journal provides the best look at the women of the First Fleet, although his sanctimonious comments about their sexual proclivities should be taken with a grain of salt.

The Fleet's Chief Surgeon, Dr John White, took a more down-to-earth stand on such matters, writing: "So predominant was the warmth of their (the women's) constitutions, or the depravity of their hearts, that the hatches over the places where they were confined could not be suffered to lay off, during the night, without a promiscuous intercourse immediately taking place between them and the seamen."

And later he said: "In some of the ships, the desire of the women to be with the men was so uncontrollable that neither shame nor the fear of punishment could deter them from making their way through the bulkheads to the apartments assigned to the seamen."

White's colleague Thomas Arundell, the assistant surgeon on the *Friendship*, may have been one of those who took advantage of the women's "uncontrollable desires", or perhaps he was the victim of a nasty slander. In any case, a 27-year-old convict woman called Elizabeth Barber accused him of being a "poxy blood-letter who seduced innocent girls while treating them for the fever, using his surgery as a floating whore-house".

But Captain Merideth apparently dismissed her allegations as the rantings of a drunken harlot, and had her put in leg irons. According to Clark, "when she was getting them on she began to abuse Captain Merideth in a much worse manner than she had done the Doctor. She called him everything but a gentleman and said she was no more a whore than his wife ... in all the course of my days I never

heard such expressions come from the mouth of a human being ... She desired Merideth to come and kiss her c. ... I hope that the ships that ever I may go in hereafter there may not be a single woman".

By the time the Fleet reached Rio de Janeiro, fornication had become so widespread that Phillip ordered that from then on any woman caught in *flagrante delecto* with a crew member would be lashed the same as the men. Punishment for other offences, such as stealing and fighting, ranged from forcing the women to stand erect in a special punishment box on deck, to the cruel use of thumb screws.

Just before the arrival of the Fleet at Cape Town, the inevitable consequences of the illicit shipboard romances began to reveal themselves. Two of the women who had earlier been discovered in the berths of the *Friendship's* crew informed the doctor that they were pregnant.

Most of the women accepted the inevitable and allowed themselves to be led into the bushes or rough mud and wood huts.

The behavior of the women on *Friendship*, and the inability of Lieutenant Clark and other officers to do much about it, prompted Phillip, immediately on reaching the Cape, to transfer all the *Friendship's* females to the *Lady Penrhyn*, *Charlotte*, and the *Prince of Wales*.

No one was more thankful at this change than Clark, who told how the hold formerly occupied by the women was now filled with 40 sheep, which "we shall find more agreeable shipmates than they (the ladies) were. I never came across such a damned set of bitches in all the course of my life; the men cannot hold a candle to them".

During the voyage from the Cape to Van Diemen's Land, the ships were hammered by terrible storms, which made the convict women sink to their knees in prayer. But Arthur Bowes stated: "Less than an hour later they were uttering the most horrid oaths and imprecations that could proceed out of the mouths of such abandoned prostitutes as they are."

As the Fleet neared the Australian

continent, licentiousness between the women and seamen seemed to decline, or perhaps the officers became philosophical about the situation and began to turn a blind eye to it.

And so the Fleet came to Botany and ultimately to Sydney Cove. There the men were landed soon after arrival, but the women were kept on board for several days while rudimentary shelters were erected on shore. The ladies landed on February 6, 1788, and Bowes tells how they spruced themselves up for the occasion: "They were dressed in general very clean and some few amongst them might be said to be well-dressed."

A tremendous cheer went up among the male convicts as the first boatload of women reached the shore. The passions of these men were at fever-pitch, for there is no record of any other than Kelly the horse-keeper having had any contact with the opposite sex during the voyage.

Wild-eyed, hungry-looking men crowded round the females as they stepped from the long boats, and fights immediately broke out between rival claimants to the new arrivals. Most of the women accepted the inevitable and allowed themselves to be led into the bushes or rough mud and wood huts.

Some couples went through the formality of loosening up with a drink of rum, but many men craved instant relief from the bottled-up frustrations of the eight-month voyage.

Without any preliminaries other than a snarled introduction, they steered women to a quiet spot, hoisted up their skirts, and had their way with them. In Bowes' words: "... it is beyond my abilities to give just a description of the scene of debauchery and riot that ensued during the night."

A violent storm rent the heavens that night, and the huts proved inadequate shelter as the mud was washed away by torrents of rain. But huddled together in groups of half a dozen or more, the convicts kept warm through drink, body heat and lust. While the storm had eased by the morning, there was no abatement in the ardors of the convicts. Phillip wisely let matters take their course, and the revels lasted a full two days.

Watkin Tench, Captain of Marines on *Charlotte*, wrote how the convicts' "old habits of depravity were beginning to recur. What was to be attempted? To prevent their intercourse was impossible, and to palliate its evils only remained. Marriage was recommended ..."

Indeed, soon after the landing of the First Fleet, Phillip approved the marriages of 30 couples. This was in line with instructions from the English authorities, who had advised him to "encourage the promotion of matrimonial connexion between the unmarried people — a measure that must tend to the improvement of their morals".

Ballheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"... and just why would I be interested in someone like you, Mr. Fenster?"

Considering the proportion of convict men to women was about 3:1, this was an unrealistic policy. (It later became even more disproportionate — 10:1 at one stage.)

Four months after the Fleet docked, Phillip sent an urgent request to Lord Sydney in London: "The very small number of females makes the sending of an additional number absolutely necessary."

This took the English by surprise, for they had obviously expected the women to distribute their favors freely . . . despite the earlier directive about encouraging marriage. Further requests had to be made before the Home Government finally made arrangements to send more women.

On July 29, 1789, the *Lady Juliana* sailed from Plymouth with 245 female convicts on board. In *The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner*, published in 1822, the ship's steward, John Nicol, gives an excellent account of the voyage and colorful descriptions of the women who sailed on it.

Nicol wrote: "We lay six months in the river before we sailed; during which time, all the jails in England were emptied to complete the cargo . . ." Of the women, he wrote: "There were not a great many bad characters; the greater number were (transported) for petty crimes, and a great proportion for only being disorderly, that is, street walkers; the colony at the time being in great need of women."

It is interesting to contrast Nicol's sympathetic descriptions of female convicts who sailed on the *Lady Juliana* with Ralph Clark's moralistic condemnations of those on board the *Friendship*. The backgrounds of the women on both ships would have been similar, while the lifestyles and characters of the two narrators varied drastically.

Clark was an intolerant and God-fearing man frustrated by the long separation from his wife and apparently nursing fears that she was having an affair with his best friend, Kempster.

Nicol was a compassionate soul unaffected by hang-ups about religion or marital infidelity. And thanks to him, we can see that the women transported to Australia were not all the "damned whores" and "abandoned wretches" that authorities such as Clark and the marginally less-prejudiced Bowes would have us believe.

The officers on the *Lady Juliana* had a drastically different attitude from their First Fleet predecessors about the crew cohabitating with the women. "When we were fairly out to sea," wrote Nicol, "every man on board took a wife from among the convicts, they nothing loath. The girl with whom I lived, for I was as bad in this point as the others, was named Sarah Whitlam. I courted her for a week and upwards, and would have married

her on the spot, had there been a clergyman on board."

Sarah had been banished for stealing a mantle she claimed she had simply borrowed from a friend. Nicol, who had been assigned to remove the irons from the women convicts, said: "I had fixed my fancy upon her from the moment I knocked the rivet out of her irons upon my anvil, and as firmly resolved to bring her back to England, when her time was out, my lawful wife, as ever I did intend anything in my life."

But sadly, this was not to be, and after the *Lady Juliana* offloaded its human cargo in Sydney and sailed for China, John Nicol never again saw Sarah, nor the son she bore him during the voyage.

The open licentiousness between the *Lady Juliana*'s crew and its female cargo set the trend for subsequent shipments of convict women. Surgeon Peter Cunningham, who sailed on a number of prison

“On landing, the women spent their first night in Sydney jail where they were frequently raped by warders.”

ships, wrote: "Poor Jack (as in 'all work and no play') is planted in a perfect garden of temptation when among probably a hundred of these fair seducers." Cunningham then went on to make the amazing suggestion that shipboard sex could help to reform women by their "being initiated in the moral principles of personal attachment".

Later, with a severe female shortage persisting and giving rise to rampant vice in the colony, some good people in England attempted to help by sending out some poor but destitute young women. But the venture did not turn out quite as the philanthropists had planned.

A dozen of the young ladies were christened "the twelve apostles" by the crew of the ship they sailed on, and Surgeon Cunningham recorded "a goodly proportion of that chosen band being found in a matronly way by the reverend inspector who visited them on arrival". The "apostles" had been anything but saintly!

An 1820 judicial inquiry marked the end of much of the sexual abandonment on ships carrying female convicts. The

case concerned the transport ship *Janus*, which had carried 104 women from England and Ireland. Most of them were pregnant when the ship docked in Sydney, and two women laid formal complaints against the Captain, Thomas Mowatt, and First Mate, John Hedges.

The bench found the allegations against the two men and the crew in general proved, but it did not have the powers to pass any form of sentence.

After the case, Governor Macquarie sent a copy of the transcript and other details to Earl Bathurst in London, stating that he was "leaving it to Your Lordship to adopt such measures towards the criminal parties in this gross breach of duty".

Although Macquarie also took steps to curb the drunkenness and crime plaguing the colony by creating a civil police force, he made no real attempt to free convict women from the sexual bondage they faced in Australia. On landing, women were greeted by dirty, reckless, foul-mouthed men and ragged, wanton women who spilled from rum shanties to examine the new arrivals. They spent their first night in Sydney Jail, where they were frequently raped by warders.

The next day, women were taken to the notorious female factory at Parramatta in small boats rowed by convict constables. The trip took up to 10 hours, and the constables would break from their rowing to partake of exercise of a different sort with their female charges.

Arriving at the factory, they found they were expected to sleep on the floor among the spinning wheels, with male convicts taking over where the warders had left off.

It is not surprising that women welcomed the chance to escape from this hell by being picked out by a settler or his servant in line-ups that resembled cattle shows. This was the way free men and some lucky male convicts found "wives". (In fact, marriages were fairly rare, and the rate dropped from 181 in 1810 to less than 50 in 1817, continuing to stagnate for some years.)

There is no doubt that most convict women were very rough diamonds indeed. Their language and behavior was shocking, even by today's broadminded standards. But that was no excuse for placing them in a slave auction or brothel situation. So long as the convicts despatched to Australia ceased to pose a problem to Westminster, politicians didn't give a hoot about their morals. As far as the women were concerned, it was much more convenient if they remained harlots. Hence, a state of moral decay prevailed in the colony . . . leaving something of a birth-scar on our embryonic society.

Which is why it was quite some time before Australian men started to treat their women like ladies. —



TRACEY

“Now and then I throw all caution to the wind and satisfy my wants.”

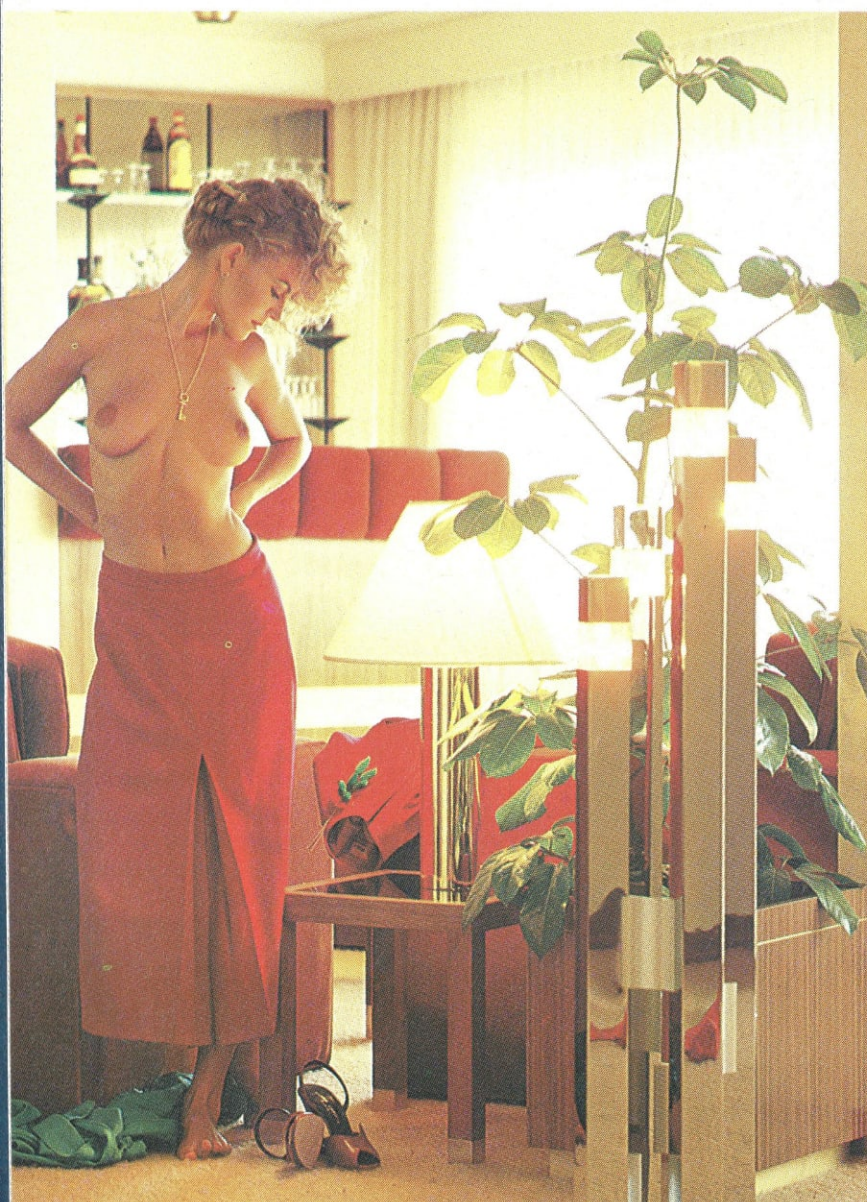




FACT AND FANTASY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

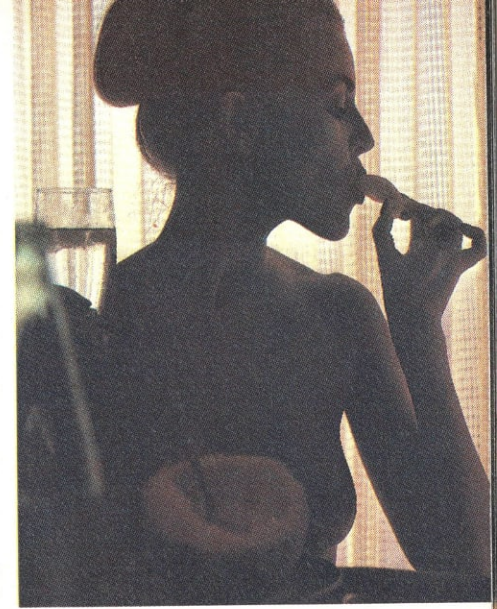
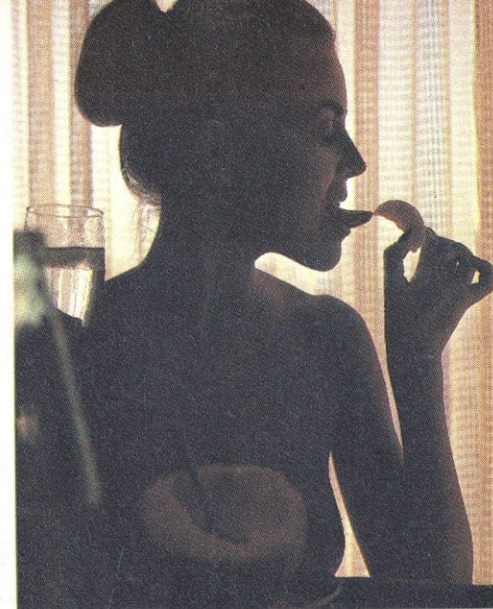
"Having to work hard every day to forward my modelling career is a fact," says lovely 22-year-old Tracey Wallace, our Pet of the Month, "but being photographed for *Penthouse* was, in some ways, a fantasy. There was a feeling of elegance — of being soft, sensual and proud to be a woman. I enjoy being treated like a lady, and I suppose that's why I daydream about being a movie star or living in ancient Rome — when women wore beautiful robes and were treated as something very special. And I felt very special during the photo sessions."





Light fittings and accessories, Universal Lighting, Artistic Tablecraft, location, Hyatt Kingsgate, Sydney; glassware, Perrier; towels, Powder Blue; clothes, Flash Fanny and The Duchesses; sunglasses, Optique; shoes, Evelyn Miles.

“Giving myself to
someone I love and
receiving the same
affection is a beautiful
treasured feeling.”





Our petite Pet from Sydney enjoys a simple life. She's into yoga, eats mainly vegetarian food ("with a bit of seafood," she admits), and gets lots of exercise to keep her delightful 33-22-33 figure. "I may appreciate the simple pleasures," says Tracey, "but I do have very expensive taste when it comes to clothes, cars, restaurants and jewellery, and sometimes I feel drained if I have to do without. Now and then I throw all caution to the wind and satisfy my wants — and tackle the payments later."





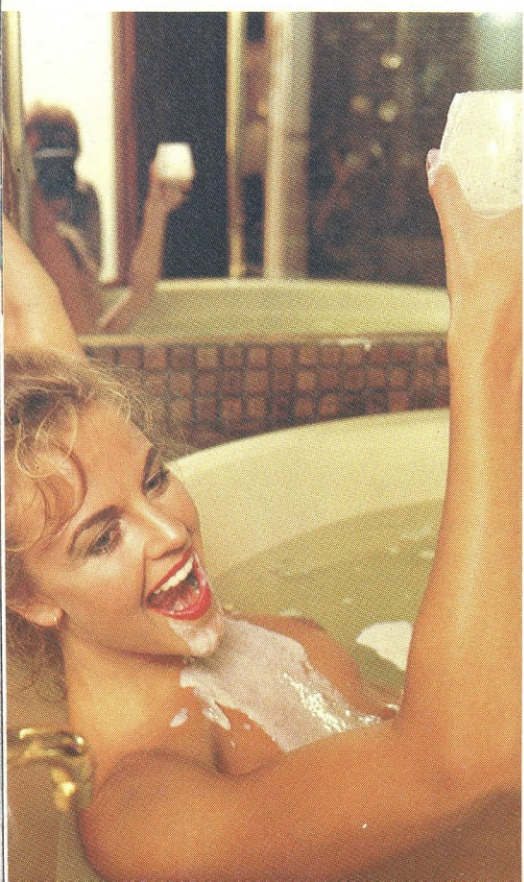
“With the man I love,
I enjoy acting out different
scenes when we
both take on other
identities.”



“Because I work hard all week, Sunday is my only day of rest — and that’s what I do. If it’s not sunny and beachy, I want it to rain all day so that I can stay in bed until well after noon, prepare some brunch, and then back to bed to read or sleep or watch television, or something else, maybe! I’m neither a city girl nor a country girl, but I need both lifestyles to keep me happy and balanced. But being a woman and being spoilt with affection is what I love most. Giving myself to someone I love and receiving the same affection is a beautiful and most treasured feeling.”



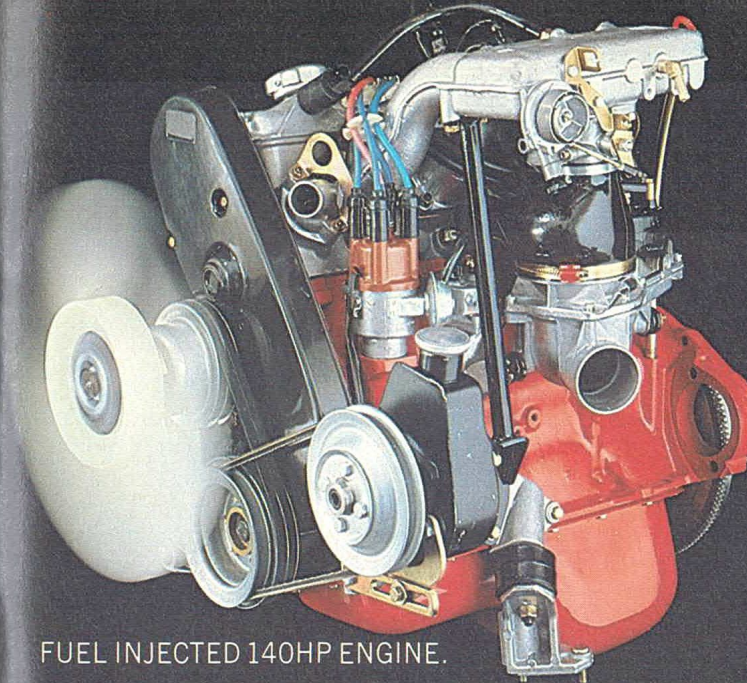
"Any fantasy of mine would definitely have to be something involving sensationalism, risk and adventure," says Tracey. "With the man I love, I enjoy acting out different scenes where we both take on other identities. The fact that anything could eventuate only heightens my senses. I consider fantasy to be just that — purely a dream. Although for some of us, our dreams come true. There's a lot more to me, but to reveal all would spoil my privacy with my lover, so, if I may, I will remain slightly mysterious." O+



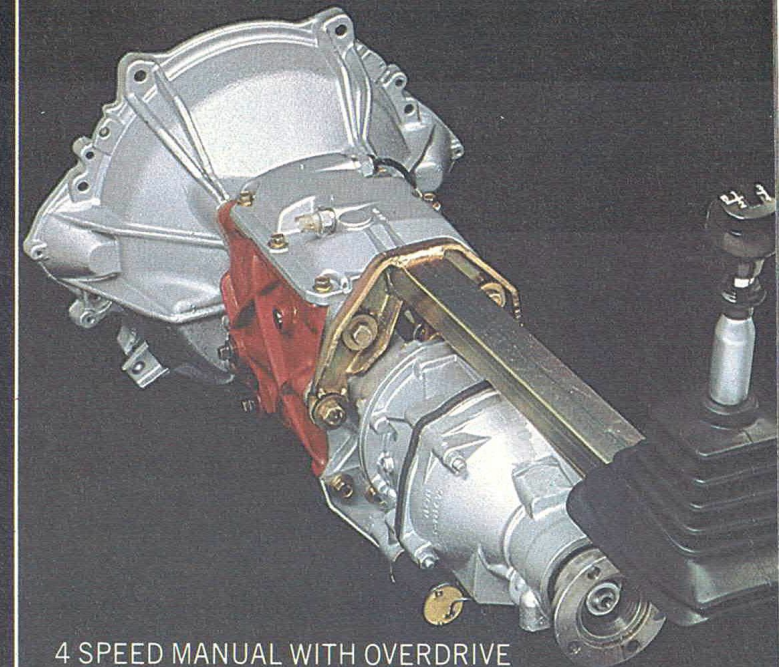


MISS TRACEY WALLACE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VOLVO 242GT. IF IT HAD WINGS IT'D FLY.



FUEL INJECTED 140HP ENGINE.



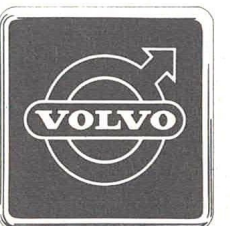
4 SPEED MANUAL WITH OVERDRIVE



MAG WHEELS WITH P6's. 30.4 MPG (TOTAL ECONOMY RUN)

When "Wheels" car magazine went looking for "The European Express" they put 4 hot blooded machines through days of exhaustive tests. Cars like the BMW 323i, Lancia BetaHPE, Saab 900 Turbo and the Volvo 242 GT. The result, "the Volvo is the best buy" and those are their words not ours.

So if you're looking for a fully imported GT performer with a fuel injected 4 that delivers 140hp., is shod with mags fitted with Pirelli P6's. Delivers 30.4 mpg.* And handles as if it were on rails, this is the GT for you.



*TOTAL Economy Run 1980.



BY BOBBI SYKES

The author is Liaison Officer for the Aboriginal Health Section of the NSW Health Commission. She has been married and divorced twice (both husbands were white) and has brought up two children, mostly alone.

KILLING ME SOFTLY

Black Australians have been accusing the white people in this country of genocide since 1788. But just how serious is an accusation which lasts 200 years, and how seriously is that accusation taken by the powers-that-be? Millions of Jews being herded into gas ovens was undeniably genocide. So, too, was the distribution of blankets infected with small-pox to American Indian tribes. Few will argue that the total destruction of all the native Tasmanian people could be called anything but genocide.

There is some concession made by historians that the distribution of poisoned flour and the poisoning of waterholes in early white Australian history, in an attempt (sometimes successful) to kill whole tribes of mainland Blacks, might also be called genocide. But usually the wholesale slaughter and mass murder of entire groups of Blacks is more cunningly concealed in white history books as decimation.

More recently, Blacks have come out with accusations of attempted genocide stemming from the sometimes enforced, occasionally coerced, and mostly unexplained sterilisation of young healthy females.

It is my contention that all of these issues, while important in their own right, have been allowed to become a smoke-screen, a red herring, preventing Blacks from coming to grips with the real genocidal front — which is that it is not the Black females who are under direct attack, but the Black males.

In an effort to explain how this phenomena is occurring without being detected, I will have to localise an example to NSW, because it is only in NSW (and only recently) that statistical evidence is being produced.

For the past 18 months, within the Aboriginal Health Section of the NSW Health Commission, a handful of senior Black staff has been working towards gaining recognition of their all-Black Policy Committee. To this end, they have been directing the Research Division of the Commission to formulate a series of reports to cover all aspects of health among Blacks in NSW.

Formal Ministerial recognition of the Black Policy Committee came abruptly, much sooner than anticipated. This recognition came after the publication of the Committee's first report — the NSW Aboriginal Mortality Report.

This document paints a horrific picture, not of infant mortality where the bulk of health attention, activity, and funds have been channelled, but of adult mortality. But even this report, in isolation, is not a complete picture.

However, in combination with reports issued by the Department of Corrective Services, Aboriginal Legal Services, and even the scant reports issued by the police, it is possible to just begin to see what really is happening.

According to the Health Report, most deaths occur in the Black community in early adulthood, and this alarmingly high young death rate is highest among males. In fact, one in every four Black males will be dead by age 30.

Using this as our base data, we can look at the life chances of Black men in groups of four. By age 30, only three will remain, and upon these there will be operating equally genocidal influences.

According to a bulletin released in October 1979 by the Bureau of Crime Statistics and Research, NSW Department

of Attorney-General and of Justice, the rate of imprisonment for Blacks is at least 17 times higher than for the rest of the population. This bulletin also tells that, from the latest available prison census, "Aborigines comprise between six percent and nine percent of the prison population" (while being only one percent of the NSW total population), and that "Aboriginal prisoners are significantly younger than other prisoners, with 60 percent under 25, and only nine percent over 35, compared with 48 percent and 24 percent of all prisoners".

We estimate that, from our groups of four men under 30, (one of whom is dead), approximately two will be caught up in the legal system at any given time.

No race can continue if the family unit is under attack. The Black family is constantly in a state of siege. The Black men dead before they are 30, or imprisoned if they are still alive, are our husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons of the family. If Black women were as systematically castrated (which is the effect of the deaths and imprisonment of our males) there would be a major outcry.

The mother/children family unit is the norm for the Black community, and what a chronically unhappy unit it is, too. The mother is without a provider or lover, and lives out her life in incredible loneliness, without really understanding why.

Very few Black men can escape from this almost predetermined fate. Occasionally, and in circumstances that differ with each individual, a Black man does avoid this vicious cycle, and then the situation becomes even further complicated, because that Black man will appear extremely attractive to white women.

White women may be individual in differing circumstances, and in reality may be (as the white women's liberation movement tells us) without much power in this white-male dominated society, but by virtue of their whiteness, white women represent the power-body, and the group holding all the wealth, education, skills and resources.

Consequently, it is easy to see that Black women, who represent none of these things, can rarely compete against the white woman for the attention of the few comparatively successful Black males.

A mere handful of Black/Black marriages survive, most under extreme and unnatural stresses and circumstances.

The options left open to Black women are to compromise and marry white men, though by far the majority battle on through their lives in abject loneliness, having occasional and unsatisfactory affairs with the extremely limited number of Black men who are around between periods of imprisonment.

There are, of course, other factors involved in the destruction of the Black family, and of the Black community, not the least of which is unemployment. Black male unemployment in the Sydney area is an estimated 60 percent of the available workforce, though some of our unemployed figures are hidden in "training schemes".

Having no work effectively robs the Black male of his father/provider role, and even the threat of not being able to function as a husband/father/provider is sufficient to deter many Black males from entering a permanent relationship. Because of the vagaries of the unemployment benefits, in

◀No race can continue if the family unit is under attack. The Black family is constantly in a state of siege▶

contrast to the permanence of the deserted wives or unmarried mothers benefits, there is an additional financial/survival incentive for Black women to cast off the Black male who cannot find work, for the security which the Government will offer to her and her children if she is alone.

The NSW Department of Youth and Community Services reports that 14.2 percent of the children in the care of their system are Black and, in the main, male. Homes, generally operated by religious bodies and which are trying to collect a national census of "voluntarily surrendered" children, report that around 14 percent holds true also for Black children in their care. These children are predominantly Black males.

Informed sources estimate that perhaps as high as 25 to 30 percent of our 11 to 16-year-old males are at present somehow detained outside our communities.

Scrutiny of some of the backgrounds of these children reveals that most are from mother/children homes. It appears that the Black male child perceives the futility of his own future (options — death, alcoholism, unemployment, prison) by about age nine, and by age 11 this has manifested itself in anti-social behavior, although much of this, from what I can gather, means they are refusing to go to school.

When the Black male child of 11 refuses to go to school, there is little the mother can do about it. She will therefore be forced to place him, often at the request of a Youth and Community Services officer or a school counsellor, into an institution for children who are voluntarily surrendered.

For female children, the scenario is somewhat different. For a start, they do not identify either with the vast numbers of Black male unemployed, nor with the recidivist group of males. Their own future as a mother is secure, if not their future as a wife. They are aware that, to make the future secure for themselves to even a small degree, they need to become pregnant and give birth as soon as possible. In this way, they can avoid that period of unemployment between leaving school and the establishment of their own families.

However, during their teens and early 20s, many will try to fill the emotional void left by absentee males by having too many babies too fast. This situation will continue to perpetuate itself unless some very drastic action is taken.

The answers are as complex as the question, but it is important that someone starts to ask the question. All authorities must be aware of their own responsibilities in the creation of these problems. The Black community is almost totally involved in merely surviving the consequences, and we are not in power positions which could effect urgently needed changes anyway.

At present, the State and Federal authorities are bickering over why each should not have to part with any funds for Black community development or problems.

Meanwhile, the potential for Black men to make splendid contributions to society and to their families is strangled, and instead, Black men die, or wish for their own deaths. Proud and beautiful Black women spend their lives in the depths of loneliness. Without half our race — without our men — what can become of our families, of our communities, of us? Black women have the saddest eyes in the world, for we are watching our own slow deaths. ✚



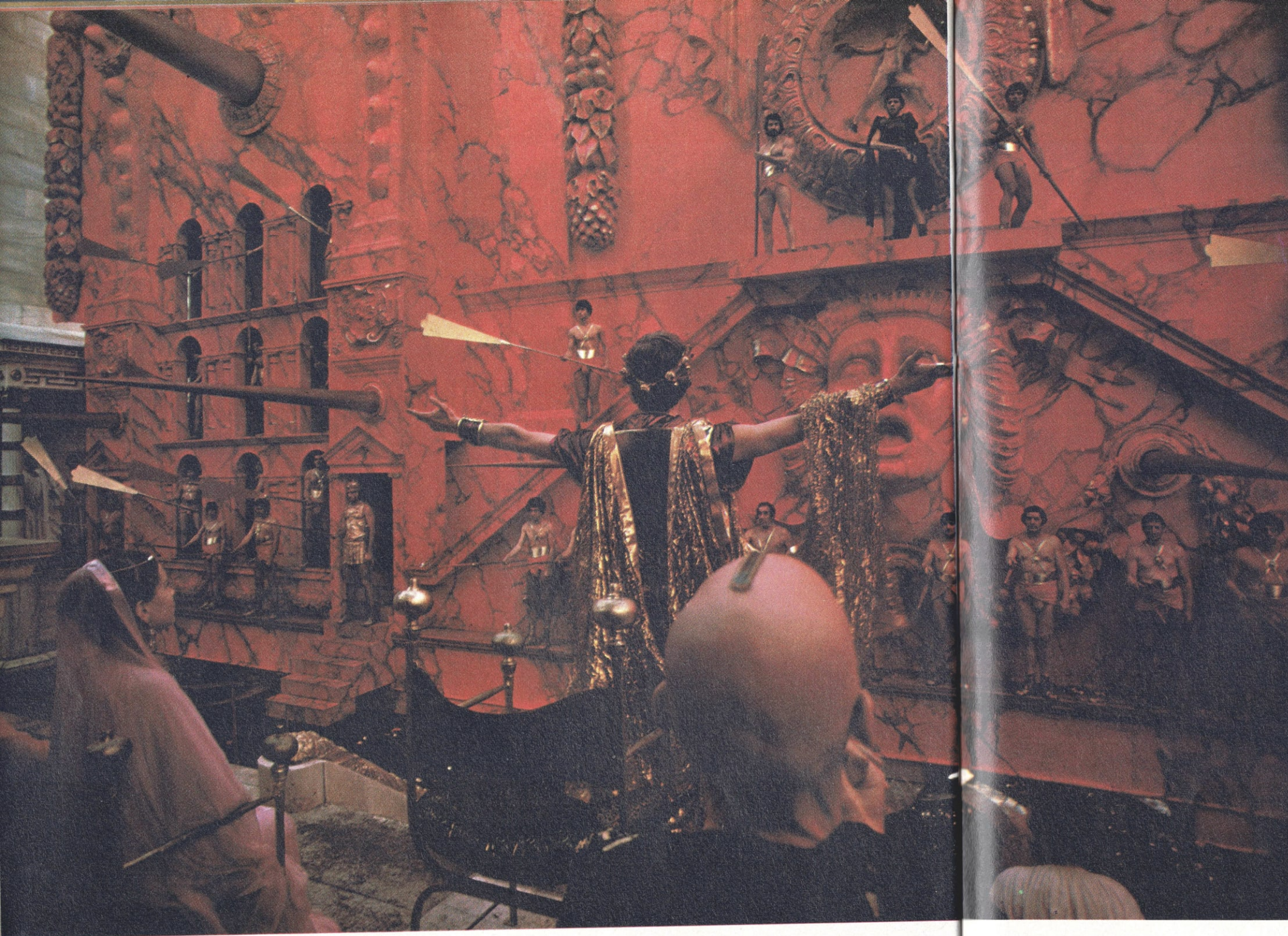
An exclusive look at the landmark movie banned by Australian censors.



CALIGULA

That absolute power corrupts absolutely is the perfect maxim for the brief but astonishing reign of the tyrant Gaius Caligula Caesar, Rome's fourth and most notorious emperor, who ruled from AD 37 to AD 41, in a time predating both Freudian inhibitions and Christian prohibitions. His terrifying four years as emperor and self-proclaimed god was marked by sadistic violence and a voracious sexual abandon that is unmatched in our wildest fictional imaginings. Not surprising, the bloody and bawdy story of Caligula has always fascinated us. But not until the Bob Guccione/Franco Rossellini production of *Caligula* has an unvarnished, unexpurgated account of ancient Rome been brought to the screen. Creating furious controversy and sellout crowds wherever shown, *Caligula* has been banned in Australia — a naive move, and an unnecessary throwback to the Fifties. The pictures which follow cannot re-create the movie's erotic study of first-century Roman decadence, but they may be as close as most Australians will come.

Caligula's madness rose to new heights when his beloved sister, Drusilla, is taken from him by incurable fever (left).

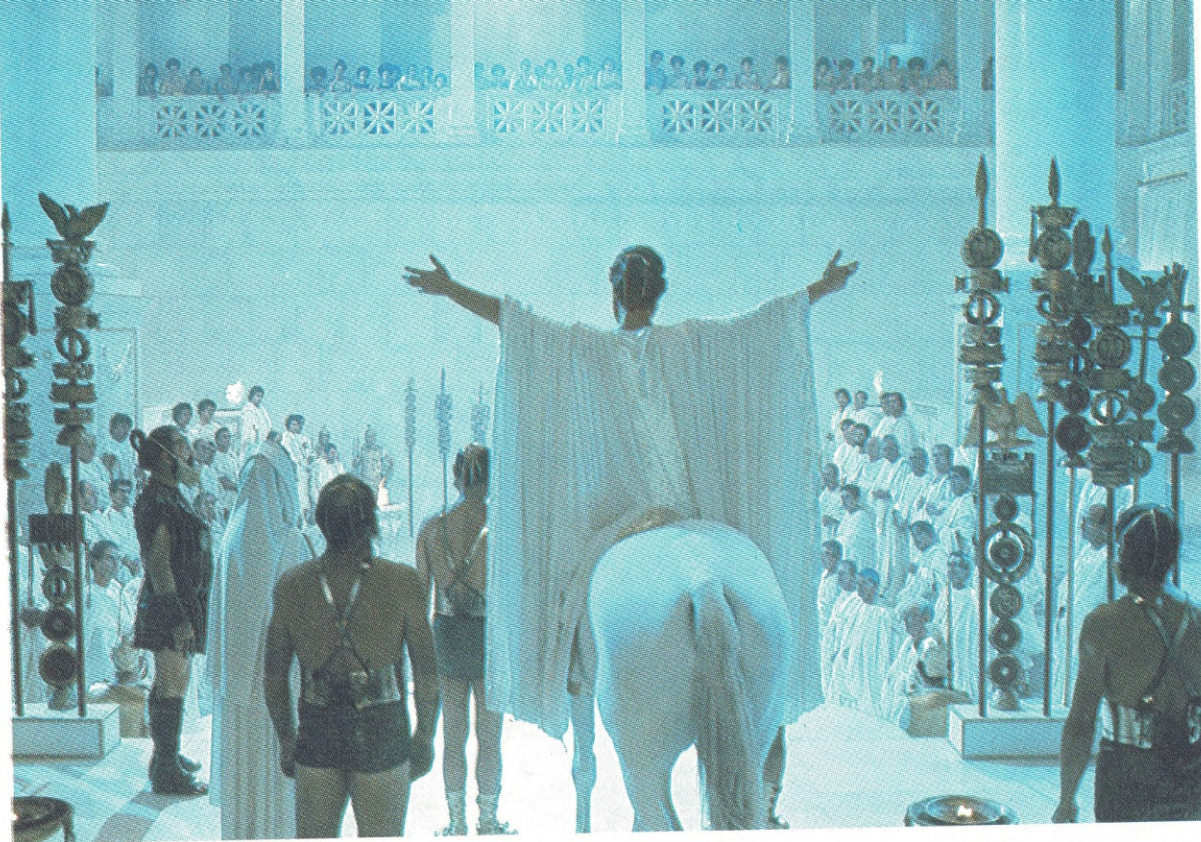


Photographs by Mario Tursi, Eddie Adams, Stan Malinowski, and others

It was necessary to assemble a highly distinguished cast for a motion picture of such spectacular scope. Malcolm McDowell, best known for his role as a punk hoodlum in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, is the terrifying Caligula. Peter O'Toole plays the aged and syphilitic emperor Tiberius, Caligula's grandfather and predecessor. Helen Mirren, England's leading Shakespearean actress, portrays Caesonia, Caligula's mistress, who ultimately bears him a child and becomes his wife. Also featured are Sir John Gielgud, the eminent British actor, as the noble senator Nerva, Teresa Ann Savoy as Caligula's beloved sister, Drusilla, and Guido Mannari as Caligula's dubious ally, Macro. Beautifully rounding out the cast are 13 delectable *Penthouse* Pets, including Lori Wagner and former Pet of the Year Annea di Lorenzo, who appear in the film's most breathtakingly erotic sequence.

Caligula (above) faces the horrific killing machine used to execute the enemies of Rome by shearing off their heads with razor-sharp blades. His sister and incestuous lover Drusilla, watches approvingly. When Drusilla dies from a fever, Caligula's tenderness (top, far right) turns to insanity, sparking seemingly endless bouts of murder and deprivation. Portraying Messalina and Agrippina, *Penthouse* Pets Annea di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner (far right) admire the stone horses' heads that replaced, upon Caligula's orders, the heads of the gods previously gracing the hall. Right: Malcolm McDowell as Caligula.

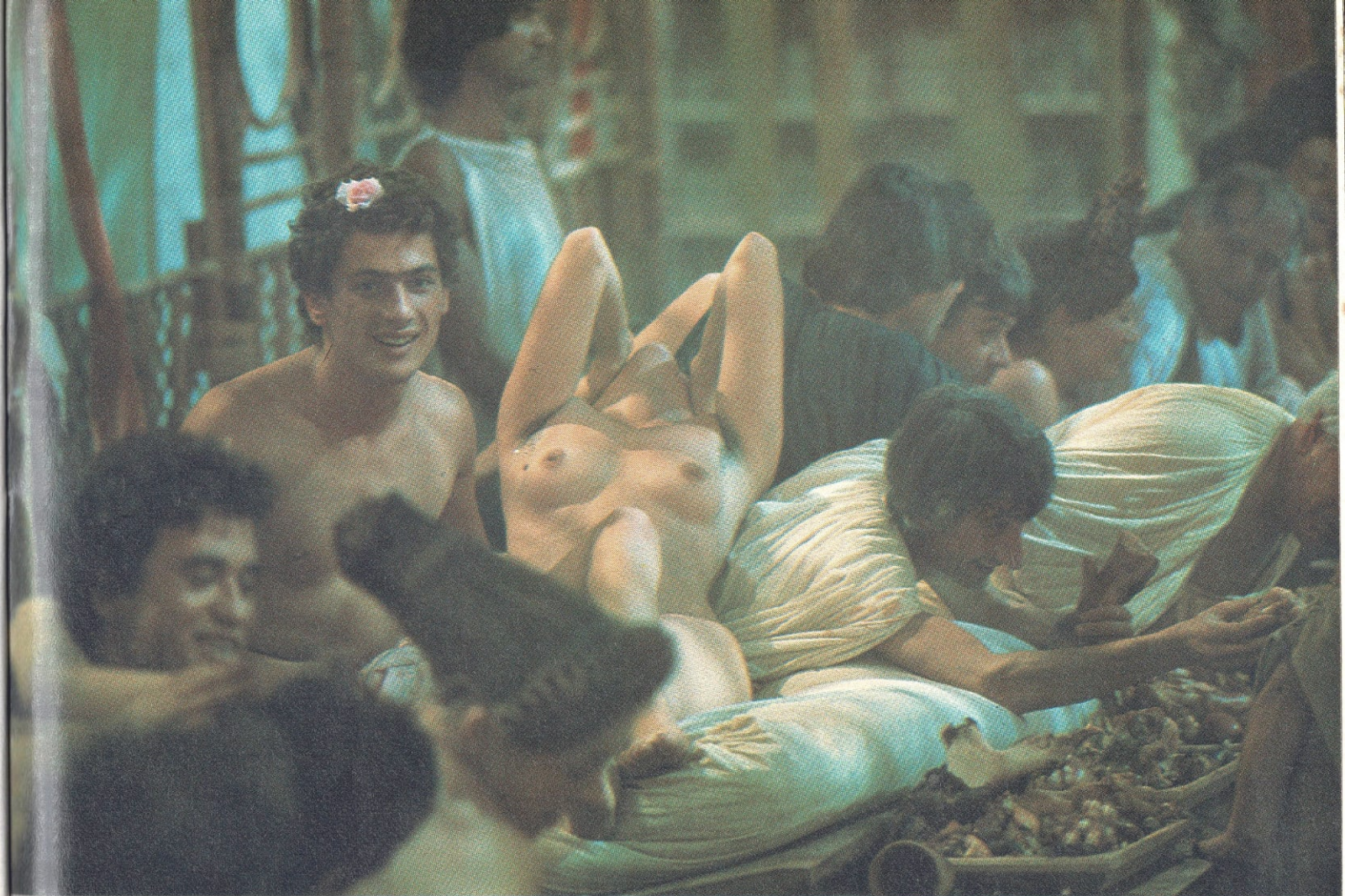




Caligula's madness could also be pointedly amusing, as in the introduction of his horse, Incitatus, to the Senate. As Rome's pompous politicians gasped in disgust, Caligula pronounced the animal senator of the Roman Empire. There were no objections. As a young man, Caligula was chiefly preoccupied with carnal pleasure — especially when shared with his lascivious sister, Drusilla. But at the age of 19, his appetite for power was whetted when he learned he would someday follow in the footsteps of his aged grandfather, the emperor Tiberius. Awed and intoxicated by the emperor's giddy exercise of absolute power, Caligula plots to hasten the emperor's death.

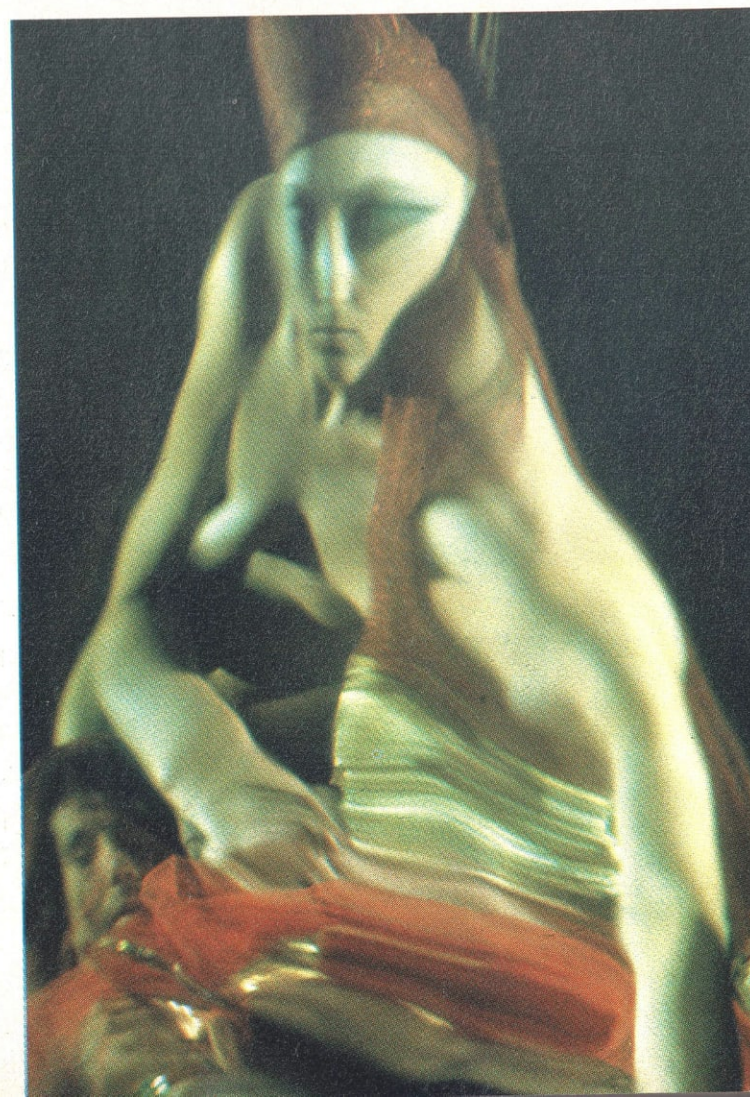
Caligula, mounted on his favorite stallion, Incitatus, (above, top) declares his horse to be a senator. Caligula's time was one of unharnessed wantonness. Prisoners revel in a Roman jail (above), and Anneka di Lorenzo as Messalina (right, centre) loses her inhibitions aboard Caligula's brothel boat. Top right—Leumann Bergara, in the role of a high priest of Rome in the robes of a woman; (right, below) Bacchus, the god of wine, celebrating in Olympian fashion. Scattered throughout the movie are dwarfs, monsters and freaks (right) who were greatly prized by the emperors of Rome.

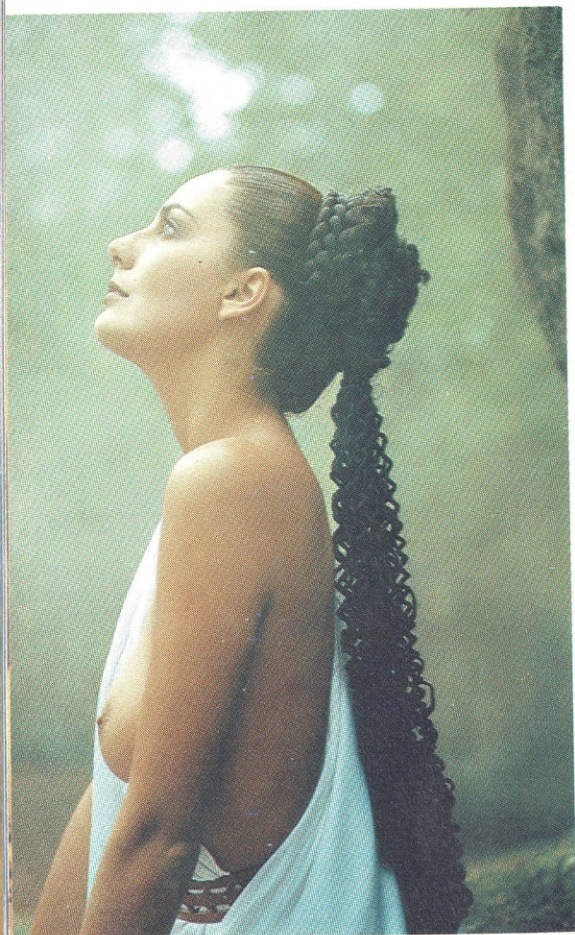




Caligula descended further into madness as he ascended to power. Frustrated by Tiberius's languishing illness, Caligula enlisted the aid of his friend Macro to hasten the emperor's death. Caligula's incredible life gave birth to even more dreadful nightmares and paranoid fantasies — but he was ecstatic when the Senate proclaimed him Caesar. "I like this dream," he confided to Drusilla.

Relishing the sensual pleasure of nymphs and satyrs alike, Caligula hosted riotous orgiastic feasts in his palace. Graphically depicted in the film, these scenes include reflections in the mirror-lined pleasure grotto (adjacent) and feasts of food and sexuality at the wedding dinner of Livia and Proculus (opposite page). Penthouse Pets Lori Wagner and Anneka di Lorenzo join in one of the film's most erotically beautiful scenes (above).

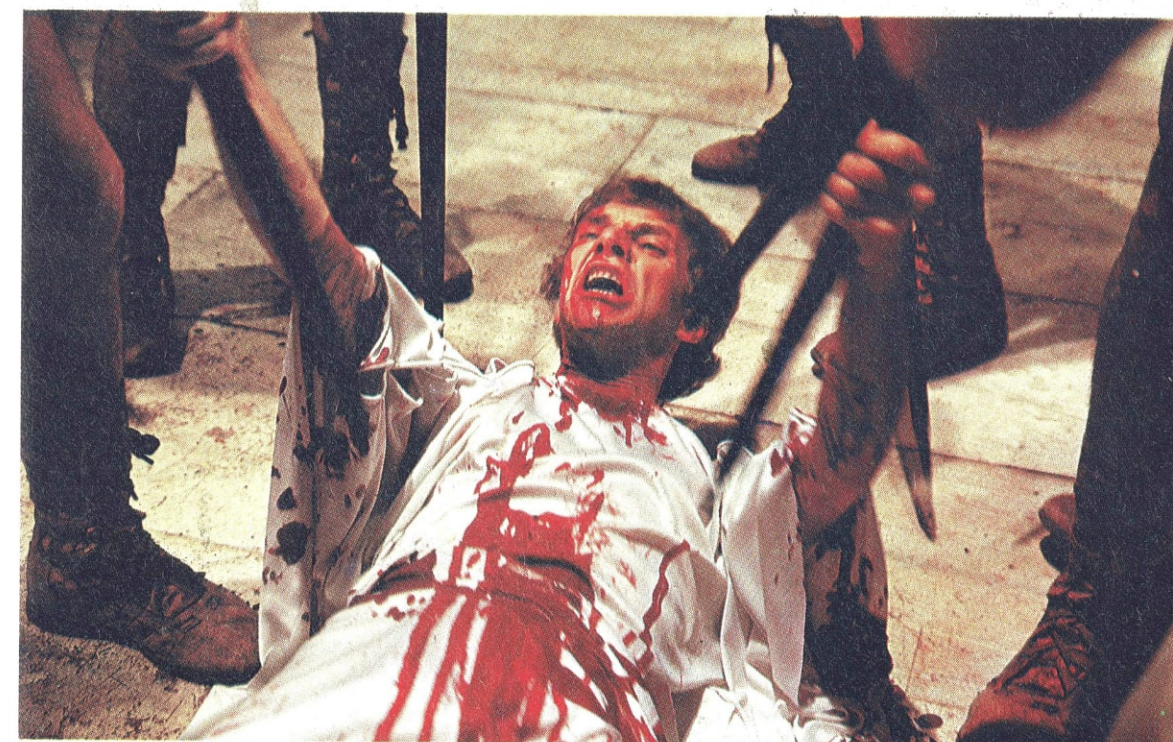
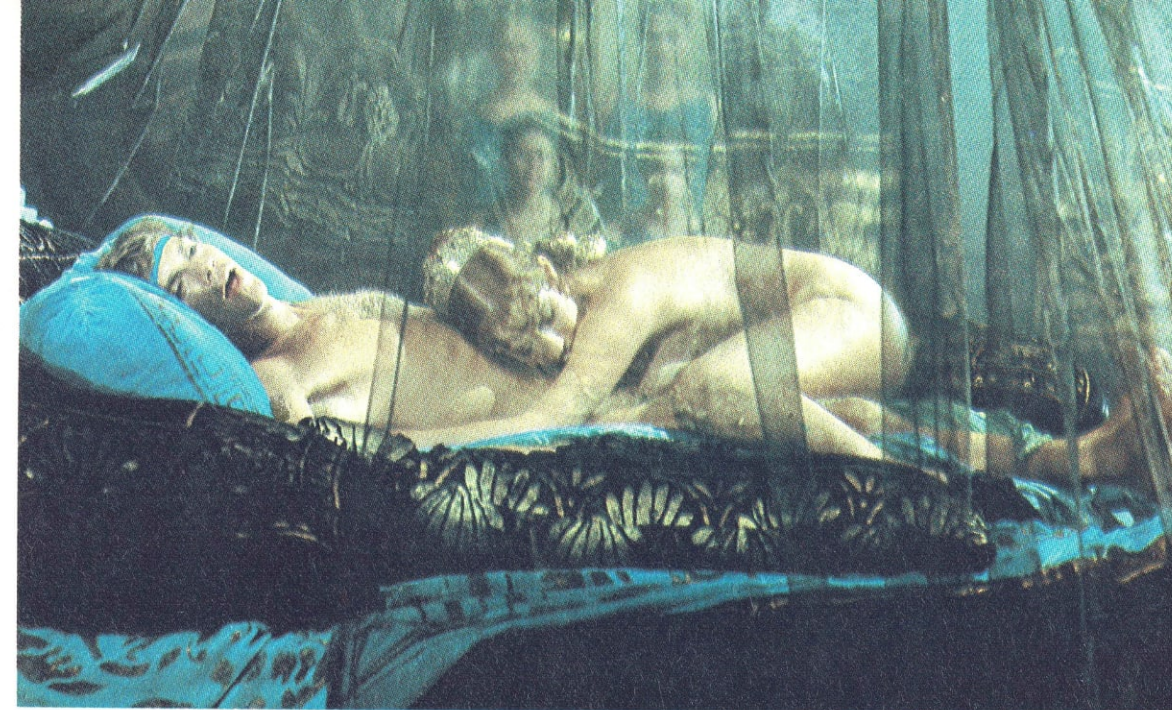
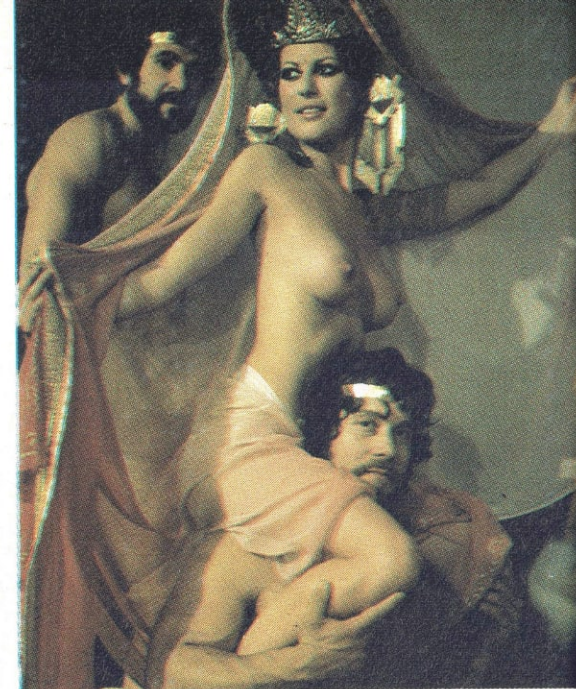




"Let them hate me, so long as they fear me!" was Caligula's philosophy of power. But he became increasingly consumed by his own cynicism and hatred. Once, while watching an opponent beheaded, he hissed: "If only all of Rome had just one neck!" Finally, even the degenerate hierarchy could take no more. In the fourth year of his diabolical reign, Caligula and his family were brutally murdered.

(Above) The stunning bride Livia (featured on this month's cover) in a beatific mood. Her happiness soon turns to terror when she is savagely raped moments after her marriage, by the leering Caligula (right, above and below): Caligula, with equal enthusiasm, checks the virginity of Proculus, played by Donato Placido (far right, top). Caligula's treatment of his mistress, Caesonia (far right, bottom) is scarcely better, as he leads her into the wedding banquet by a collar and leash.





The unremitting terror inspired by Caligula's reign can be judged by the Roman people's initial reaction to the news of his death: Accustomed to the heinous perversity of the man, they suspected he was merely *pretending* to be dead in order to see what they really thought of him. The Empire had never forgotten Caligula's chilling pronouncement: "I've existed from the morning of the world, and I shall exist till the last star falls from the heavens. Although I have taken the form of Gaius Caligula, I am all men as I am no man, and so . . . I am a god!"

The hedonistic excesses enjoyed by both prostitutes and customers alike on Caligula's brothel boat (opposite page) soon came to an end. Caligula (above top), tormented by nightmares of his own death, is comforted by his wife Caesonia. Eventually, as the signs portend, he is cut down by his own guard, who mercilessly kill him, his wife and his daughter in rapid succession (above and left).

THE MAKING OF CALIGULA



The \$17.5 million epic *Caligula*, is one of the most talked about films in modern cinema history — and one of the most controversial. Lots of beautiful naked women. Lush (and graphic) sex scenes. Stunning sets. Wild Roman orgies. Painfully realistic violence. Awesome visuals. An uncensored spectacle of imperial politics in the Eternal City.

In other words, the first accurate film portrayal of what life was really like in pagan Rome — which is precisely the crux of *Caligula* and the source of its controversy. For its producers, Bob Guccione and Franco Rossellini, *Caligula* is intended as a breakthrough film, a serious attempt to reconstruct life in imperial Rome as seen by historians of that period. Sometimes described as the first "fusion" film — a fusion of establishment cinema with underground film techniques — *Caligula* is, in terms of realism, light-years ahead of anything else ever attempted in that area.

Controversy has dogged *Caligula* from the moment the first frame was shot. The controversy rests not only on the film's explicitness but also on a running series of disputes and disruptions among the people who made the film. How the movie was ever completed remains a minor miracle. But those internecine series of battles on the set by now have been overshadowed by the large public controversy over the movie's content.

When submitted for censorship rating in Australia — a move Guccione refused to make in the US — it was unanimously rejected. If the film is shown here it will be only after a major revision. In this interview regular *Penthouse* contributor Ernest Volkman talks to the central figure in the making of the movie — Bob Guccione.



Penthouse: The Australian censor banned *Caligula*, saying it was "the most lavish pornographic film ever made . . . it is indecency and obscenity masquerading as art which would be grossly offensive to the majority of Australians." Do you agree this is a rational or fair summation of the film?

Guccione: No. I don't see the film as being pornographic, and I certainly didn't set out to make a pornographic movie. It's a question of definitions. To me, pornography is a work of bad art, as opposed to good art. And I don't think that *Caligula* qualifies under the heading of bad art. It was a huge commercial undertaking, and at the same time we wanted to make a serious statement. We've done with cinematic images what so many authors and historians have done with words — we have re-created a complex life-style that flourished before Christ and the Judeo-Christian philosophy came into being.

Penthouse: The film's reputation for explicitness has already attracted a considerable amount of controversy, although it seems that much of the controversy also has to do with the film's graphic violence. Do you think the controversy arises from the sex scenes or the violence?

Guccione: The fact that we have used celebrated movie personalities to make a film with sexually explicit passages is probably the source of the controversy. People talk about the violence, of course, but it's easier and more sophisticated to say that you're shocked by the violence rather than the sex.

Penthouse: Originally, reports about *Caligula* suggested that the movie would finally cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$16 million. How accurate is that figure?

Guccione: The final cost of the film comes in at a little over \$17.5 million. But if you take into consideration interest on money — which, for accounting purposes, is not only proper but necessary — it will come in at around \$22 million. That's quite a staggering sum to make an "obscene film". If it had been our intention to make an obscene film, we certainly wouldn't have spent that kind of money. For that kind of money, I could have made about 40 or 50 porno films.

Penthouse: The critics' reaction to *Caligula* has not been exactly kind. Does that bother you at all?

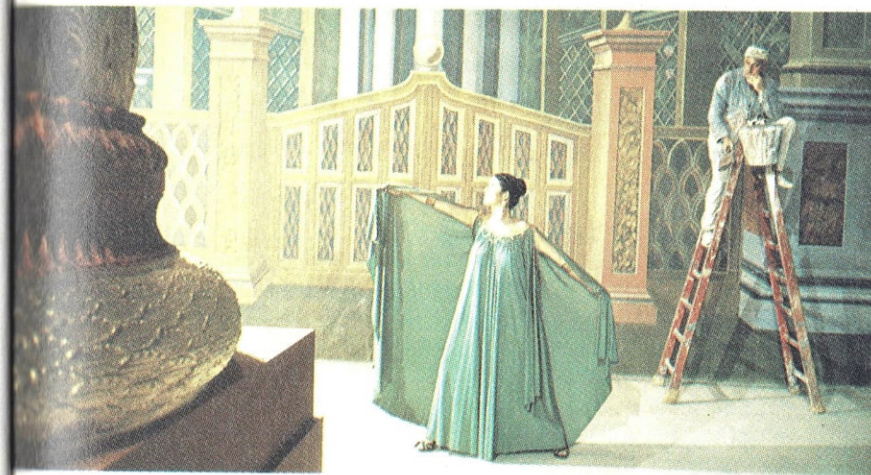
Guccione: Not really. I anticipated their reaction exactly and prepared for it, mentally as well as materially.

Penthouse: How do you prepare for such a thing materially?

Guccione: For one thing, you avoid the constant little masturbatory rituals of wining and dining them throughout the production; you keep them away from the set, away from the actors and the crew; you forbid anyone to talk to them, and you don't circulate handouts, press releases, or production stills.

Penthouse: You're talking about a complete press blackout. Isn't that dangerous? Weren't you fearful of being ignored completely?

Guccione: I didn't think of it in those terms. As an editor and journalist myself, I knew that such an action would intrigue them, heighten their curiosity, and provoke them to chase every little bit of rumor and speculation that a film like *Caligula*, produced by a company like Penthouse would



Roman "extras" (above top) discovered that ancient armor can't ward off the cold and slipped into overcoats between takes. A bemused worker (above left) watches while a Roman actress rehearses her upcoming scene. Helen Mirren (above right) relaxing off the set with a bloodied Malcolm McDowell, snaps back.

generate. The tighter we clamped down on security, the more they wrote. Rumors — in some cases bordering on lunacy — were rampant. There was talk of bestiality, girls screwing horses and dogs, nonstop orgies involving hundreds of people, animals being slain on camera, children being sexually violated while their parents were present and looking on, et cetera, et cetera.

Penthouse: Didn't that disturb you? Wasn't that a way of encouraging or conditioning them to view the final product in an even more prejudicial light?

Guccione: Perhaps. I knew *Caligula* would generate a lot of controversy, and I didn't want to lose the impetus it would ultimately cause at the box office. In other words, I wanted to

save the *real* surprises for the right psychological moment . . . I didn't want all the excitement and speculation to die before the film was ready to play.

Penthouse: Why were you so convinced you'd get bad press? In the beginning it appeared that you had all the right ingredients: big-name stars, a world-renowned author, an Academy Award-winning art director, enormous financial resources — enough, it would appear, to ensure a pretty good shot at critical acclaim.

Guccione: I'm not being naive, and I don't wish to sound paranoid, but I knew, or rather suspected, that the press would see me as a kind of dilettante upstart, an intruder. No matter how good the film was, they would see me, Bob Gu-

cione, publisher of *Penthouse*, wheeler-dealer in sex and nudity, trying his hand at something new, pressing his luck in a medium that was alien to his experience, buying his way in . . . You know what I'm talking about; you've heard it all before. If you make an outstanding success in one area, people are somehow loath to see you do it in another.

Penthouse: Wouldn't the film speak for itself?

Guccione: In anyone else's case, perhaps, or if the film were small and modestly produced, yes. But I promised to produce a blockbuster, a landmark film. I promised that *Caligula* would fundamentally change the theatregoing public's perception of motion pictures. I said that it would foment changes within the industry. I really shot my mouth off, but I meant every word of it, and I still do. *Caligula*, provides lots of value in lots of different ways — in costumes and sets, in the number and quality of artists and craftsmen; and from a purely visual point of view, few films have ever matched its opulence.

Penthouse: But the critics were generally unresponsive, preferring to deal with more obvious values, such as plot, authorship, sex, violence . . .

Guccione: That's *their* hang-up. Besides, what is a critic? What are his or her credentials? What gives *him* the right to make value judgements on behalf of the public taste? History is filled with their nameless gravestones, while the men and women they spent their lives attacking live on. How many great artists, writers, musicians, et cetera can you name? Now, how many of their critics can you recall? More often than not, he, the critic, is a failed artist, an incomplete personality, and by some idiotic cultural synergism, he survives by attaching himself to the arts. He is no more than a parasite, a remote observer . . . remote because he is on the outside of art, looking in.

Penthouse: What caused the problems you had with Gore Vidal? Didn't he sue to have his name taken off the title?

Guccione: Yes and no! Gore did not sue, because he had no grounds to sue, and, yes, the title was originally *Gore Vidal's Caligula*. We agreed to drop his name from the title provided that he give up his 10 percent share of the profits. This was over and above the 200-plus thousand we paid him to write the script, and his name was one of the things we were paying for. We continue to carry his credit in the main body of opening credits, however, because he is the author of the screenplay, whether he likes it or not.

Penthouse: Didn't Vidal accuse you of making it pornographic?

Guccione: (Laughing) Actually, we had to remove a lot of the material that Gore had originally written into the script, so the film is now somewhat less vulgar than the original version. In fact, just to give you one example, in the beginning — other than between Caligula and his sister, Drusilla — there were practically no heterosexual scenes at all. Every sex scene Vidal wrote was homosexual in content.

Penthouse: That would raise the question, of course, of whether Vidal thought that homosexual activity was that pervasive in the Roman Empire, to the exclusion of everything else. Did you ever discuss that with him?

Guccione: No, but knowing Gore, his answer would have been that homosexuality was the province of the aristocracy and that it was the plebian society that engaged in heterosexuality.

Penthouse: You say that prior to its release Gore Vidal had not seen the movie, and yet he has been highly critical of it.

Guccione: Let me take it a step further. Despite all his cries and protestations, Gore had never seen a *single frame of the film*. The trouble really began when Gore gave an interview to *Time* magazine. We had just signed Tinto Brass as director and Gore, with perfect Vidalian timing, told the reporter, in effect, that directors were really parasites living off the backs of authors and that the true author of the film should be the literary author, not the director, and that the director need do no more than follow the simple stage instructions as provided



A production crew member (above) uses an umbrella to shield the head of Guido Mannari (who portrays Macro, head of the Praetorian Guard) from the falling rain. Penthouse Pets Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner (top centre) are made up by an

assistant. A beautifully turned "extra" (top right) is measured for a skimpy Roman garment. Some of the youths who portrayed Roman soldiers (above right) relax between takes with a non-combative game of cards.

by the author of the screenplay. You can imagine the result. Tinto — a megalomaniac in his own right — blew his stack and threw Vidal out of the studio. I was upset for Gore, and yet, in the face of that ill-timed interview, I could understand Tinto's sense of outrage. I didn't want to take sides, but I had no choice. Gore's work was basically done, and Tinto's was about to begin.

Penthouse: You ultimately did get very deeply involved, perhaps more involved than you meant to be in the beginning. But how much of that was by design, and how much of it was by accident?

Guccione: Good question. I never intended to involve myself, certainly not in the actual shooting, until I saw the way Brass had mishandled and brutalised the film's sexuality. No matter what instructions I gave him, no matter how many times we discussed a scene and agreed on its interpretation, Brass would go out of his way to do the opposite. When I was in Rome and at the studio, he would work within the parameters we had originally agreed. The minute I left Rome or even turned my back, he would go thundering off on his own.

Penthouse: You mean you had moments of real doubt?

Guccione: Oh, yes, I had moments of real doubt, plenty of them! Hell, we'd look at the rushes and realise that we were talking about one kind of movie and Brass was shooting another. Let me tell you how ridiculous it got. When it came to casting certain senators and noblemen, he would deliberately recruit them from a pool of ex-convicts, thieves, and political anarchists that he happened to keep in touch with.



That was his sense of humor. The *Penthouse* Pets were kept in the background and, whenever possible, out of sight. If Franco and I hadn't appeared on the set from time to time, our girls would have been lost forever. It was not uncommon for Brass to have the girls costumed, made up, and on location at 5.30 in the morning and then have them stand around all day in the bitter cold, only to be sent home at midnight without spending a single minute before the cameras. Whenever possible, he would use fat, ugly, and wrinkled old women to play the kind of sensual roles we had provided the Pets for.

Penthouse: Didn't you once suggest that Brass had actually tried to sabotage the film?

Guccione: As strange as it may sound, it's true. It took us some time to understand that we were up against a very sick guy. In the beginning, I found him — or at least I thought that I had found him — co-operative. He seemed to understand what we were trying to achieve, and we offered him something that comes to a relatively unknown director once, if at all, in a lifetime: a chance to make a film of colossal proportions and to exercise an almost free hand artistically.

Penthouse: But you didn't check him out — you didn't talk to producers who knew him and had worked with him before?

Guccione: That's right. I hired him blindly, over lunch. He appeared to grasp our rather difficult concept at once. And it was obvious that he didn't have any emotional hang-ups about sex. Quite the contrary. I later learned, of course, that he had given his last two producers the same kind of problems he gave us. But it was too late.

Penthouse: Did Peter O'Toole give you any problems?

Guccione: I don't think I ever saw him sober. He doesn't drink anymore, or at least he wasn't drinking then, but he was strung out on something. From time to time it took a little longer than usual to get him on the set, and when you've got six or seven hundred people standing around, his little habits can become goddamn expensive. At the end of the film he became a real pain in the arse. He wouldn't revoice his own part. He held everyone up by constantly breaking appointments or just not showing up at all. Dubbing studios and the professional people that go with them are expensive and difficult to reserve. Finally, after chasing him halfway around the world, we nailed him in Canada, and one of our executives dragged him in front of a mike. It wasn't easy, and it cost us a lot of unnecessary money. On top of which, he gave interviews, condemning the film he had never even seen rushes of. Nice guy! He took our money — and then tells the world the film is so bad it'll probably never see the light of day.

Penthouse: And McDowell? How did you get along with him?

Guccione: Malcolm is another story. He's a fine actor but a shallow person. He and Tinto were inseparable . . . not because Malcolm particularly liked or respected him but because he was easy for Malcolm to manipulate.

Penthouse: Why do you say shallow?

Guccione: Cheap is a better word . . . stingy! Stingier than anyone I have ever known. In my not inconsiderable experience with people, Malcolm McDowell holds the all-time record. I don't think he ever paid for a cup of coffee. At one point he took a bunch of people out to dinner to celebrate an Anglo-Italian football match that England had won. He took them to the most expensive place in town, ordered champagne, and made a big show of being the generous host. In the end he stuck the choreographer with the bill, saying that he had forgotten to bring enough cash. Several weeks later the choreographer, a relatively poor and modest man, came to us and asked if we could repay the money Malcolm owed him. He said that Malcolm told him to collect the debt from the production because he had taken the Pets as well and they were part of *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: Any more horror stories? How about the Pets and the "extra scenes" attributed to you and Giancarlo Lui?

Guccione: The Pets were the saving grace. Without them, I would have been lost. They were wonderful. They took everything Brass could throw at them, and they held their ground. The production was divided into two camps: the *Penthouse* people, on one side, and Brass and his mob on the other. But we won . . . if you can imagine such a lunatic competition in the middle of a multi-million dollar production.

We finished shooting on Christmas Eve, and everyone went home. Giancarlo and I slipped back to Rome a few weeks later, bringing 11 or 12 girls with us. We hired a skeleton crew, snuck back into the studios at night, raided the prop room and created out of the remaining odds and ends a few little sets. The boat was still intact, and we repped that as well. During the day we cast about 30 more people, some of whom had already worked in the film. We wanted them for continuity purposes.

We lit, staged, directed, and photographed the scenes ourselves. I had never even touched a 35mm motion picture camera before, but I took one over and started to shoot. I was on one camera and Giancarlo on the other. We filmed the famous lesbian scene between Anneka and Lori for two nights running. We worked for hours nonstop, and the crew never complained once. They were some of the same people who had worked for Brass, and they knew how we had been ripped off and welcomed this rather curious opportunity to help out. The girls were marvellous. They worked under difficult conditions, and there, in the huge, semi-darkened stages of Dear Studios, Anneka di Lorenzo and Lori Wagner contributed something beautiful and lasting to the history of motion pictures. ☐



THE ALMS RACE

BY BRIAN BLACKWELL AND MARTIN RIORDAN

Never, in the field of human gullibility, have so many contributed so much to so few professional fund-raisers operating under the charity umbrella.

There are thousands of charities across Australia which chase the public dollar. And most are far removed from being small voluntary agencies. Charities have become a multi-million dollar business, all competing to take a share of your money. Most aren't sinister in their aims, but merely

base their claims on the simple notion that it's your duty to give them money. The Federal Government has estimated that by the year 2000 there will be one pensioner for every Australian taxpayer. Many charities rightly claim to do the work governments would otherwise be required to do,

which leaves these agencies with a dilemma: find money to survive and expand. The alternative is to wither leaving their cause without a possible vital avenue of funds.

So as charities grow and appeals continue to be launched, what happens to your donations? How much of your charity dollars end up helping the people you wished to help?

The most recent setting for the probing of such questions was in Victoria. The State's Health Minister, Bill Borthwick, ordered an investigation after the crash of a large charity formed to raise money to build an old people's home in a Melbourne suburb. The investigation soon discovered the uglier side of Australian charity.

When Mr Borthwick ordered the investigation last year he was illustrating the lack of control the State Government had with the thousands of registered charity groups. The public donated more than \$330,000 to the Yulunga Society. Less than \$23,000 is left. The rest was spent on fund-raising and expenses. Not a sod of earth has been turned for the old people's home and it never will be.

The spectacular Yulunga crash, still under investigation by the Corporate Affairs office, is only one troubling aspect of the entire charity business in the Eighties.

And the Yulunga crash isn't the only charity which has faced difficulties or experienced awkward financial arrangements in the past few years. It's been happening Australia wide and most large charities are today very different organisations than they were less than a decade ago.

Any investigator asking probing, awkward questions about charity administration is challenged by the charity executive's most savage weapon — a sense of self-righteous outrage that anyone dare to question motives, methods and results.

They make no secret of the fact that they regard the questions as impertinent.

For decades the men and women involved in charity work have managed to justify excesses and mistakes with the excuse that everything is done in the name of sweet charity and mercy.

Most large charities believe in telling the public as much as possible about what they intend to do and as little as possible about how they intend doing it.

The executive director of the huge Yooralla Society in Victoria, Geoff Say, is on record as saying charities owe nobody an explanation of how they use the money that flows to them.

Yooralla, whose chief patron is State Governor Sir Henry Winneke, has mushroomed into a giant organisation with total assets exceeding \$13 million. It publishes an annual report but few people see it, and like most annual reports it is a complicated web of figures.

Yooralla figured in charity's strangest case of secret dealings last year and one which is still dealing out shocks.

A subsidiary of Yooralla is called Yooralla Dine-Out, a private company run by volunteer Melbourne businessmen as a sort of club. Yooralla Dine-Out raises money by selling books of discount restaurant and cinema tickets.

For many years, thousands of people bought Yooralla Dine-Out tickets and were assured that all the proceeds went to help the crippled children and adults under the protection of the Yooralla Society. Documents uncovered in our investigation indicated a totally different story and provided evidence that for more than four years the public had been deceived.

Mr Daniel Richard, an American businessman, came to Melbourne in the late 1960s and started a company called Dine-Out Melbourne. His company was a

“
The public
donated more than
\$330,000 to the
Yulunga Society.
Less than \$23,000
is left.
”

tough competitor in the Dine-Out field to Yooralla Dine-Out.

The men who ran Yooralla Dine-Out decided they had to eliminate Mr Richard's company from the scene. And so in August 1974, Yooralla's agent, Melbourne restaurateur John Ingleton, went to New York to sign an agreement that would give Mr Richard an incredible rake-off from Yooralla Dine-Out for many years. What Yooralla Dine-Out did was to buy Dine-Out Melbourne from Mr Richard. Having little cash, an agreement was struck giving Mr Richard a percentage of the gross income from the members of his club who joined Yooralla Dine-Out. He also got an undertaking from Yooralla that he would get 50 percent of any price increase on all Dine-Out books over \$17.50.

Last year, Yooralla Dine-Out books were selling for \$30 each, giving Mr Richard \$6.25 special payment on each book sold (club membership in 1979 was around 25,000 to 28,000).

Mr Richard really had nothing to sell Yooralla Dine-Out but the list of names of his own members. His business con-

sisted of a monthly lease at \$70 for offices in Collins Street, addressing equipment, office supplies, furniture and 7200 members.

From the date the agreement was signed (August 26, 1974), Mr Richard was to receive an amazing \$889,000 from the proceeds of money given by the public who bought Yooralla Dine-Out books. Not one word was revealed to the public about the agreement. No one knew of the existence of Mr Richard outside the Yooralla Dine-Out Club and the Yooralla Society. So immense was Mr Richard's income from Yooralla that the Taxation Department investigated and began seizing monies allegedly due.

Yooralla Dine-Out paid Mr Richard \$389,000 under the purchase contract and last year bought the rest of it out for a further \$500,000 (after Mr Richard originally had sought \$550,000).

Correspondence between the Sponsors' Club and Mr Richard reveals that it was aware the public who supported the Dine-Out operation has been misled. The then-president, Mr H. C. Gray, in a letter to Mr Richard dated October 6, 1978, wrote: "There have been rumblings from certain areas that Yooralla Dine-Out is not all it appears to be, on the surface and in our advertising. There have been suggestions made that a considerable amount of funds each year go out of the country.

"Whilst we both know that not only is this true, and also legitimate in the purchase of Dine-Out Melbourne, nevertheless, if this were exposed by one of our 'gutter' type papers it would do immeasurable harm both to the credibility of the Yooralla Society and to Dine-Out itself. In doing so, it would undoubtedly affect sales to a large degree and this would hurt not only us but you also."

It was in this letter that Mr Gray urged Mr Richard to sell up his remaining interest in Yooralla Dine-Out.

Mr Richard replied on October 19, 1978, stating, in part: "While I recognise you have your problems, needless to say I have had my own with the Taxation Department. Although you have been paying monies due I have not received one cent for the past two years. As I have paid these taxes in the US I have now been placed in a position of double-jeopardy, which is in direct contradiction to the Reciprocal Tax Act.

"In response to your request as to whether I would consider selling out my contract for a specific sum, I have given a great deal of thought to this matter. Both Marie and I have discussed the situation and we each would sell our equal interests in the contract for a lump sum of \$A550,000 . . .

"I have computed in my mind that by not selling I could probably receive hundreds of thousands of additional dollars over the course of our agreement.

However, since I can use the funds in the near future . . . I would consider this sell out to Yooralla."

On November 3, the club replied to Mr Richard's letter, saying, in part: "We were surprised, Dan, at your suggested selling price as we have very carefully computed the net worth to you of the licence of the Yooralla Dine-Out program, for the remainder of the contract, and we had arrived at a figure of \$425,000 as the capital worth of your interest . . .

"I can only recommend strongly, Dan, that you earnestly consider accepting this proposal . . ."

These letters show to an almost embarrassing degree, the cold and businesslike air that had entered Yooralla Dine-Out's operation. The huge amounts of money tossed around in these letters came, of course, from the public, many of whom bought Dine-Out books in the belief they were helping crippled children with every dollar. The Club knew that it had to keep secret Mr Richard's involvement from the public and the media.

Finally, the secret got out when initial investigation into the matter was published in *Melbourne Truth*.

Yooralla reacted angrily and bitterly. And even then, when the Richard connection was laid bare, it persisted in its claim that its advertising had not been misleading.

Let us examine that claim: anyone who bought a Dine-Out booklet of tickets from Yooralla Dine-Out following the Richard sale agreement could read on the inside cover the following words:

"Yooralla Society of Victoria expresses gratitude to the host restaurants and cinemas of Yooralla Dine-Out. The entire proceeds from the venture will be generously donated to the society. Dine-Out members' contributions will go towards the maintenance of State-wide programs available to physically disabled children — through Yooralla Society of Victoria. You, as a member of Dine-Out, are therefore helping disabled people to achieve increasingly independent and productive lives, as citizens of their community."

In its public statement after the exposure, the Yooralla Society stated: "It has been suggested that the publicity issued by the Yooralla Sponsors' Club . . . is misleading in that it implies that the total proceeds from the sale of each book goes to Yooralla Society.

"Neither the club nor the society believes the publicity is misleading because neither considers that anyone who reads the publicity will fail to realise that the cost of running Dine-Out would be met out of the proceeds of sale, as in any other business venture.

"To avoid any possibility of future misunderstanding the club will clarify the publicity for succeeding years."

Victoria's Consumer Affairs Minister, James Ramsay, ordered an investigation into the club's advertising but nothing came of it, probably because of the swift decision to change it as soon as possible.

How did Mr Richard come to obtain such a lucrative slice of the Yooralla pie? Inflation can be blamed in part.

In his first letter to Mr Richard, the Sponsors' Club president, Mr Gray, explained how inflation had boosted the value of that 1974 agreement. He wrote: "When we originally agreed to give you 50 percent of any price increase over \$17.50 it was never envisaged what inflation would do to our cost structure, and while we have found it necessary to go to \$30 we have not been able to improve our profitability at all, as all our 50 percent share of price increase has been well and truly absorbed with increased costs while your 50 percent has been free of any such changes.

“
Some 2000 Dine-Out
ticket books were sold at
an average of \$30 a book.
About \$60,000 was raised,
but only \$2000 was
received by the charity.
”

"As a fair man, we are sure you'll agree that this is inequable but we have lived with the contract and not suggested to you that you should bear some of these increased costs . . ."

Today the Yooralla-Richard saga continues. To understand why we have to go back to the signing of the Richard agreement in New York. The man who performed that task on Yooralla's behalf, Mr Ingleton, decided soon after to go into private business with Mr Richard.

They set up Dine-Out clubs in other States of Australia, using a charity in each place, and proceeded to do there what had been found to be so profitable in Victoria. Each nominated charity lent its name to the Ingleton-Richard Dine-Out clubs and received a percentage of the take. The umbrella company for the operation was International Dine-Out.

Some of the charities which agreed to the Dine-Out deal included the Autistic Children's Associations of NSW and Queensland, the Society for Physically Handicapped Children in the ACT, the Slow Learning Children's group of WA and the Mentally Retarded Children's

Society of SA. However, publicity about the scheme sent the arrangement sour.

In South Australia, the Mentally Retarded Children's Society split with the Ingleton-Richard Dine-Out operation in that State. And Dine-Out cancelled contracts with the other charities just as quickly. There was a bitter exchange of accusations. The SA Society said it quit because it has doubts about the partnership, but Mr Ingleton said his company, International Dine-Out, told the charity some months before that it was terminating the partnership.

The Mentally Retarded Children's Society officials say they were appalled when the Dine-Out organisations throughout the country (including Yooralla) used their income from the public to send a planeload of restaurateurs on an all-expenses paid holiday to a plush hotel in Hawaii.

Mr Ingleton said the holiday was a "thank you" to the restaurant owners who had supported Dine-Outs for so many years. Critics saw the jaunt as a sick waste of money that should have gone to charity.

A former fund raising director of Queensland's Autistic Children's Society, Ross Walters, who resigned from the group before Christmas last year, said he thought the scheme was "crazy".

"The Society had to give so much for so little," he said. Walters said in Queensland alone some 2000 ticket books were sold through Dine-Out at an average rate of \$30 a book. At this rate, about \$60,000 was raised, although Walters said only \$2000 was donated to the Autistic Society. What happened to the remainder can only be conjecture . . .

The vice-president of the ACT Society for Physically Handicapped Children, John Hicks, revealed that his group had received only between \$11,000 and \$14,000 from its Dine-Out agreement.

He said in the last "series" of some 12 months, just under 5000 Dine-Out books at \$30 a book were sold. Again, substantial money appears to have gone to bodies other than the charity. At that rate, more than \$130,000 would have been raised.

A spokesman for Western Australia's Slow Learning Children's group told *Penthouse* the society was pleased the Dine-Out deal was cancelled.

"We can't afford to be associated with people like that," the spokesman said.

Today, Mr Ingleton (no longer connected with Yooralla) and Mr Richard, having divested themselves of any links with charity groups in their Dine-Out set ups, run them now purely as private businesses.

Mr Ingleton and son, Tony, have even begun operations against Yooralla in Victoria. Mr Ingleton adamantly maintains — and company records back him up — that Mr Richard has no personal interest

in the Victorian company, Entertainment 80, registered in Tony Ingleton's name.

The Yooralla Dine-Out sale contract with Dine-Out Melbourne from 1974 bars Mr Richard from being connected with a similar venture in Victoria until 1985.

Yooralla Dine-Out recently took Entertainment 80 to the Supreme Court in a successful bid to make it change its media advertising to avoid Victorians being misled into believing that Entertainment 80 was a Yooralla-run group.

And what does Mr Richard have to say? We spoke with him by telephone to his home in New Jersey. He strongly defended his \$889,000 windfall from the Yooralla charity, saying: "They got an opportunity to buy a business with no cash out of their pocket . . . and eliminate a competitor that had been in the business for a good number of years. "I would think that people could feel very proud of the way Yooralla conducted itself because I certainly feel very proud of the way I have conducted myself."

So much for Yooralla and the question of what the public should know. The Yulunga Society's crash and the loss of money donated for an old people's home, raises serious questions of inefficiency and, subject to Corporate Affairs inquiries, possible breaches of the law.

Three firms of chartered accountants have faced the daunting task of attempting to unravel the Yulunga financial chaos. What they discovered shocked the State Government.

It also shocked a public already becoming sceptical about charities in the wake of the Yooralla rumpus.

Accountants Bunn, Carter and Keenan reported that "insufficient control" had been maintained by the society over receipting and banking, and it criticised the society for what it called its lack of a normal, business-like manner.

A second firm, Parkhill Lithgow and Gibson, issued a more scathing indictment. It said:

- The apparent ratio of expenditure to receipts was excessive and unacceptable.

- The records, administrative procedures and internal control were inadequate, incomplete and unsatisfactory, resulting in a breakdown in the control that could be exercised by the society's provisional committee.

- The financial records were fragmented and there was at least one bank account which violated all accepted principles of internal control.

Finally, and most significantly, Parkhill Lithgow and Gibson said the society could have been guilty of misuse of public funds.

The third accountant, Ivan Martin, reported that the society's account books were not properly maintained or kept up to date and that he was unable to determine whether all the money the

public gave had been properly accounted for and banked.

A professional fund-raising enterprise, E.A. Patmore and Associates, was paid a total of \$131,870 for Yulunga's fund-raising activities over a three-year period. The man behind E.A. Patmore and Associates (an unregistered name at the time) is Edward Andrew Patmore, now managing director of the Savex Corporation Pty Ltd, in the Melbourne suburb of Auburn.

Health Minister Borthwick, understandably, was upset when he learned of the Yulunga crash. He admitted it caused him a great deal of concern, adding: "When you run public appeals you are answerable to the public."

Unfortunately for the public, few regulations require the charities to be accountable to the people they so often ask for funds. Most fail to have

Unfortunately for the public, few regulations require the charities to be accountable to the people they so often ask for funds.

such standard business entries as a balance sheet, profit and loss accounts and an assets schedule. Many could have thousands of dollars hidden in some previous year's account.

One Sydney charity organiser, Lyell Crane, from Kazembe Vestates, a philanthropic organisation run by several leading businessmen, says few charities' annual reports contain such essential items.

"Balance sheets are certainly rare," Crane said. "This organisation, which aims to provide money for various welfare projects, finds some charities attempt to conceal vital figures. Legislation is needed."

Crane told of one experience when Kazembe Vestates suggested amendments to the Charities Act in NSW. "We wrote to the Services Minister at the time, Bill Crabtree," he said, "setting out the things we saw wrong. Crabtree returned a letter telling us how happy his department was with present arrangements. He just fobbed us off."

Most charities agree that Victoria has for years had the toughest regulations for

welfare agencies. The Victorian Hospitals and Charities Commission initially regulated and controlled the State's welfare agencies. Then after the Yulunga crash, the State Liberal Party became concerned.

The party's State branch called for a full inquiry into the operations of charities and the introduction of "strict protective measures" to ensure the public's donated dollar is not abused.

Early last year the Hamer Government finally moved. It established a Working Party to investigate and review the State's Hospitals and Charities Act. The Hospitals and Charities Commission was dissolved and the Health Commission asked to handle charities in the interim. The Working Party's report is expected within the next few months.

Some of the areas of concern have included public accountability of charity organisations, registration, administration, fund-raising and expenditure. But as Victoria acts on clearing up its charity regulations, other States remain silent.

NSW requires all charities operating in the State to register under the Charitable Collections Act, 1934. And the year of the original legislation denotes the force of the legislation.

The Department of Services, which is responsible for charity management and control, says, in an information leaflet, that the Act merely covers charities' regulations of collections, registration and the general keeping and audit of accounts.

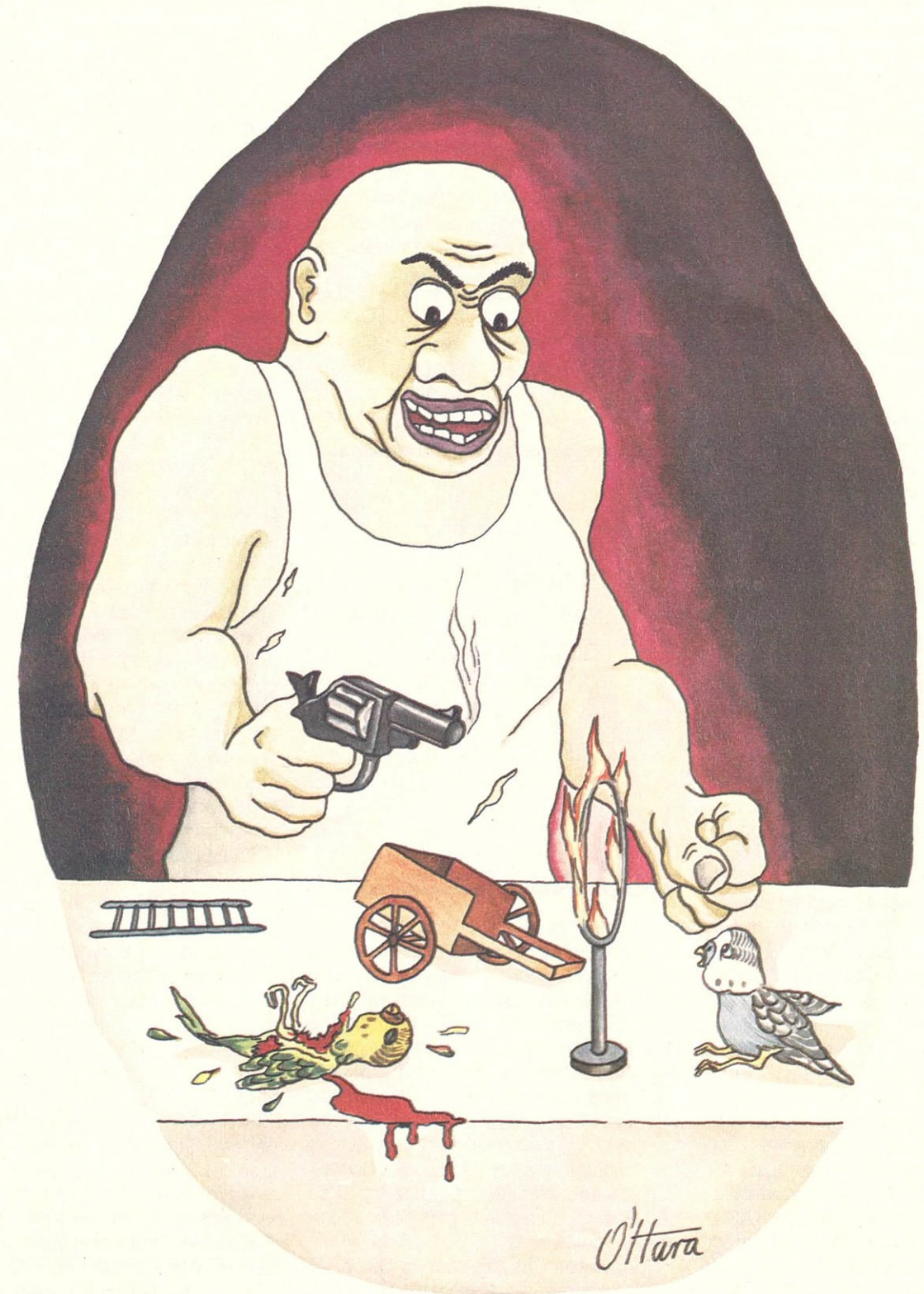
But, a spokesman said, this rarely goes beyond officially stamping their registration form each year. The Department will, however, investigate complaints about organisations. The departmental leaflet explains: "In this regard, the Department will not act on airy-fairy accusations, but requires some reasonably solid evidence."

It remains a mystery how a consumer can obtain such evidence if charities are not required to issue full annual reports with adequate figures explaining their operations.

Meanwhile, the *laissez-faire* charity business carries on. Most large charities operating in Australia today are multi-million dollar organisations. One of the nation's best known groups is the Royal Blind Society. In NSW alone, the Society received income for 1978 totalling more than \$2 million, while its working capital was in excess of \$3,800,000.

The society is housed in a building at Enfield, in Sydney's western suburbs, which cost more than \$3 million back in the early 1970s.

The society's general manager, Graeme Bradshaw, typifies the changing charity scene. An economics graduate, a former marketing and advertising whiz kid, Bradshaw has worked for such commercial giants as BHP, directed million-



"You will jump through the hoop!"

dollar advertising campaigns, and now finds himself atop the charity empire.

At 40, Bradshaw says he's typical of the new breed of charity boss. "I'm paid top rates because they believe I'm top, hired to do a top job."

Bradshaw is right: he is in there earning top money for a top job. His explanation runs like this:

The Royal Blind Society was similar to many leading charities across Australia when he was appointed to the position some four years ago. Most were at the crossroads, trying to expand to cope with higher demand for more and more services. The choice was to match the demand or sit still waiting for government aid. Aid, he says, which simply never came for most who needed it.

"It's here where we went professional," said Bradshaw. "Up till this time the society and many like us relied almost wholly on auxiliary bodies to raise funds. Charities were essentially voluntary, and that was that. Then people like myself came along and pushed for a much greater level of professionalism, especially in the area of fund-raising. Voluntary groups were, after all, voluntary. They couldn't match the higher sums needed to expand and supply the services we felt were needed."

Bradshaw said it was because of the poor prospects of door knocks, which are done only by volunteers, that the society moved to broader fields. Direct mail, he said, is now popular, which involves sending donation requests to people and groups likely to send money. And Bradshaw is quick to point out that the society won an award last year for running the most efficient system of direct mail.

The chief of one of Australia's smaller charities had a similar story of growth and corresponding cost. Ashley Coops, chief executive officer of the NSW Paraplegic and Quadraplegic Association, told *Penthouse* better administration, full-time professional staff and services were essential if a charity was to survive and expand.

He said that to provide members with specialist services more money was constantly needed. "Now we're heading for large beauty quests, costing comparatively less for a bigger return. Our Quest of Nations for ethnic ladies should cost about \$17,000 this year. The aim is to raise some \$100,000."

Not all the charities were as frank, however, as those Bradshaw and Coops represented. One group, Victoria's Spastic Society, figured recently in a public row over the purchase of a luxury office block in South Yarra, a trendy suburb near Melbourne. The Society, one of Victoria's largest charity groups, proved hostile and reluctant to talk about the society's general business.

The society issued a stern warning to all its staff not to talk to any media

representatives. The memo talked of "despicable attacks" on the society.

The Spastic Society last year launched a \$1 million appeal, pleading with the public to help it support victims of cerebral palsy. As the public handed over their dollars, the Spastic Society was quietly arranging the cash purchase for \$575,000 of a large office block.

When the society's annual report was issued soon afterwards, not a word was openly mentioned of the price that had been paid. Purchase of the building was hidden under "capital expenditure commitments" totalling close to \$2 million. Officials of the society expressed surprise when we put it to them that they were, in fact, covering up the office block deal.

One critic, a former council member, told us: "The society has put administrative requirements before the care, treatment and accommodation of patients. I

In 1978, the Victorian Spastic Society declared a loss of \$185,000. In fact it had made a profit.

mean, what are the priorities of organisations like these? Do you go for care and treatment and facilities or do you look towards building up an administration?

"One of the fundamental faults in the whole field of disadvantaged people is really the question of who gets the benefit — I mean the people at the point of delivery, the spastics in Victoria. What do they get? Are their needs satisfied? Does the public's money go in wall-to-wall carpets and administrative staff and so on? How much actually gets down to the point of delivery?"

Examination of the Spastic Society's annual accounts reveals an accounting procedure that gives the public a totally false picture of the organisation's financial position.

In 1978, the Spastic Society declared a loss of \$185,000. In fact, it had made a profit. The Society's own auditors stated in the annual report that it had not shown income of \$1.123 million obtained from various sources. They said the money should have been included as items of income in the society's operating results.

Inclusion of these items for 1978 would

have given the society a profit of more than \$938,000. This subtle manipulation of the accounts is accepted by the State Government. What the society does, in fact, is to "transfer" certain donations, dividends and interest directly to its building funds. Society president Bill Pratt explains: "I think we are doing a type of accounting and funding that is acceptable to the Hospitals and Charities Commission."

This procedure did not escape the critical attention of the society's own auditors, Peat, Marwick Mitchell and Company, who commented: "In our opinion, the operating results of the society for the year ended June 30, 1979, *should have included the following items of income . . .*" The auditors listed monies totalling \$1.123 million. Interestingly, the auditors also cast some doubt on the society's ability to account for all the money it receives.

This is what the auditors stated: "The society conducts fund-raising efforts from which collectors record the receipt of cash. We have accepted receipts issued by the society as evidence of such amounts received by its collectors. The nature of the receipts *does not* permit the establishment of procedures which would enable verification that receipts have been issued in respect of all monies collected."

This statement by the concerned auditors, although shrugged off by the society, hits at a most sensitive nerve-end of the charity business — can the collectors be trusted and who can really check on them?

The Spastic Society's balance sheet offers a revealing insight into how a charity that began 31 years ago with nothing (run by a handful of volunteer parents) has grown into a massive business giant dedicated to the pursuit of public cash, Government grants (taxpayers' money again) and an unswerving commitment to spend each and every dollar collected in order to be in a position to ask for more.

In 1979, the Spastic Society received Federal Government grants worth more than \$4.2 million. On top of this it got close to another \$2 million from its public fund-raising enterprises.

However, the society's operating expenses were enormous. More than \$5 million was spent on running various treatment, care and accommodation centres. That's fair enough, even though the society fails to disclose the exact details of this expenditure (what was spent on what or who, how much went in wages etc). It is the society's operating costs in the administrative and fund-raising areas that deserve a closer look.

Fund-raising administration and purchases cost \$575,810, public education amounted to \$211,353 and general administration was listed as \$270,731 — a

total of \$1,057,894 for the year (or \$20,344 a week).

These figures indicate that the society spent \$1,057,894 in costs while raising just over \$2 million from the public (we will, for this exercise, ignore the Government funding). So for every \$1 raised from the public the Spastic Society was spending 50 cents in costs.

With the rapid growth in many charities in the 1970s (due in part to generous \$4 for \$1 funding from the Federal Government) certain areas of involvement have been opened up for scrutiny.

Charities are, in fact, becoming so big and so powerful that they offer the potential for enormous influence, both socially and economically (and not forgetting politically).

The men and women in positions of power on large charities can direct huge amounts of money to certain banks, place large insurance contracts with, for example, a company owned by someone on the board, or someone who offers reciprocal aid, and they can ensure the charity buys cars from the company of a committee man.

Victoria's Spastic Society has, in fact, bought cars for a long time from a company called Syer Ford, whose owner is David Syer, a member of the society's council. The society describes these purchases as "normal business dealings" all correctly and openly handled. But critics say Mr Syer could be seen to be enjoying favored status because of his close association with the society. He should, they say, remain aloof from any type of business dealing with the society if only to ensure that he is not seen to be placed in a conflict of interest situation.

Society councillors voted to buy Ford vehicles from Mr Syer's company because of what it called its "support of the society's activities". We learned that one council member strongly opposed the decision and voted against it in November 1978. He told the council he believed there was a definite conflict of interest situation. The society sought legal opinion from its solicitors and auditors. Both said the situation was not improper.

The area of conflict of interest is one under close examination by the State's Working Party. It could well come up with a proposal to stop any person connected with a charity's administration from being involved in any way whatsoever in business dealings with it.

There are more than 15,000 charitable organisations throughout Australia, many of them competing to help the same afflicted people. Most organisations are small and run by volunteers, often men and women high on enthusiasm but totally lacking the business sense that can ensure successful collection and expenditure of the charity dollar.

It is these organisations who usually

call in the growing band of professional fund-raisers. These private companies employ hard-sell men and women whose task, for a considerable fee, is to advise a charity how to raise the money it needs.

For instance, let us assume that Charity X wants to raise \$750,000. Knowing that it lacks the expertise to do the job properly, it calls in Private Company A to help. This help comes in the form of a virtually full-time organiser who directs operations for a specified period (this could be three months to a year, depending on the contract).

Private Company A does not work on a percentage of the take. It demands, and gets, a fixed fee, so even if the project fails, Private Company A has been fixed up, thank you, out of the first donations.

Investigations show that one of the latest Victorian charities to engage a professional fund-raising company was the Paraplegics and Quadraplegics Associa-

Too few Australians ask questions of the collector who knocks on the front door or who rattles a can outside the footy or the races.

tion of Victoria. It set out to raise \$750,000 over 12 months and employed a company called the "National Fund-Raising Council of Australia", based in Sydney, to help — for a fee of \$65,000.

A spokesman for the P and Q Association, Mr Gavin Joel, says the desired total of \$750,000 was not reached and it was unlikely to be reached. He said his association had been satisfied with the National Fund-Raising Council's contribution but would not use them again in a similar situation.

He added: "We have raised about \$320,000 and after all our costs, including the fee for the NFRC, we'll clear about \$170,000."

There is, of course, no easy answer to the charity situation until the governments responsible can come up with a method that offers stricter control.

One suggestion is that each State have a Community Chest whose coffers are filled on behalf of everyone once a year through a single, mammoth fund-raising effort. Community Chests work efficiently overseas. In Hong Kong, the Community Chest organisation run by the Hong Kong

Government goes a long way to solving its charity needs. In America, there are several thousand united fund-raising groups raising more than \$1 billion a year on a budget of 10 cents in the dollar to cover administration.

Given their growth rate and immense power, big charities are not keen to embrace the Community Chest idea. One administrator said: "Only the small charity concerns could benefit — we'd be worse off. It would be absolutely hopeless — we'd never know what we were going to get in any one year, our planning would be hit badly."

With a limited concept, though, the Community Chest idea can work. There is nothing to stop several dozen charities from getting together to form their own united fund. In Geelong, the Chest idea has worked well for close to 30 years.

The general public, too, has a role to play in ensuring that charities do not waste the dollar. Too few Australians ask questions of the collector who knocks on the front door or who rattles a can outside the footy or the races.

Questions like: Are you a volunteer or do you get a percentage of whatever you collect? How do you account for whatever money is put in your can? What is your organisation going to do with my money? Do you represent a professional fund-raising company?

One of the newest groups to contribute to the charity debate is the Australian Institute of Fund Raisers, a body formed by professional charity management to co-ordinate training and research in the "industry".

John Foley, president of the Institute, said mistakes in charity fund-raising have usually occurred through incompetence and inefficiency.

"Australia falls down because of this rather than anything especially sinister. We're 20 years behind the United States. They're into professional fund-raising at low cost. If we are to cope with the ever-increasing number of services which governments are failing to provide, then we all have to become more skilled. Also, governments must introduce limited legislation to control charities."

Foley said some of the legislative changes he saw as necessary included rules against excessive fund-raising costs, disclosure of the expected cost for each fund-raising effort, making commission payments for any collection illegal, tax incentives for donations and a control on persons collecting funds on behalf of a charity. "These changes are urgently required," he said.

If Victoria's Working Party on charity management comes to grips with the current charity malaise, that State could lead the way in the modern artful form of philanthropy. If recent events are an indication, any change in any State could only help. ☐

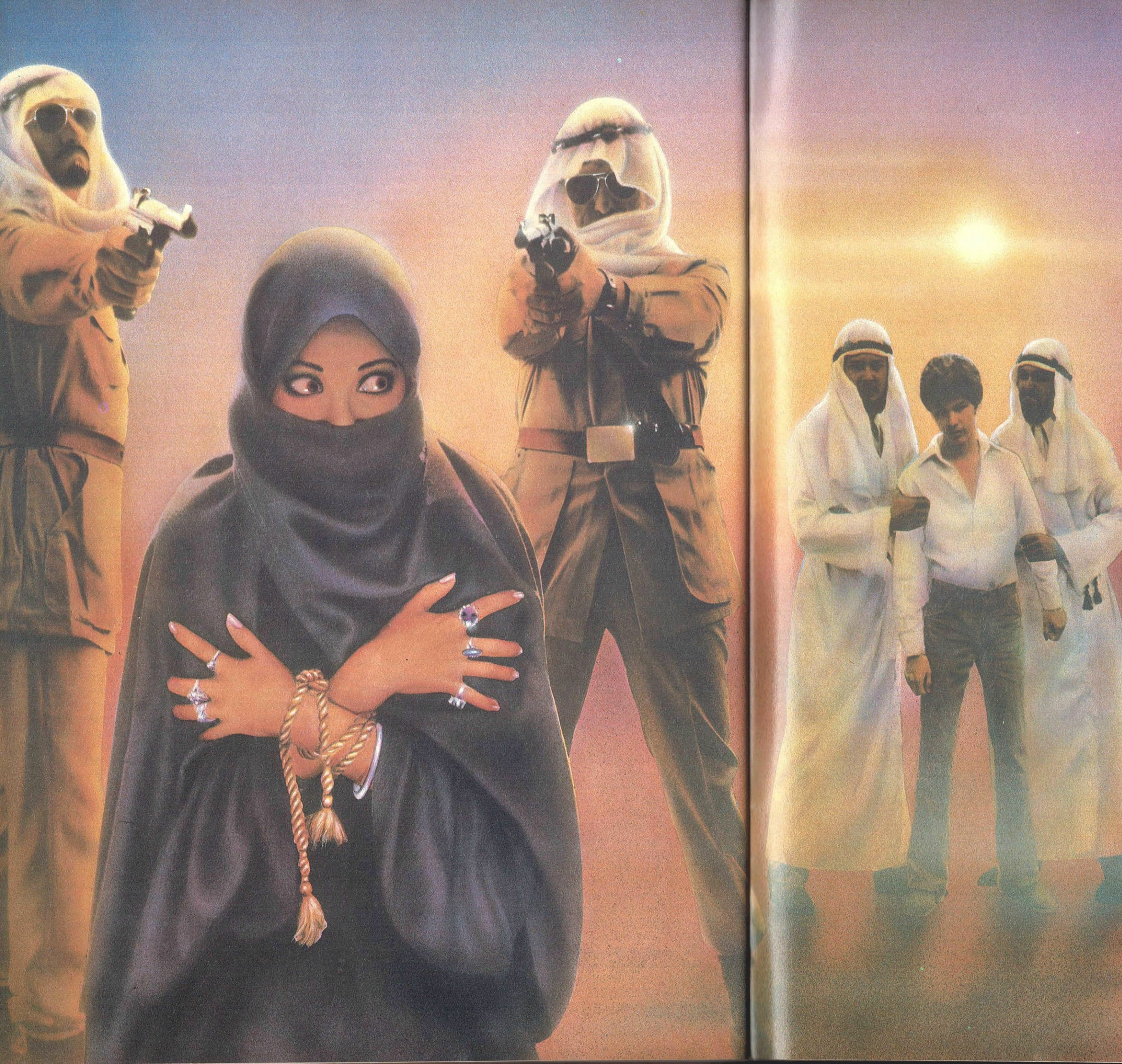


Illustration by D. Kunni/Calligraphy by Julia Vega

The Australian government tried to suppress a TV film portraying the barbaric execution of Princess Misha'al of Saudi Arabia because it is foolish to offend anyone on whom you depend.

Death of a Princess

BY ANDREW DUNCAN

The one certain act is that 20-year-old Princess Misha'al and her lover were executed before a large crowd in a squalid parking lot in downtown Jidda, Saudi Arabia. That is what the newspapers say and what a new Seven Network TV film special suggests. But who knows for certain? Nothing is as it seems, and very little truth is allowed to surface in the world's most feudal society.

When King Abdul Aziz bin Abdulrahman al-Faisal al-Saud (known throughout the West as King Ibn Saud) united the country that takes his family name by a combination of vicious conquest, religious compromise, and uxorious excess (he married 135 virgins and 100 "others", and perhaps understandably thought the world was flat when he died in 1953), he could not have foreseen that within 50 years his descendants would own a country that today, by a stroke of geological luck, holds the key to Western prosperity yet is on the same level of development as medieval Europe.

It is a country where women are forbidden to drive cars or walk unveiled in the street, where press censorship is absolute, where some villagers believe that boys menstruate because their urine is bloody (a symptom of tropical flatworm

infestation), where the census figures are confidential because there are embarrassingly few citizens (about six million), where adulterers are tied in a sack and stoned to death, where rapists and murderers are beheaded in the main square of town after midday prayers on Friday (equivalent to the Christian Sunday), and where the execution of a young princess on the orders of her dissolute grandfather is unremarkable enough to be ignored.

So it was with Misha'al — at least for a while.

Even now, more than two years after her death, there are many conflicting details. Sometimes the story seems like a romantic novel of the Thirties, with heaving breasts, dewy-eyed virgins, secret messages, and passionate elopements. But heroines in those novels were not shot in front of the family. Misha'al was, and it is clear that she became a pawn in a political, religious, and family feud that may one day break open and make the turmoil in Iran seem like a small disturbance by comparison.

As one of her cousins, 31-year-old Prince Faisal bin Abdullah, a former student in America told me: "In our world, money is the name of the game, and you can destroy life with it. We have to ask why we are doing these things and where we are going. Sometimes I really pity ourselves . . ."

Misha'al, like Prince Faisal, was born into a uniquely inbred family, one that not surprisingly sustains more sexual and social peculiarities than does the average nuclear household. The 43 sons of King Ibn Saud were given no responsibility and little affection by their father, but they had plenty of money and continued his habit of enthusiastic reproduction. Today there are at least 3000 princes (and 2000 princesses) whose squabbles are the foundation for future unrest and were a factor in Misha'al's execution.

I met many of them in Saudi Arabia during the summer of 1977, when Misha'al's affair was discovered. Although no one spoke of such matters — how many even knew, or cared, what was happening to one of the women in the family? — I recall a chilling conversation with her great-uncle, 37-year-old Prince Sattam, deputy governor of Riyadh. (Immense genealogical confusion is caused by the al-Sauds' intermarriages and virility. Sattam is King Ibn Saud's 40th son.) American-educated and urbane, he was attempting to explain the Saudi legal system. "We have much less crime than anywhere else in the world," he boasted.

"That is because your punishments are barbaric," I suggested.

"You say we are savage. Well, what do you do if someone comes to your house and kills your children? You say he's crazy and put him in a hospital. That's no

good. When we kill one person, we do it on purpose so that a million others will be thinking not to murder. If someone steals three or four times, we cut off his hand. It is not barbaric. It prevents crime. It will continue for ever, I hope."

"And adulterers will be stoned or beheaded?"

"Of course. It says so in the Koran." He shrugged. It seemed an insignificant matter, of no interest to foreigners, and something that could be understood only by the patriarchs of Saudi Arabia. En masse, dressed alike in their gold-threaded *thobes*, the al-Saud men are virtually indistinguishable.

They choose their leader in a family conclave. After the assassination of King Faisal, they decided that 68-year-old Khalid, a frail veteran of open-heart surgery, was a satisfactory compromise between his two rival half-brothers: Prince Abdullah, head of the National

Misha'al was a pawn in a political, religious and family feud that may one day break open and make the turmoil in Iran seem like a small disturbance.

Guard, whose mother is from the Shammar tribe, traditional rivals of the al-Saud but temporarily pacified through marriage; and Crown Prince Fahd, leader of the "Sudairi Seven", who are all sons of Ibn Saud's liaison with his most formidable wife, Hassa bint Ahmad al-Sudairi (besides Fahd, they include Minister of Defence Prince Sultan and his deputy Prince Turki, Interior Minister Prince Naif and his sanctimonious deputy Prince Ahmad, and the governor of Riyadh, Prince Salman).

But in choosing Khalid, the family overlooked his 70-year-old full brother, Mohammed, who, as the oldest surviving son of Ibn Saud, is technically the senior prince. An unstable personality at best, he becomes even more volatile when he has been on one of his frequent drinking bouts. Mohammed characterises the tensions, contradictions, and hypocrisy of so many leading Saudis. He is a strict theoretical believer in fundamentalist Islamic morality yet delights in the unholy materialist pleasures that are part of the Western contribution to his country's force-fed "progress".

It was too bad for Misha'al that she was his favorite granddaughter. She inherited his hedonism and was judged by his religion.

High walls and armed guards surround the homes of Saudi princesses — a token of the esteem in which women are held, say some Saudi men without a trace of a smirk. For years such tyranny was tolerated, and women accepted their fate without question. They knew nothing of the outside world. "It is permissible for women to read the Koran and scriptural literature," declared King Ibn Saud, "but ordinary reading, and especially writing, is an accomplishment regarded as unsuitable." In the Sixties, when his son, King Faisal, allowed women to be educated, there were religious riots. "People thought it would be harmful," explained Shaikh Nassar bin Hamad al-Rashid, who is now president of girls' education. "But when they realised that responsible men — the *ulemas* (priests) — would be in charge, they changed their minds."

Shaikh Rashid, an elderly cleric with an aura of chilling self-righteousness, black-listed a 12-year-old girl from all Saudi schools because she wrote in an essay that she "loved" a particular pop singer — a precedent that was to have an ironic echo in Misha'al's story.

Misha'al had spent a couple of years in one of Shaikh Rashid's schools, but no one could accuse her of overachieving. She was too self-willed and sprightly to tolerate the 20 hours of compulsory religious instruction a week and too self-indulgent to try for any academic qualifications.

When she was 15 years old, her father, Prince Fahd (not the crown prince), arranged for her to be married to a cousin from one of the less prestigious branches of the family. Some later reports would say that the marriage was never consummated, but Misha'al's aunt, Princess Moudi, claimed that Misha'al had a miscarriage at three months.

Whatever the truth, the marriage lasted less than a year. Misha'al's husband left to work as a businessman abroad. Meanwhile she returned to the sandalwood-scented luxurious bad taste (normally Harrods kitsch and plastic flowers in water) and cloistered femininity of her mother's palace, where other single women relatives — the numbers fluctuated from two to six at a time — prattled and preened and ate endless chocolates and waited like whores to be plucked from their gilded cage by some cousin who needed a new wife.

The only men she saw were her father, her younger brother, Sa'ad, and her grandfather, who visited the family twice a week — usually at about four o'clock in the afternoon for tea.

A German-born nanny, Rosemarie

Buschow, who worked for Princess Moudi, gave some indication of their typical day in her book, *The Prince and I*. "They rose late in the afternoon, ate whatever their perpetual slimming diets advised, had their hair done in Riyadh, or visited a neighbor, or went for fittings with the Palace dressmakers, then took their main meal around midnight, and finally watched video cassettes until morning, when it was time to go back to bed and sleep through the day."

All of which is true — to a point. Riyadh offers few excitements, even for men. There is no entertainment area. The only good restaurant, serving Japanese food, was closed because waitress service was provided — so determined are the Saudis to keep their women unseen. And naturally there are no bars.

But, as Misha'al learned, the more enterprising princesses have begun to use such puritanism to their own advantage. The *abbayas* (thin black cloaks) and veils they are forced to wear in public are an admirable disguise.

A woman who was married to a leading member of the Saudi royal family recalls: "I remember when one woman friend came to collect me in her car accompanied by another veiled person. When we were safely away from my husband's palace, she introduced her companion. To my great surprise it was a man — her lover. I felt like a nun alongside some of those women. To relieve their boredom, they led the most intricate and busy sex lives. The most incredible thing is that in a country where the men think they are in charge, it is the women who are the predators. They choose their lovers."

In Taif, a picturesque hill town near Mecca where most of the Saudi royal family move during the hot summer months, one diversion for princesses is to be driven to watch the sunset at Shafa, a plain a few miles from town. There, like some grotesque parody of Western courtship, they will choose a man and later have their chauffeurs arrange an assignation. Two of Misha'al's aunts told of more civilised arrangements allowed by their husbands in order not to disrupt the delicate political and social equilibrium within the vast family that their marriages had been arranged to preserve.

One travelled alone to Europe for three months every summer and pretended she was Italian in order to pick up men. Another, the wife of a leading government minister, spent several weeks in Beirut for the same reason.

For Misha'al, the first glimpse of life outside Saudi Arabia came in October 1976, when she went to stay at her grandfather's London home in the Boltons, a prestigious crescent in South Kensington (known locally as Saudi Kensington because of the influx of Arabs). Here Mohammed's family — sons, daughters,

grandchildren, cousins — acquired sophisticated un-Islamic tastes, although he encouraged them to partake of innocent local customs that he felt gave delicacy, even sophistication, to those who a generation ago were reared in the rugged traditions of desert life. English tea, for instance, was served every day.

Misha'al also enjoyed another popular activity of Arabs in London: she went to the hospital. At the Wellington Clinic, overlooking Lord's cricket ground, she booked in for a couple of days (\$250 a night, exclusive of medical treatment) and had her nose "bobbled". Now she could be taken for an Italian, like her aunt, "or an American, a German, or an English woman. I can be any nationality", she exulted. Mistakenly.

With an innocent smile and flattering remarks, she persuaded her grandfather to let her remain in London for a while after he returned to Saudi Arabia. He

Misha'al was watching television when she saw a guitarist, Musleh al Shaaer, fancied him, and sent her chauffeur to arrange a rendezvous.

booked her into the Park Tower Hotel, owned by a friend, Mahdi al-Tajir, reputedly the world's richest businessman and also ambassador to London of the United Arab Emirates.

Other members of the family kept a watchful eye on Misha'al, but during the next few weeks she went out with at least one boyfriend. "I didn't see her do anything wrong, but I knew her man was in the country," says the romantic, if slightly prim, Miss Buschow. There is no evidence to prove that the lover killed with Misha'al ever visited London.

For Misha'al, though, the visit had dramatic repercussions. Her vivacity was allowed to surface, her friendliness to be reciprocated; her desires were now limited only by her vivid imagination. By the time she returned to Riyadh in December and unwillingly covered her jeans and T-shirt with an *abbaya* just before the plane touched down, she was incapable of accepting the petty restrictions of the women's palace.

For a month or so, memories of London escapades made life tolerable for Misha'al. At a birthday party in January

for Princess Moudi's son, Saud, she was photographed dancing by herself, looking pleased, happy, and almost content. But the exhilaration could not survive endless days of sexual frustration, bitchy gossip, and limitless trivia (sometimes her friends changed clothes three times a day, just for something to do).

There are several versions of what happened next. The Saudi Arabian government subsequently manufactured an "unofficial" story that seemed to make its role understandable, if not excusable. Rosemarie Buschow said, without proof, that Misha'al had known her lover for at least eight months. But a royal princess told another story to Antony Thomas. (Thomas is the director of the television film *Death of a Princess*, which does not mention Saudi Arabia, although it is a reconstruction of Misha'al's life and death.)

The princess claimed that Misha'al was watching television one afternoon in spring when she saw a guitarist, Musleh al Shaaer, fancied him, and sent her chauffeur to arrange a rendezvous at a local boutique — such establishments being, apparently, the Saudi equivalent of a singles bar.

Bingo. Musleh, a 20-year-old student at Riyadh University, fell immediately for the princess, and she for him. Although not from the royal family, he did have some "class": he had been brought up mainly in Beirut, where he was looked after by his cousin, General Ali Shaaer, the Saudi ambassador to Lebanon. During the next few months, romantic love developed in the improbable setting of a Riyadh summer, where the sun is so unbearable in its intensity that it curtails every thought, limits every action, yet is not so anaesthetising that it prevented well-paid spies from reporting the lovers' furtive meetings to Mohammed. In July, when the family made their annual move to his fortresslike castle and estate on the fashionable Red Sea resort area, the Creek, near Jidda, Misha'al's request to return to Europe for a few weeks was refused. Once there, she and Musleh had planned to elope, adding to the problems of a long-suffering counsellor at the Saudi embassy in London; he spends most of his summer trying to locate the missing daughters of wealthy Saudi families.

Misha'al was undeterred. In England she had heard much talk of a former British Cabinet minister, John Stonehouse, who had left his clothes piled neatly on a Florida beach and then disappeared — presumed drowned, until he was found a few months later in Australia and was then imprisoned for fraud.

On Sunday, August 3, 1977, Misha'al told her servant that she was going for a midnight swim . . . and never returned.

A search began immediately, and King Khalid, on the urging of Mohammed, issued a decree forbidding women to

leave the country alone. At the Al Attras, a rundown and isolated hotel a few miles north along the Creek, Misha'al and Musleh hugged, giggled, and watched the boats sent to search for their bodies. Misha'al's long, dark hair had been cut short like a man's, and in her handbag she had an air ticket to Beirut made out in the name of her chauffeur.

By 10am on Friday, August 8, 1977, the temperature in Jidda was already 100 degrees, and lethargy hung heavy over the dusty main street. No one took much notice when tow trucks arrived at a large open space near the International Hotel and police began to move away all the cars except, inexplicably, a yellow Suzuki pickup. An hour later another truck, piled high with sand, pulled up and waited. From a nearby mosque a tape-recorded voice called the faithful to midday prayers. At the same time, police and soldiers began to close the adjacent roads. One of the cars they stopped contained Barry Milner, a 24-year-old joiner from Yorkshire, England, and three colleagues. They had been working on a construction site since six o'clock that morning and were returning to their hotel, the Khayam, which overlooked the open space. Milner had been in Saudi Arabia for six weeks and, like the others, tolerated the country only because he was earning \$600 a week — three times his British wage.

Earlier that morning he had been told by the hotel porter of a rumor that a man was to be executed in the afternoon; so now, after climbing down from the car, he made his way to his hotel room, quickly hid a miniature camera in a cigarette pack, and returned "out of curiosity", he told me later, to the front of the hotel, where a crowd of several thousand had now gathered. After a while a Toyota Jeep drew into the centre of the open space. Two figures were bundled from the back of it, and, at the same time, the truck began to dump its load of sand. One of the figures — "a tall, slim girl dressed in black robes", according to Milner — was led to the mound of sand and made to kneel down. Two soldiers, dressed in brown uniforms, came to within three feet of her. They drew their pistols. Each fired three bullets into the head of the girl, so rapidly that she began to fall forward only as the sound of the last shot resounded around the park. Then she lay there, blood seeping through her veil.

Her companion, who looked drugged and was supported by two robed men, was forced to watch the scene before he, too, was pushed into the centre of the open space, had his hands tied behind his back, and was forced to kneel, bending his head forward slightly.

Milner, meanwhile, had edged his way around the outside of the crowd to where an eight-foot-high wheel rested against a

wall. He clambered up just in time to see an elderly man, dressed in a flowing, somewhat grubby *dishdasha*, step forward and raise a small sword. To Milner, from his perch about 50 yards away, it looked as if it could even have been a bayonet. The crowd was silent now as, without ceremony or emotion, the executioner brought the sword down sharply on his victim's neck. Blood began to trickle from the wound, but the blow had not been hard enough to kill the man, although he lurched forward, cracking his forehead hard into the earth. There was another blow, then another, and another, around both sides of the neck — five in all — before the panting executioner was satisfied and stepped back. Even then the head was not completely severed. The crowd cheered and clapped and then dispersed for an afternoon siesta before the next call to prayers. The bodies were placed on stretchers, taken

Two soldiers each fired three bullets into the head of the girl so rapidly she began to fall forward only as the sound of the last shot resounded around the park.

to the Toyota, and driven off. No one bothered to clean up the blood. It was still there, a brown stain on the sand, several days later.

Milner, trembling, returned to his room and lay down. He did not know the identity of the victims, but the episode reinforced his feelings about their country, and he left a few weeks later, having saved \$6000 from the \$7500 he had earned.

The executions also persuaded another person to leave, although she did not witness them and was told a different version of what had happened. Rosemarie Buschow, who had found Misha'al "an adorable child, innocent, effervescent, and delightful", was horrified when Princess Moudi explained to her that the young girl "brought disgrace on our family. She should have known we would have to kill her. My father said we do it to the poor people; so we must do it to our own family. They covered Misha'al's eyes; they tied her arms to her body. They put her in the street. They hurt her until she died." Rosemarie took this to mean that Misha'al had suffered the traditional Islamic penalty for adultery —

stoning. Such discrepancies would later be used by the Saudis as a convenient way of discrediting any version of the executions and even to suggest that Misha'al was not really executed, although it was admitted that Musleh had died. Crown Prince Rahd telephoned Ambassador Ali Shaaer in Beirut at four o'clock on Saturday morning to inform him of what had taken place. (Shaaer, distraught, left Lebanon for several days for an undisclosed destination but did not resign.) It is assumed, then, by the royal family that the matter, although distasteful, was closed.

There were more important things to attend to: weapons to be bought and tested, luxury goods to be imported, hospitals and schools to be built (regardless of the lack of adequate staff), the world's most modern airport to be constructed at Jidda. A whole new nation was emerging, and these minor traumas were but a hiccup in the face of progress.

"You must understand that it is a curious thing for us, too," the Saudi minister for industry, Dr Ghazi Algosaibi, told me. "We have suddenly become a world power without any of the normal attributes simply because of this oil which is neither permanent nor really important. Sometimes we feel like a pretty girl. No one knows if we are liked for ourselves, or as sex objects. But with all the pressures of becoming an important country, I hope our traditions will keep us in order."

And if some of these traditions seem a little brutal, why would the rest of the world know about them? Few foreign journalists are allowed to visit (it took me a year to obtain a visa), and those who write anything but the most anodyne reports are generally banned. Anyone within Saudi Arabia who criticises is rewarded with imprisonment. And, besides, everyone knows that executions take place. Why worry about the murder of a young girl and her lover?

Early in 1978 vague reports began to circulate in Europe. The London *Times* reported on January 23 that the previous November "a Saudi Arabian princess and her husband [were] executed in public because they defied the royal family's decree forbidding women to marry outside the family or a closely associated line".

In the new house that Barry Milner had bought at Hebdon Bridge, known locally as the arsehole of the West Riding because of its inhospitable climate, he read a similar story in the *Daily Express*. The pictures he had taken six months previously were now curling at the edges and fading, but he telephoned the local newspaper to see if it was interested in buying them. It was not. The *Express* was.

The next day's publication of the pictures across the whole of the front page

caused an international sensation when they were reprinted throughout the world. The main photograph, blurred and scratchy, showed a man kneeling while another struck him with a sword.

Dr David Owen, then British foreign secretary, was moved to call the execution a "tragedy". Even such a mild rebuke caused apoplexy within the Saudi Government which, although it did not deny that the picture depicted Musleh al Shaaer, demanded and received an apology from the British for "comments on this particular news item. To clarify the issues: the sentence carried out was passed in an Islamic court as punishment for the adulterous acts committed by the two accused persons. It is a crime for which the punishment, according to Islamic law, is death. The couple were not married, as stated in the news story. The marriage of a princess with a man unrelated to the royal family is not considered a crime. The story published could be regarded as showing neglect of traditional values, ideals, and beliefs which do not accept such immoral acts."

Of course, of course, agreed governments throughout the world, dependent upon Saudi oil. The supine British Foreign Office added: "The last thing Dr Owen would have wanted was to add to the distress which the tragic events must have caused to the royal family." But a major diplomatic row was sparked when the TV film on the Princess's death was shown on British television. The Saudi Royal family threatened to stop oil and trade to Britain and said in a protest note that the film portrayed the Saudis as barbaric, and suggested Islam was an intolerant, tough religion. The British Government viewed the protest so seriously that the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, apologised by telephone to King Khalid, and recalled from holiday its Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Mr James Craig, and ordered him to return and placate the Saudi royals.

The Australian Deputy Prime Minister, Mr Anthony, told Federal Parliament and the Seven television network that relations between Australia and Saudi Arabia, including more than \$1000 million in trade, was at risk if the controversial film was shown. He said other Islamic countries have also expressed concern about the film and have threatened to cut off normal trade.

After the *Daily Express* news story, the Saudis began their own white-washing campaign, which even managed to suggest that the mild and somewhat naive Barry Milner was a CIA agent — a view hinted at in the Lebanese magazine *Monday Morning* on February 6, 1978: "To many in the Arab world who heard how the 25-year-old 'self-employed' Briton smuggled the film out of the country, his story supports speculation that the scandal-mongering which the execution

sparked was a well-planned campaign. The inconsistencies in his report [specifically over the timing of the execution] have triggered speculation that the spotlight has been turned on the incident deliberately, by quarters interested in discrediting Saudi Arabia and Arabs in general at a time when the peace initiative of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was threatening to improve the carefully built image of the Arab as a bloodthirsty savage."

In Saudi Arabia several rumors were started within the diplomatic community. One suggested that Misha'al had been spirited out of the country by her grandfather, and a servant had been executed in her place.

Abroad, a more subtle campaign was begun by the head of intelligence, Kamal Adham. As a trusted adviser of the late King Faisal (he is the Turkish-Albanian half-brother of Faisal's favorite wife,

The main photograph, blurred and scratchy, showed a man kneeling while another struck him with a sword.

lffat), he was disliked and feared by the present royal family clique, but his poise and sophistication were recognised as an asset. Guests to his \$1 million apartment in Grosvenor Square, London, were treated to an entirely new, and plausibly detailed, version of events.

Misha'al, said Adham, begged her family to send her to Beirut for higher education. There she mixed with Left Wing students and became a sort of crypto-Communist, determined to flout the conventions of her upbringing.

She persuaded her lover, Musleh al Shaaer, to return with her to Saudi Arabia, where they lived openly together, even staying overnight at hotels. Such behavior appalled Mohammed, who ordered his granddaughter to be more discreet. She refused; so there was no alternative but to take her before an Islamic court, where conviction for adultery rests on the evidence of four independent male witnesses (or eight females) — an improbable scenario. Or, and this is where Adham usually spread out his hands in a gesture of helplessness, a woman would condemn herself

by standing up in court and admitting three times that she had committed adultery. And that is what Misha'al did, in spite of tearful pleadings from the family.

There is nothing wrong with that story except that Misha'al was not educated in Beirut, did not live openly with Musleh in Saudi Arabia, did not admit adultery, was not tried in any court, and was probably not guilty of any offence, as it seems likely she was divorced (an unverifiable assertion, however, as the Islamic qualification for divorce is the husband's triple renunciation of the wife, and Misha'al's husband has not been located).

The truth is that Musleh and Misha'al (disguised as a man and using her chauffeur's passport) went separately to Jidda airport on Tuesday, August 5, checked their baggage on the same flight to Beirut, passed through customs control, and were stopped for a hand baggage and body search just before boarding. Misha'al, perhaps knowing that she would be caught, perhaps reacting with instinctive puritanism instilled through generations, refused to be searched. She was arrested, and her own passport was found in her baggage. Musleh gave himself up, and the couple were taken by police van to Mohammed's estate.

Mohammed who, according to one report was in the middle of a drinking bout, condemned them to death instantly. King Khalid refused to sign the execution warrant but knew that he could not safely defy his elder brother's demonstration of family power. He declined, therefore, to insist on clemency.

The only inconvenience for Mohammed was to be denied use either of the main square or a qualified killer. His senior retainer did the job instead.

Saudi Arabia will be largely responsible for the quality of life in the West during the Eighties. As in Iran not so long ago, diplomatic policy seems to be based on flattery, stemming from a perhaps justified fear of what could replace the al-Saud family. If Australia is pleased with its recent \$1000 million trade deals, imagine how the Americans feel. Saudi Arabia provides 20 percent of American oil imports and has \$30 billion on deposit in American banks. America sells military equipment worth \$9 billion each year to Saudi Arabia — more than it did to Iran. It is the United States' largest military customer.

Hundreds of people are executed without trial every year in Saudi Arabia. Many thousands are imprisoned for "political" acts. Under those circumstances the murder of two young people is relatively unimportant. It is, anyway, surely a private family matter and not something to be investigated too closely. Any businessman will tell you that it is foolish to condemn those upon whom you depend. 

Higher Hi-fi

Once the province of perfectionists, big business and non-stop innovation has put high fidelity sound within reach of everyone's pocket.

BY WAYNE ELMER



These are desperate times, right? What with energy shortages, pollution, inflation and a new world war seemingly just around every corner, there's little room for joy. Unless you're a hi-fi buff.

While the rest of society is crumbling at the edges, hi-fi keeps on getting better and better. In its few years of existence, hi-fi has come a mighty long way — and hang on to your hat, the ride ain't over yet.

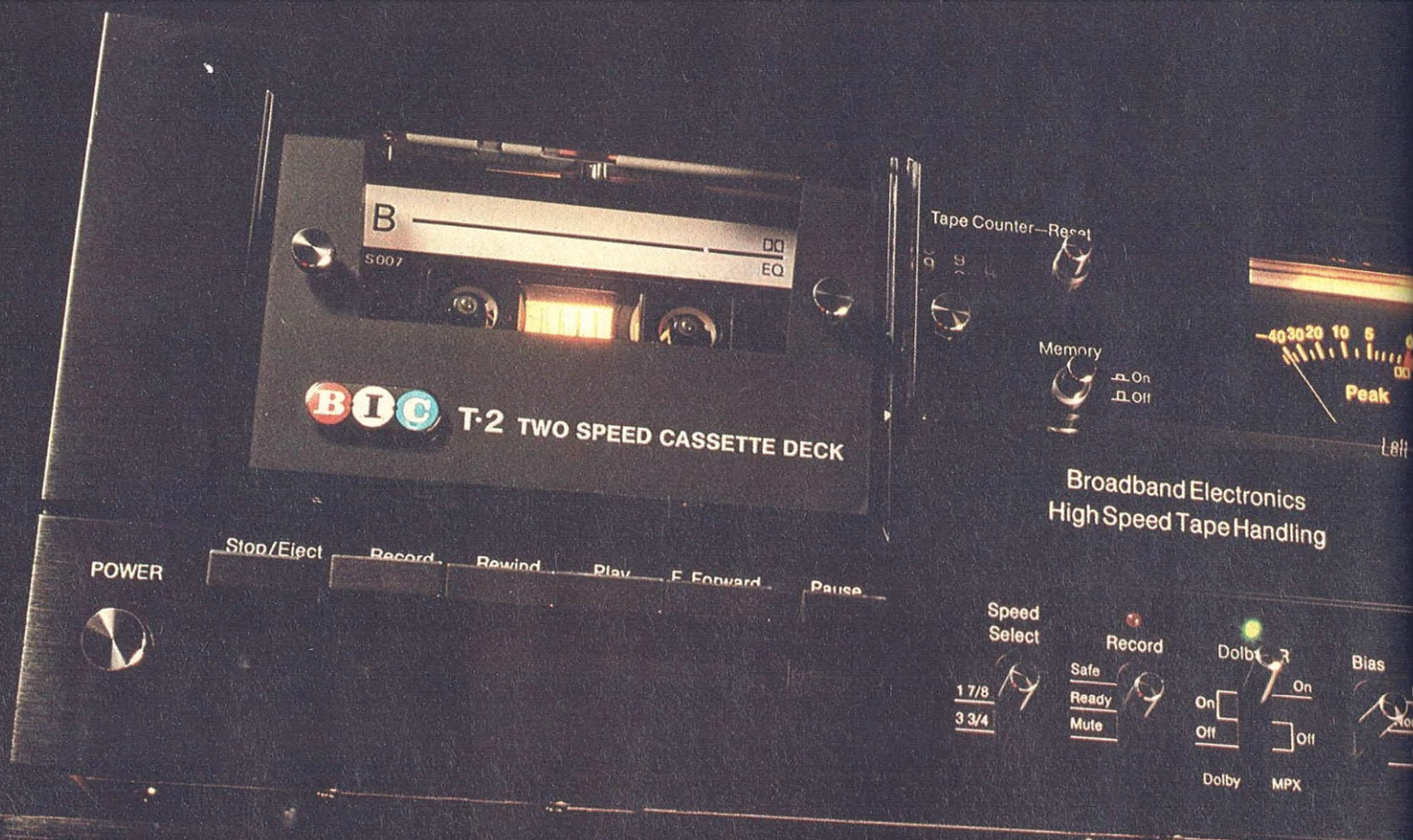
Before we look at the new generation of hi-fi gear, it might be interesting to cast our thoughts back to the forerunners of the latest audio exotica . . .

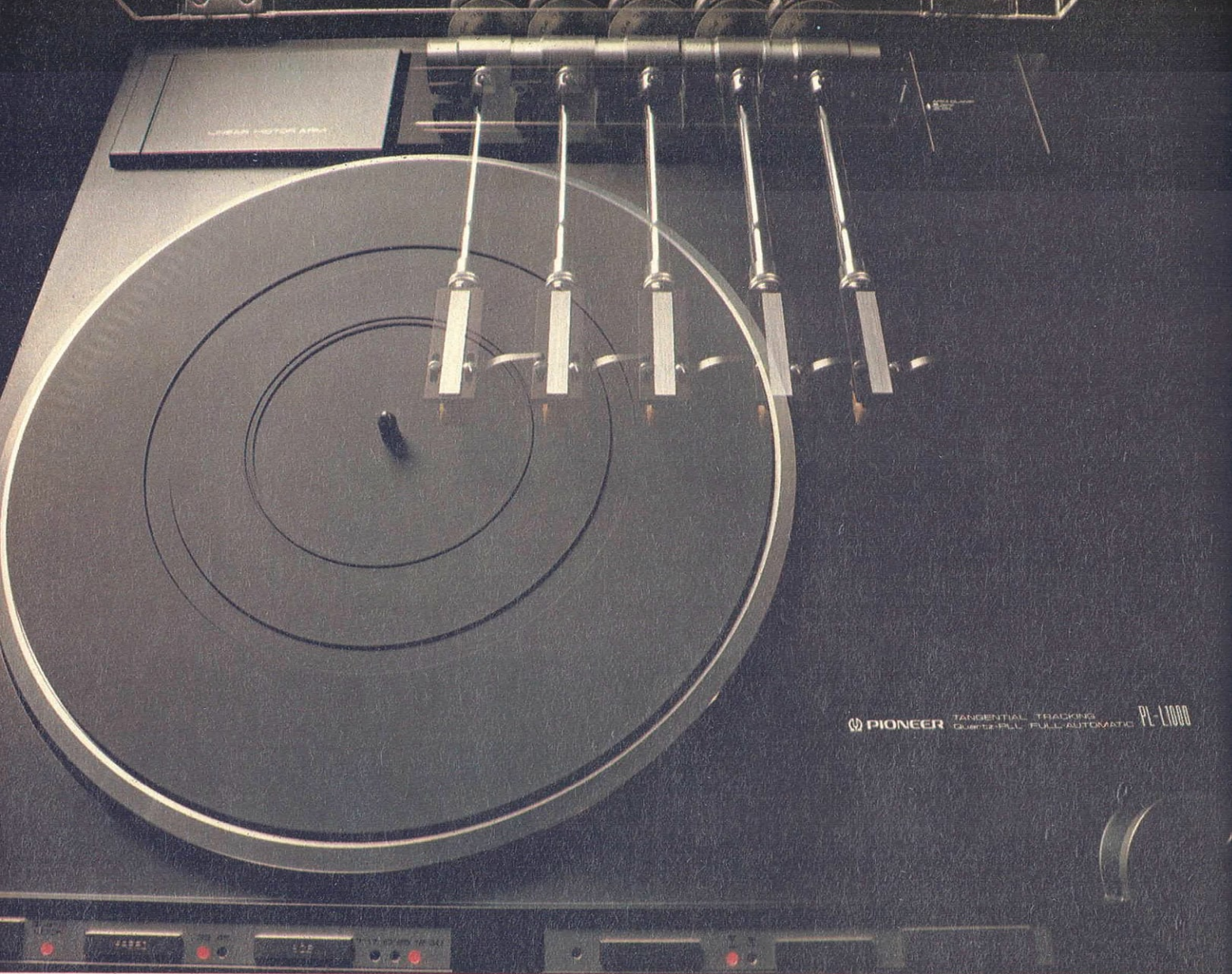
As 1969 gave way to 1970, the world of hi-fi was undergoing subtle but significant changes. In Australia, at least, it was evolving from a specialised hobby for the enthusiast into a home entertainment industry of major proportions. Not only was the industry making leaps and bounds in the technical sense, but it was making similar advances in the fields of marketing and distribution.

Just to reflect how far we have come since the days of the early Seventies, it might be worth noting that the standard turntable system was rim driven, with the belt drive mode gaining quickly. Direct drive, such a commonplace force now, was nowhere to be seen. And what of cassette decks? They were still used by

Left bottom: the Nakamichi 680 cassette deck (\$1200); left top: BIC T-2 (\$399). Nakamichi halves the standard tape speed (3 3/4 ips), while the BIC doubles it. At half speed the 680 has a frequency response of 10-15,000Hz $\pm$ 3 dB (10-22000 at normal speed); at double speed, the BIC's figures are 30-21,000 Hz $\pm$ 3dB (30-18000 at normal speed). Either way, you can't lose; above: Automatic Tape Response System Controls on Hitachi's A-5500 cassette deck (\$973).

Photographs by Jeff Rand





and large for recording voice. The serious fan would not even consider the day when the lowly cassette machine would duplicate music with even a passing level of fidelity. And if you suggested that within 10 years, the cassette deck would replace the open reel as the standard bearer for domestic recording, you would have likely been committed.

Along with the cassette boom came the power boom. As recently as 1974, when the Sonab P4000 was released on to the local market, its 50 watts per channel output was considered by one reviewer as "enormous". Today, such a power output is considered modest.

But perhaps the most surprising — and heartening — aspect of all is that the price of hi-fi equipment hasn't increased at the same explosive rate as its quality. That Sonab amplifier mentioned above retailed for \$475 on its release; and today, that same \$475 could buy you a similarly performed amplifier, with change to spare. As another example, take the case of JBL's Century 100 loudspeaker. These legendary bookshelf speakers were retailing for around \$900 six years ago; just recently, the 100

series was superseded by the Horizon series. The cost of the new, improved speakers? Under \$1300.

Right now, it's a buyer's market in the hi-fi field. And what a field it is.

Cassette decks: As has been the case for some years now, the sector of the market where the major innovations are centred is in the cassette field. The two most recent advances which manufacturers claim will continue the cassette revolution are: metal tape and variable speed decks.

Most of the newer up-market cassette decks, including models from Akai, Technics, Pioneer, Aiwa, Nakamichi and Hitachi, are now featuring metal tape capability. It is said by the makers that this new tape format, using iron rather than the conventional oxide formulation, offers superior performance to any other available tape variety, when used with a "metal ready" deck. And they may well be right. I've been evaluating a metal ready deck (the Aiwa 6700) for some weeks now, using a variety of tapes — all set to optimum bias/equalisation settings on the Aiwa's variable control system — and there is no doubting in my mind that

metal tape has the lowest distortion level and the most extended high frequency response of any tape tested.

"Heaven", I hear you say. Well, even heaven has its price — and in this case it's around fifteen bucks for a C-90 metal tape cassette. We expect that price to fall as demand picks up and economies of large scale production set in.

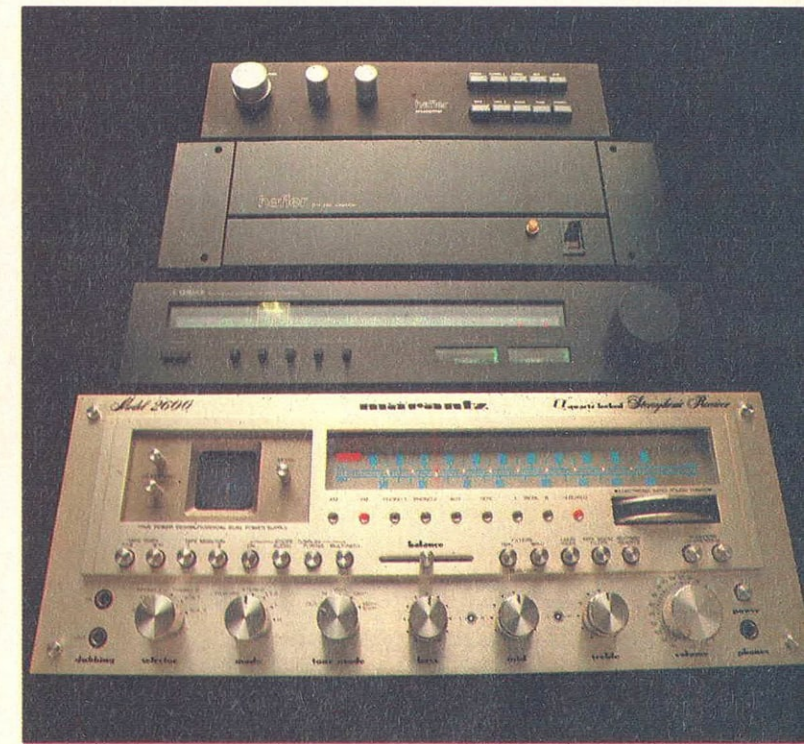
The second major advance in cassette technology, the two-speed deck, has been a long time in coming, considering that the two- and three-speed open reel machines have been a common sight for ages.

However, it appears that the problem was a legal one rather than a technical one, having to do with patents copyrights, royalties, and the like.

The first manufacturer to finally make available a two-speed deck was BIC, the company which revolutionised the record changer format a few years back. The four BIC machines play and record at the standard 1½ ips as well as the new 3¾ ips speed. Marantz is another maker which has followed suit and is currently marketing a range of two-speed units, beginning with the \$299 SD-1000.



Far left: Pioneer PL-L1000 (\$699), the first turntable to combine linear tone-arm tracking with direct drive operation. Left: AR-9 speakers (\$2700), one with grille, the other without, dwarf the Rogers LS3/5A Mini Monitor (\$590). The Bose 901 Series IV (\$1300), based on direct/reflected sound patterns. Below: on the bottom is the Marantz 2600 Receiver (\$1750) — capable of 300 watts per channel. Built-in is a three-inch oscilloscope display for optimum tuner reception. Atop the Marantz, — the Yamaha T-1 tuner (\$550), the Hafler DH-200 power-amplifier (kit \$675, assembled \$775), and the Hafler DH-101 pre-amplifier (kit \$398, assembled \$498). Combined, these three components provide the same basic features as a receiver, with increased flexibility.



While the increased speed will assure you of increased fidelity (some people claim the BIC T-4 to be the premier performing cassette machine available) it will also have the effect of transforming your C-90 cassette into a C-45 — effectively doubling the cost of your tapes. As usual, it comes down to the age old battle between price and performance.

Another manufacturer currently offering two-speed decks is Nakamichi. And as usual, they've gone about it differently than anybody else. Rather than double the standard speed, Nakamichi have chosen to halve it. Thus their decks offer 1½ ips and ¾ ips. Only a very confident and able manufacturer could halve tape speed and still retain high-fidelity reproduction. That Nakamichi have done this — and done it so admirably — is nothing short of a hi-fi miracle. By halving the tape speed, Nakamichi has, begun to put the expensive metal tapes within the means of most enthusiasts.

Meanwhile, there appears to be something of a bun fight looming on the horizon for the title of top dog in the noise reduction stakes. Dolby NR is the imperious and daunting champion of the

field. But now we have a new entry in the form of ADRES from Toshiba. ADRES stands for Automatic Dynamic Range Expansion System and unlike other noise reduction/dynamic range expansion systems it is not compatible with Dolby. Toshiba claims that the new system can provide up to 100dB dynamic range and improve the signal to noise ratio by 30dB. The ADRES system is available in this country either as a separate adaptor that can be used with your present tape player or as an integrated feature of Toshiba's cassette decks. The best of both worlds can probably be had with Toshiba's PC-X80AD unit which features both Dolby and ADRES.

One of the major convenience factors that records hold over tapes is the freedom to choose tracks at random. With tape machines it's not such a simple matter. Aiwa offers a partial solution with its cue/review operation which allows the listener to hear speeded up sounds in the fast forward or rewind mode, but Sanyo has taken the process one step further. On their D62, Sanyo incorporates their AMSS feature (Automatic Music Select System): a high speed search system

which automatically locates the gap between selections on a cassette.

There is much fuss, also, on the bias/equalisation scene. Hitachi's A-5500 deck features the Automatic Tape Response System which will match bias/eq to the three tapes most commonly used by the owner. Moreover, the JVC KD-A8 sets bias and eq settings automatically by recording a series of test tones and evaluating the results and setting the machine to optimum levels.

Turntables and cartridges: Turntable manufacturers have discovered the microprocessor — with a vengeance. After being the bridesmaid to the cassette deck for some time, turntables have had a new lease of life: there's an entirely new generation of turntable currently on the market.

The Pioneer PL-L1000 is the first turntable to combine direct drive operation with a tangential tracking arm — or as the blurb puts it: "a direct drive three motor turntable with: direct-induction linear motor for tangential tracking tone arm; high torque stable hanging rotor DC for platter; and an ancillary DC for full automatic functions." That's a mouthful,

but the damn thing works, and works well.

A few years back when ADC first introduced their Accutrac 4000 unit, the industry was abuzz as to whether this "programmable" machine was to be the look of the future. Well, the future is with us — ADC has now been joined by Optonica and Aiwa in the programmed turntable field. Not only does the Aiwa unit (the LP-3000) allow you to program the playing of a record's tracks in any particular sequence, but it offers tangential tracking to boot.

For those of us with patchy memories, Sanyo has come up with its Automatic Stylus Timer device on its Plus Q60 automatic direct drive unit. A worn stylus can do irreparable harm to records in a short time; but knowing precisely when to change your stylus can be a tricky task. The Q60 features a built-in timer which clocks the time the unit is in operation and stores the figure in its memory. Pressing the Stylus Life Display button activates a digital read-out. Neat.

Meanwhile, the big brother of the stylus — the often overlooked cartridge, is not being left behind in this helter skelter race for performance improvement. The newest Shure V-15 — the Type IV — continues that line's reputation of being one of the finest tracking cartridges available.

If you are taken by the mystique of the moving coil cartridge, you could do a lot worse than sound out the Dynavector 20B II or the 30A. Not only are these cartridges characterised by a smooth, clear sound, but they do not require a pre-pre-amplifier in order to make their signals compatible with your standard amplifier.

Electronics: With this country's imminent FM explosion, it's not surprising to find most manufacturers concentrating efforts in the receiver portion of the market, to the exclusion of the integrated amplifier sector. After all, when you can purchase a receiver for a modest sum more than a similarly performed amplifier, who wouldn't opt for the tuner/amp combination. New integrated amplifiers, consequently, have been relatively scarce but one unit to gain attention is the TA-120 from local manufacturer, AMW Acoustic Labs. AMW were responsible for creating a line of monitor loudspeakers which many a fine ear has judged to be amongst the finest speaker systems available. The TA-120 is AMW's first entry into the electronics field and as you might have guessed it's no ordinary amp. It features Class A/Class B operation, produces in excess of 60 watts per channel, sells for under a thousand dollars and sounds superb.

While the receiver is firmly entrenched in the middle section of the market, at the top end manufacturers are heading firmly in the direction of separates. SAE, Yamaha, Sanyo, Technics, Meridian, Akai and most other significant manufac-

turers have recently introduced new lines of pre-amplifier/power amplifier combinations. And some, such as Yamaha and Sanyo have included matching stereo tuners.

If you are in the market for electronics, especially receivers, now is the time to buy. One maker, Hitachi, has no less than six receivers currently available, priced from under \$300 to almost a thousand.

Of course if you'd rather the convenience of a receiver to separates, there are still ample to choose from at the top-end. You want 300 watts per channel, AM/FM stereo reception and a hernia, all from the one unit? Try the Marantz 2600. For something of a little less devastating capabilities, Bose — renowned till now for its innovative loudspeakers — has just released its Spatial Control receiver. Although the Spatial Control effect is primarily intended for use with the Bose 901 loudspeakers, the unit is compatible

“
Speakers are
peculiar beasts, in fact,
the only design
rule for speakers is
that there is no
design rule.”
,

with any system. But perhaps the most interesting units of the lot come from a small American maker, the David Hafler Company. David Hafler was the brainchild behind Dynaco for many years before he left to form his own company — thankfully he has taken the Dynaco principal of competitively priced, quality components with him. The Hafler pre-amp/power-amp combination is far and away the bargain buy in the top-end amplifier stakes. Both units are sold either in kit form or factory assembled. If you choose the kits (which are not too difficult to assemble), one of the cleanest, truest amplifier combinations, capable of 100 watts per channel, can be yours for a notch over \$1000. And if you are a real glutton for quality sound — and plenty of it! — it's possible, with the aid of an adaptor, to hook a separate power amp into each stereo channel for a total output of 300 watts per channel. The total cost of that system (the DH-101 pre-amp, two DH-200 power-amps and the bridging unit) is \$1800 (kit) and \$2300 (wired).

Speakers: "Almost finished. Only the speakers to go."

I'd been avoiding this moment. But I took a breath and blurted out the sad truth: "Actually, up till now, it's been a breeze. Speakers is where the going really gets tough."

"Oh."

"Right," I said, getting quickly into step, lest his depression should turn ugly. "How much room have you got for your speakers?"

"Room? What difference does that make?"

"Plenty," I offered. "If you've only got limited space you can go for a pair of quality speakers from Rogers, Chartwell, Denon or Celestion. The Rogers are the smallest — and probably the best — of the bunch, measuring in at 12 inches high. And they're only \$525 a pair."

"Ah phooey. At that size they couldn't have any bass."

"Well, sure, the bass isn't as deep and detailed as some larger and more expensive systems, but it'd prove quite adequate for most applications. You could add Audio Pro's Subwoofer which will give you all the bass you will ever need and then some and which features its own built-in amplifier and a price of \$989.99."

"Speakers are peculiar beasts," I continued, "in fact, the only design rule for speakers is that there is no no design rule. That's why you have the situation where speaker systems are simultaneously getting smaller and larger." I let that sink in for a moment. "At one end of the spectrum, you've got the likes of those mini monitors and at the other end you've got something like the magnificent Electro-Voice D."

"But I don't give a damn how big or small the bloody things are — just how good they sound."

This, I knew, was going to be difficult.

"Because there is no pre-eminent design philosophy," I began, "there is a lot of room for experimentation in the speaker field. The difference in the performance and features offered by the finest cassette decks, for example, is minor. Not so with speakers."

"Why, the difference between even the most expensive speakers can be staggering. In fact, sometimes I thank myself that my resources are not unlimited, because I reckon that if I had to choose between the AR-9, the DCM Twin Tower, Colin Waite's locally assembled Otoscan 3, the Bose 901 Series 4 and the aforementioned Electro Voice D, I'd go completely nuts. And," I added, "no two systems sound the same." I could see that this was the final, sickening blow.

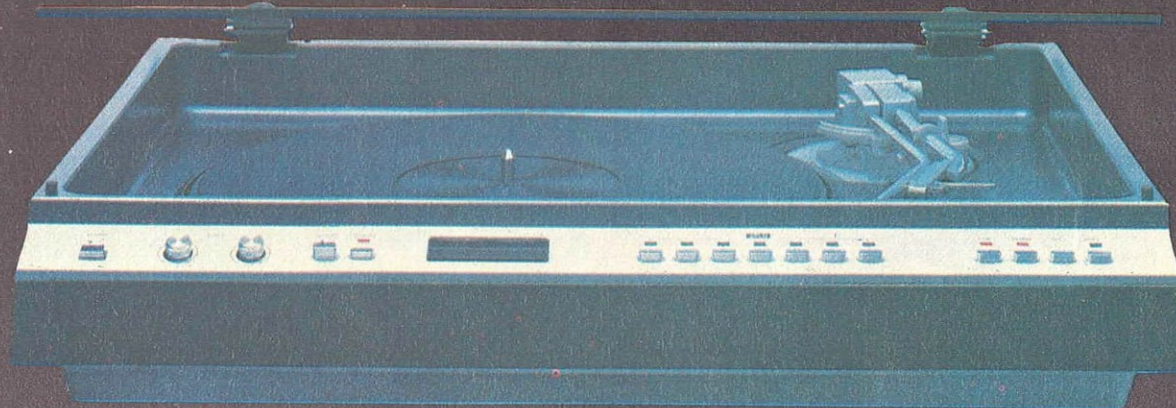
"Where will it all end," he offered somewhat pathetically.

"Probably in digital sound," I said knowingly. "But that's a long way off yet."

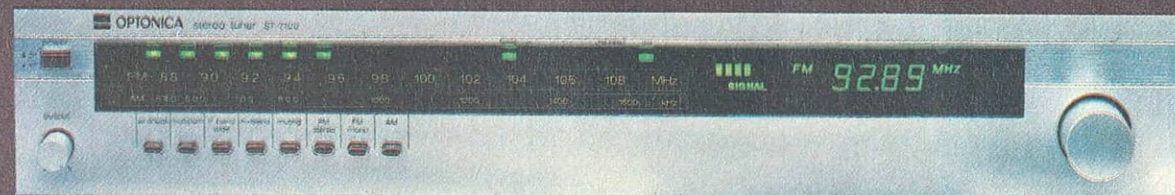
"Just like the 200 watts per channel amplifier was a long way off in 1972," I thought I heard him say. ☐

OPTONICA

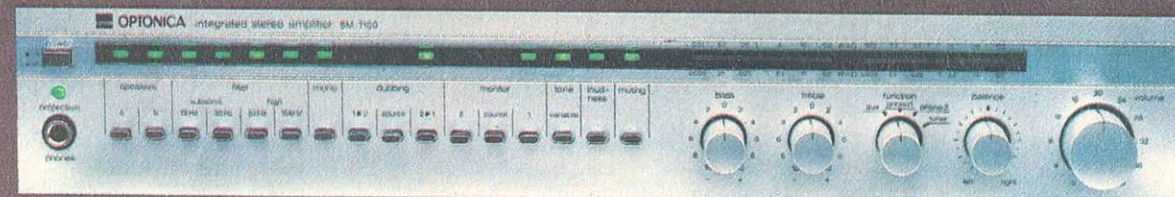
revolutionise Hi Fi with ultra-slim advanced digital technology



SHARP revolutionise Hi-Fi with new ultra-slim OPTONICA.
Performance is smoother, components are slimmer.



Micro-computer for smoother performance and sophisticated operation.
The sweet sounds of success are now slimmer, sleeker, smoother.



**Greater sound from brilliant compact Optonica's
Toroidal power transformer within these new slim amplifiers.**



Advanced digital technology brings this major innovative breakthrough — and Sharp leads the way.

Think Slim, Think Sharp, Think Optonica

OPTONICA by SHARP

For technical specifications, brochures and your nearest Optonica retailer, please write to:
Sharp Corporation of Australia, 64 Seville Street, Fairfield, N.S.W. Phone 02 728-9111

SHA 82D

IN SEARCH OF THE BODGIE

by STEVE J. SPEARS

Would old bodgies, mass rapists, cops and the rest of the pre-war punks come forward and talk? Is the Pope a Pole?

It all started quietly enough. I was in Melbourne living in a grotesque flat with my good friend and ally Felix (the flat was affectionately known as "Apocalypse Now") when the postman cameth. A letter from my agent in Sydney, inquiring how come I "hadn't written *anything at all* for nine months". "That's not true," said Felix. "What about that ep. of *The Young Doctors*?" "They said it wasn't good enough." He paused and scratched his belly. "Well, you *wrote* it dinya?" "Felix, my friend. Let me put it this way. If you were a writer and you had been knocked back by the *Young Doctors*, and I were your agent, what would you think?" "I'd think you should think I was thru." He was still scratching his belly. "Felix?"



Illustration by Martin Sharp

"Yes?"
"STOP THAT SCRATCHING!"
Felix rose with dignity.
"Amigo", he said with a gentle, almost pitying look in his little eyes, "it's not my fault you've got a writer's block. Nor is it my fault that your agent is worried about you. Please, do not disturb my wa nor yelleth at your droog and comrade."

"Felix?"
"Yes, Steve?"
"Why don't you take your 'wa' and your goddam 'bushido' and shove it?"

He sighed and left the room for his eighth poo of the morning.

There was another letter. "Dear Steve J. Spears, The Adelaide Festival Centre Trust would like to commission you to write a play." It went on about its being their Fifth Anniversary or something, then it said "We can only offer you \$2000, however..."

"TWO GRAND!"
"Eh?" That was Felix from the bowels of Apocalypse Now.

I left without my hat and rushed to the free phone near the synagogue. A man with a hat and a long Hassidic-type beard was using the phone.

"So anyway, Mel," he was saying, "this shiksa was so dumb. So dumb. I told my Ronnie this. I told him, Mel. You want brains, go to a Jewish girl. You want beauty, you go to a Jewish girl. You want troubles, you go to a shiksa."

"Pardon me." That was me.
"Excuse me, Mel. Yes young man?"
"I have to use the phone."
"Is someone sick?"
"Um... yes. I got a sick friend. Need a doctor."

He looked at me and scratched his beard. I resisted the urge to tell him to stop scratching. (I was not "at one" with scratching that month).

"Okay". To me. "Mel." To Mel he was talking into the phone. "Mel, I have to go. There's a sick man here. He looks angry." Pause. "Shalom to you too, Mel."

"You told a fib," he said to me as he left the free phone.
"That's right, sir. I did."

"But you got manners. Here. Take this."

The Jew gave me a dollar. Jesus, was I looking *that* bad?

"Dahhhhhhhhhling." That was my agent.

"Gedday, love. Guess what? They want me to write a *play*! They... want a play, Hil. From me."

"Super."

"But, Hil." (Hil's my agent.) (He's a she.)

"Yes, Stevie?"
"Hil... don't you understand??? They want me to write!"
"Darling boy, that's marrrrrvelous."
"Waddaya mean? Those people want to give me two thousand dollars!"
Puzzled pause at the Sydney end.

"Steve?"
"What?"
"Are you all right?"
"Sure. I'm fine." There was an old lady outside the phone box scratching her ear. Why was everybody scratching?
"Let's get this straight," Hil purred through the phone. "Someone has offered you two g's to write a play? Is that what you're saying?"

"Uh."
"And you don't want to do it?"
"Of course I do!"
"Then why are you yelling? (long pause) At me?" She was sounding a bit nasty.
"I wasn't yelling, Hil."
"Yes you were."
"Sorry, Hil."
"Sorry?" Shit. She was sounding real nasty.
"Very sorry?" I ventured.
"Stevie, Stevie, Stevie..."

The Minister for
The Arts (SA) began his
speech and at the same
point I felt the heel of the
reporter's stiletto shoes
grind into my foot.

"Hil, Hil, Hil."
The old lady banged on the phone box. She looked madder than Hil sounded.
"Well." Hil talking. "Well, why don't you write the play, dear boy?"
"What about?"
"Life's rich pageant, Steve. Pick a subject. Any subject and let that wonderful imagination loose on it."
"Life's rich pageant, you reckon?"
"I need the phone!" Old lady outside the phone box talking.
"Just a minute, Hil." To the old lady: "Is someone sick?"
"Um... yes," said the old lady, scratching her nose, "it's my baby. Whooping cough."
"Hil? I'll get back to you on that, all right?"
"Good lad, Stevie Wonder."
"Hil?"
"What?" She was getting impatient. Probably had one of her other writers sitting in her office, who actually wrote.
"What the hell do you mean by 'life's rich pageant'?"
"I need that phone." Old lady.
"Shut up." Me.

"You're yelling again. Goodbye." Hil.
The phone was cold. Dead.
Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.
I let the old lady into the box and gave her the dollar. Hell, I had two *thousand* of them.
"What's the dollar for?" she asked.
"Life's rich pageant, M'am."

Anyway, they flew me to Adelaide to give me the cheque. The ceremony was brief. Three other writers who had written *consistently* and *prolifically* were given their cheques, too.

"What's it like to be a one-hit wonder, Steve?"

"Pardon?"
"I said... you've done *Benjamin Franklin*... but what else, eh?"
"Who are you, Miss?"

"It's Ms. I'm a reporter from... (deleted on lawyer's advice)... and I want to know what gives you the right to get two thousand dollars while other better writers who aren't drunkards like you and sexist pigs like you and rich like you and aren't one-hit wonders like you, don't."

"Well," I pondered my reply. I mean, this was a serious question and the woman was obviously sincere.

"In the first place, Miss, I'm not really a sexist pig."

"Hah!"
"And," I went on calmly. (Maybe Felix was right about this 'not letting one's 'wa' be disturbed'.)

"And, in the second place I reckon ignorant sheilas like you should pull their faces in lest there be-eth a punch-up."

"Huh! Beat up a woman would you?"

At that point the Minister for The Arts (SA) began his speech and at the same point I felt the heel of the reporter's stiletto shoes grind into my foot.

She was smiling and taking notes about the Minister's speech.

I was smiling through tears of incredible pain. I couldn't yell. Hell, I was a famous author at a select gathering of artistes, politicians and celebrities.

I tried to move my foot. No go. I was pinned like a butterfly.

"In honor of these four wonderful Adelaide authors..." that was the Minister.

"Let me go." That was me.

"I did a course in self-defence, Spears."

"I've done karate," I whimpered.
"Black belt? I'm a third degree Tai Kwon Do instructor?"

"Bullshit."

She had a point there. In my foot.

"And so, as Minister for the Arts, I'd like to shake each of these young men's hands."

"Can I go now? The Minister wants to shake my hand."

"Sure," said the reporter.

As I hobbled over to get the cheque, I hoped that the blood wouldn't seep

through my sock on to the Festival Centre carpets. They cost a fortune to clean.

Mental note: stop picking on defenceless ladies.

Rob George, the playwright, took a small sip of champagne. He'd gotten a guernsey too.

"What are you going to write about, Rob?"

"I've got a theme."

"Yeah? That's great." (Bastard. What is it? Tell me. I need something to rip off.)

"Um, what's the theme, Rob?"

"Not telling. You'll rip it off."

"Haahahaha." Both of us.

Me: "More champagne, please waiter."

Rob: "That's your ninth glass."

"Is it?"

"Yes." He looked down at my foot.

"And, you're bleeding on the carpet."

"Rob? You're my friend, right? Thank you, waiter. Two more, thanks. I need a favor."

"What do you want?" said Robert M. George. "A theme?" Smug son of a bitch.

"No. Your socks. If you give me your socks, I can put two of them on my foot and that will make three socks and I won't bleed on the carpet."

"It'll ruin my socks!"

"So I'll owe you a pair!"

Rob pondered this.

"Orrright."

We went behind a convenient sculpture and got socked. No worries. Even Ms. (deleted on lawyer's advice)'s wound couldn't sleep through *that* lot.

"Rob?"

"What?"

"Aren't you going to ask why my foot is bleeding?"

"Nope."

Some friend.

"How did you do that?" asked the doctor.

"A woman stepped on my foot with high heels."

"Why?"

"She didn't like me."

"Uh huh. Listen, Steve, you'll need a tetanus shot."

"Doctor, we've been through this before. If you shove a needle in my arm, I'll faint. I've fainted in surgeries all over the country. You know that."

(Ever since I was a kid, I've hated injections. Some big man in a white coat chased little four-year-old-me round his surgery with this deadly implement. My mother was there. She and this man wanted to kill me! Had I been that bad?)

"Steve," said the doctor to 29-year-old-me, "just turn your head and sing a song. Pretend you're alone on a beach watching the sunrise."

Hippie bloody doctors.
The needle was getting closer.

"Doctor? What happens if I don't get the shot?"
"You'll die."
"Are you sure? I mean, let's take a chance, huh?"
"Don't be ridiculous. Roll up your sleeve."
"Can I have some Valium first?"
"No. I'm busy."
"Can I have some Valium after?"
"How many?" (We'd been through this before.)

"100. 10 mill. And some Mandrax."

"No Mandrax! They're dangerous drugs of addiction."

"How about some Mogs then?" (Mogadon... how low can a person get?)

"Listen, Steve... I have a surgery full of people out there. Roll up your sleeve, take your shot like a man and I'll give you Valium and Mogadon. And," he went on kindly, "you won't faint. I promise you."

I rolled up my sleeve.

I pictured myself on a beach at sunrise and sang a love song to a beautiful Nou-mean air hostess who happened to wander by. She took me to her father's castle and her father gave me 1000 Mandrax and she suggested a theme for my play. As we talked, the father, the hostess and I, the roar of the surf shook me. I struggled to help the hostess, all black and glistening in the wild water as she screamed out the theme...

The doctor was shaking me.

"What happened?" said I.

"You fainted."

"You promised. I wouldn't."
"I lied. Here's your scripts. Mogs and Valium."
"Ta. I got the theme! I got the theme! Doctor, I've got that bloody theme!"
The doctor didn't seem to realise how important this was.
"Piss off," he said.
"You know something? You have the worst bedside manner I've ever come across."

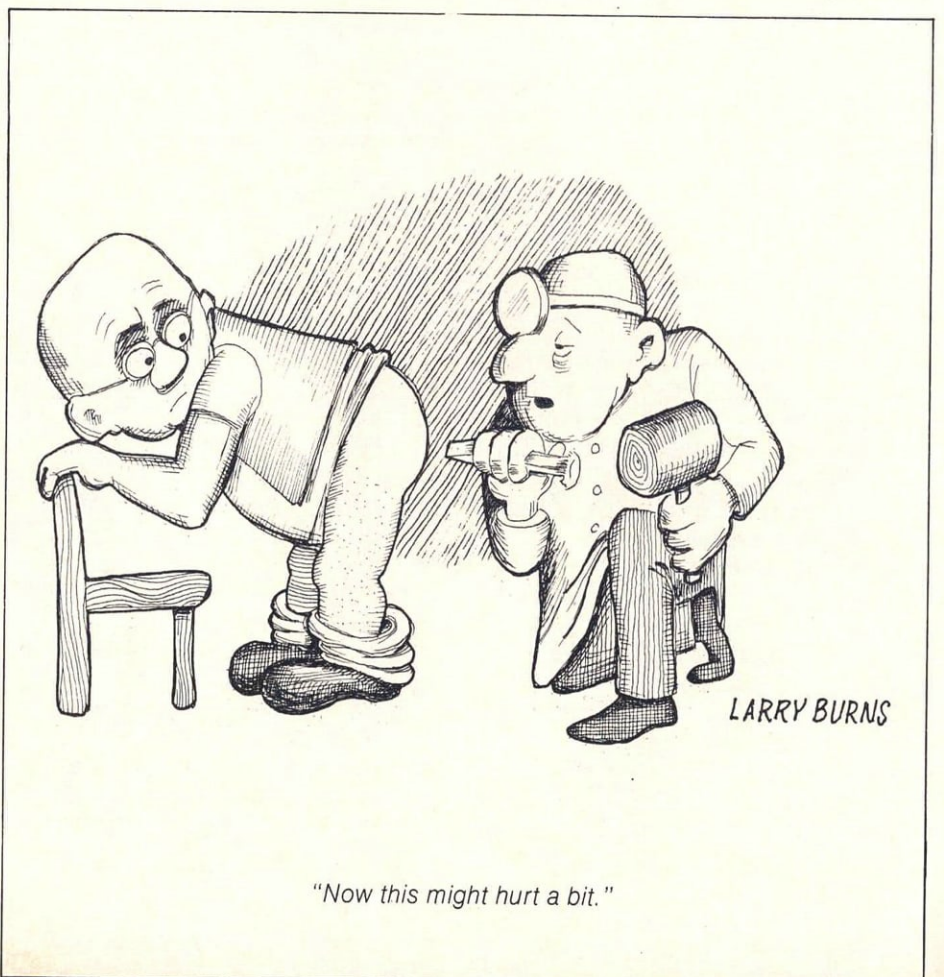
Partial quote from a letter to the Adelaide Advertiser (January 15 or something): "Sir, I am researching a play about the bodgie and widge cult of the 1950s. If any of your readers can help, please write to..."

Yep. The Bodgies. What a ripper. Do a whole *West Side Story* with that theme. It had a lot going for it. Nostalgia. Violence. Policemen. War of the Generations. Punk parallels. James Dean. Marlon. Elvis. The Penny Rockets. Uniquely Oz.

And then the *movie* of the *play*. Low budget job. Get the guy who did *Pure Shit* and do a *Mad Max* with it. FJs playing chicken. The Birth of Beat. *Happy Days* meets the Outback Urban Jungle. Johnny O'Keefe footage.

Cannes... here I come!
Broadway... I'm coming back!
West End... remember me? It's your own baby boy!

I sat in a quiet corner of my favorite Adelaide pub, The British, and nursed my



"Now this might hurt a bit."

often join them and kick on for a while.

Well, one night, I was kicking on and found a real bodgie who was just great. He didn't mind the cops too much but thought that the ones in Melbourne when he was a lad were far too indiscriminate in their methods of dealing with the *Bodgie Menace*.

The picture was getting clearer and clearer.

What I didn't know, however, was that a couple of local lads were *watching me at a distance*. They didn't like my talking to this ex-bodgie. They didn't like me because I've sold out. They didn't like the Festival Centre. They thought it should be burnt down. They thought that I should be taught a lesson. Christ only knows what they think about *Penthouse*. Anyway, they wanted a lift somewhere and I had my car and thought, yeah, let's go to a pizza place on account of maybe these lads know something about bodgies.

Mistake No. 1: I'd parked my car too far away from my friends' car; so it was just me and these two poets.

Mistake No. 2: I was wearing sandals instead of hard-edged shoes.

Mistake No. 3: A firm belief on my part that reason, humor, art and communication are mightier than a swift kick in the guts.

FLASHBACK: When I first went O.S. some friends in New York told me which areas of the city not to go to at night and that, when confronted by a mugger, take your money from your wallet and give them the money. That way you don't get a shiv in your guts and you get to keep stuff like driver's licences, Actors Equity card . . . you know . . . the things that are so tedious to replace.

Sounded sensible to me.

I never got mugged in New York.

I've never been mugged anywhere.

Except Adelaide. END OF FLASHBACK.

Well, one of them was fat and one wasn't. The fat one had an interesting line of logic that went something like: I'm a boogwah sellout shit living off the workers and using the Bodgie to make money from a legitimate working class movement. Therefore, he wanted (a) my money and (b) to hit me.

"Here you are. Eighty bucks."

(Whew. I'd kept the wallet.)

"I don't want your fucking money!"

"I thought you did." Me.

"Don't patronise me!" He.

Thump!

Not much chance of making a break for my car. No bricks nearby. Hmmm. Who are these fools? Feminists? Lefties? Fascists? Anarchists? Brothers of some lady I've upset? Messiahs? Naughty boys?

Slight pommie accent. Been overseas. Probably more your artistic type.

Thump!

Well, that was it, really. Coupla thumps and lots of insults. They must have spotted someone coming. The security guard was around somewhere. Anyway, off they went into the night with a "We don't want your money, you poofter coward!" And they threw it down on the ground. Twelve bucks.

Used to be 80.

I don't like violence. I never have. Just as the Bodgie Wars escalated because of a total clash of lifestyles and GREAT BIG HEADLINES, so I reckon violence — even on the level of the poets — begets more of same. Not an original thought, but I think it's true.

Anyway, I was upset. Angry. Worried that these fools might hit my family. Tense. Pissed off.

Talking to too many cops and robbers. Reading too many tragic cases of child neglect and police violence. I'd broken the first rule of investigative playwright-

I was smack dab
in the middle of 1955
wondering why the hell
people can't care. Or
better yet, leave
people alone.

ing: "Don't get emotionally involved." But I was. I was smack dab in the middle of 1955 wondering why the hell people can't care. Or better yet, leave people alone. I was 100 percent for the Bodgie. Not the crims. Just the lads who were trying it on, doing the odd bit of thieving in case their mates thought they were chicken. Just like you did and I did and the young have always done.

Well, I had to do two things. 1. Find out who the poets were. 2. Finish that bloody play.

I'd made some contacts in The Force and other circles and put the word around: "find these lads but leave them alone".

That was easy.

No. 2 was a bit harder. I needed perspective. I needed shelter. I craved a room, food, booze and to talk to more bodgies. So I betook meself to the country.

Nice pub. Good grub. Great people. You know who you are. Gedday.

I was strung tight when I got there. Paranoid. The local dance was on that night. I carried a pair of very nasty

scissors . . . just in case they were needed.

They weren't.

I spoke to the folks at the pub. Lots of bodgies there. But with a difference. They didn't intellectualise the bodgie . . . it was just a rage. It was a fun thing to do. And in most country centres the cops knew that.

So, slowly, I got my perspective back.

And I finished the play.

And I came back to Adelaide.

For those of you in the 'West', 'North' and 'East', I'll give you a quick run-down of Adelaide. It has about a million people. The return to "community", self-help, loving your neighbor and all that has caught on in a big way because the place is uniquely suited for the idea of "the village". The Inner City is small. It's got some good theatres and some amazing eccentrics. The Adelaide Club (cf. Melbourne Club) has never had much time for the likes of Don Dunstan or ex-Chief Justice Bray who wrote *poetry* and wore *grubby shorts*.

A judge I know was famous for saying Suck More Piss in a very loud voice at every opportunity.

In other words . . . it's a village.

It's a bad village for people out of work; people who have had their artistic fire snuffed out by booze, drugs and lack of recognition; blacks who venture too near The Adelaide Club. I remember when the blacks' favorite watering hole was The Carrington Hotel. Every night at 10, the blues would pull up with a few paddy wagons and toss a couple of dozen boongs in the van just to make sure the darkies understood where The Force was really at.

But those days have gone, haven't they Premier Tonkin?

May The Force be with you.

It's also not a real good village for old people. Community centres have sprung up in a lot of suburbs and I'm optimistic enough to think that slowly, slowly . . . the olds, the youngs, the blacks, the lonelies, the crazies, the camps, the cops, the mes and the yous of Adelaide will get what they want. And need.

The Great Bodgie Search had reached the end. The play was in Hil's hands. She liked it. Felix was in Wagga. Scratching. Rob M. George had his theme.

"Rob? You're my friend, right?"

"What do you want, Steve?"

"I want to tell you why that bitch stepped on my foot."

"I don't want to *know*."

"Because she was trying to *talk* to me."

He looked at me. Funny.

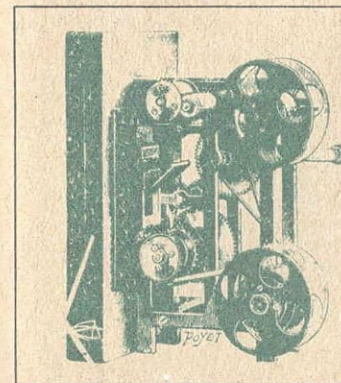
"Steve . . . I honestly don't know how you make it, sometimes."

I was too drunk to think of a snappy comeback. ☹



REVIEWS

FILMS



LIVING BY REMOTE

In a garden, growth has its season. There is spring and summer, but there is also fall and winter. And then spring and summer again. As long as the roots are not severed, all is well, and will be well, in the garden.

Are these words of wisdom or merely a gardener explaining an obvious principle of caring for the good earth? As spoken by the chief character in *Being There*, they're both one and the same. *Being There* is Hal Ashby's amazingly perceptive eighth feature film. From a man whose distinguished and prolific career has realised such classics as *Harold And Maude*, *The Last Detail*, *Shampoo* and *Coming Home* — films which gained 22 Academy Award nominations and won seven of them — Ashby manages to keep up his high standard of perfection and integrity with this tale of people's visions of reality.

Based on author Jerry Kosinski's 1971 novella, the film is one that's taken a long time to become a screen reality. Starring Peter Sellers as the main character, Chance the gardener, it was largely through Sellers' personal efforts that the film came into being at all.

And the fact that it took six years from the time Sellers first read the book in 1973 and decided that he was the only actor who could play Chance, and that director Hal Ashby should be the one to direct him, only serves to add to the final perfection of the film. A perfection that may annoy some viewers, viewers who may lack the patience to savor the refined flawlessness of each scene, the detailed attention to each facial expression, each movement, each setting. Some may even call it slow, for the satire is so patently deadpan, so finely integrated into each scene that even when nothing appears to be happening on screen, there is much that is being utilised to carry across the point, be it only a vacant stare from one of the principal actors, or the use of a specific and consistent gesture.

Kosinski's novella-turned-screenplay is based on the premise that the media — in this case television is the demon — can mould a person's character to such an extent that he will expect life to be exactly as he sees it portrayed on the small screen. *Being There* looks in depth at the effect TV can have on people and events — on how it can alter one's perception of reality. Chance is the vehicle used to expound Kosinski's theories . . . satirically with subtle touches of black humor, a feat that could have backfired had Ashby not kept so closely to the author's vision.

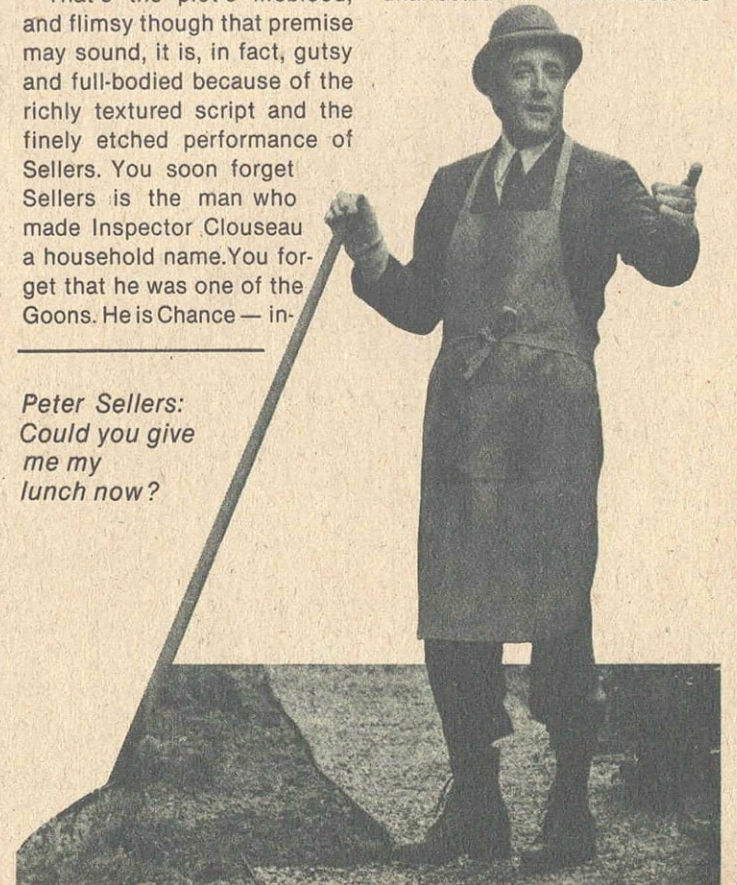
Chance is a quiet, gentle man. Slow-witted, illiterate and simple. There is one thing he knows much about . . . gardening. Sombre-looking in his employer/benefactor's 50-year-old suits ("He lets me wear anything I like in the attic"), he looks more the successful businessman than the man of

the soil that he is. Fed and taken care of by Louise, the "old man's" black maid, Chance spends every free moment — breakfast, lunch and dinner, in bed on arising and before retiring — in front of a television set. Remote control channel selector at hand, he flicks back and forth with childish intensity from station to station. And so our orphaned Chance, simple soul that he is, has everything he wants: he enjoys toiling in the garden, and he has the TV, his only view of the outside world, to keep him amused.

Not once in 30 years has he left the estate of his rich benefactor in Washington . . . but what would happen if he were suddenly forced to go out into that "real" world that he knows only through the television's medium?

That's the plot's lifeblood, and flimsy though that premise may sound, it is, in fact, gutsy and full-bodied because of the richly textured script and the finely etched performance of Sellers. You soon forget Sellers is the man who made Inspector Clouseau a household name. You forget that he was one of the Goons. He is Chance — in-

Peter Sellers:
Could you give
me my
lunch now?





wants only to watch TV, asking time and time again, "Is there a TV? I like to watch." Said each time with the most beatific of smiles ... a smile that more than once is misinterpreted. Chance wants nothing from life ... and because he doesn't want anything, people trust him, they feel charmed by him. He wants nothing because his unemotional upbringing has taught him none of the more human frailties and feelings. He merely waits passively for things to happen. They always do. They always have.

When Chance's benefactor dies — thus implementing the plot on to its interesting conclusion — the legal people come to tell him that he must leave the estate. An obliging, (though not quite comprehending) and undemanding ("Will you be making any claims to the estate?" the lawyers ask. "Claims? I make no claims.") Chance packs a few of the old man's suits and heads out into the world of reality. Poor Chance! Packing the most vital possession he owns — the most important item in his life — the remote channel selector, he sets off.

Jostled and buffeted by the crowds of downtown Washington, he stops a black woman. "Excuse me," he politely says. "I'm hungry. Could you give me my lunch now?" Asking her this in much the same way he had asked Louise, the black maid, for 30 years. The pedestrian's sidestep to avoid him is indeed comical, but one can sympathise with poor, homeless Chance. And that's where Ashby has us, the audience, throughout the entire film — on Chance's side. We believe in him, we sympathise with his predicament, and the fact that TV has helped foster this individual's docility, his childishness, does little to make the audience feel antagonistic towards the simple, unaffected Chance. As the day grows long,

Chance realises that he'll have to find a garden soon. That's all he knows.

Fronting a group of young black boys, he sincerely asks, "Could you please tell me where I can find a garden? Winter will be here soon and I'll have to put the seeds in the ground."

"His answer comes in a menacing stream of abuse. And our Chance, who has only experienced violence vicariously, quickly grabs his remote control and points it at the gang. He flicks the switch. But nothing happens. This is life and not a program. He's appalled that the gang does not disappear and some other more pleasant scene does not take their place ... doing as millions all over the world do nightly ... trying in vain to tune out reality.

As night begins to fall, fate steps in. Eve Rand's (Shirley MacLaine in a small, uninspiring, though necessary role) limousine backs into Chance, who while watching himself in a shop-front video screen (which he mistakes for a giant TV set)

backs into the oncoming traffic and into the path of the car. Wife of prominent financier Benjamin Rand (Melvyn Douglas putting in a performance that will rival his excellent portrayal in *The Seduction Of Joe Tynan* and one which won him the Best Supporting Oscar this year), she persuades Chance to recuperate in the Rand home. His undemanding demeanor impresses her, as it does the slowly dying Ben, close friend of prominent political figures that include the President of the United States (Jack Warden in an appealing cameo). His charm, an imitation of the polite mannerisms of his hosts, impresses the leader of the nation and when an opinion is sought on a complex political and financial theory, Chance replies with his theory of gardening mentioned in the opening paragraph. It's a sentiment that those hearing it misconstrue as a compelling and valid parable for the state of the economic nation ... a quote that the Presi-

dent broadcasts to the nation the next evening. Overnight Chance — called Chauncey Gardiner by those that see in the bland and blank Chance what they want to see — becomes a celebrity. And his reaction to it all ... the same beatific smile with which he greets all of life.

For Peter Sellers, after a career that has seen more than 50 feature films, this could well prove to be his crowning achievement. His Clouseau may be comic genius, but his Chauncey Gardiner is the product of a consummate actor's great love of his art and dedication to his craft. As he said of his starring role in *Being There*, "... the part required the most care of any I have played ..." The care is there for all to see. It deserves every accolade. May all continue to grow well in Sellers' garden of talent.

Not many people in Australia may have heard of the hero of American late-night viewing, Steve Martin, but after seeing a

comic gem of a film entitled *The Jerk*, there will be few who could not appreciate the off-beat, zany and, at times, sick humor of the star of *Saturday Night Live*. It's perhaps a humor which may not appeal to all — it may, in fact, offend some, but ... what the hell? It does make audiences laugh. And the fact that nearly every major US critic panned the film as childish, abysmal, etc, etc, hasn't stopped *The Jerk* from attracting the dollar, millions of them, at the box office. I don't care what anyone says — money talks ... especially in the movie game. Call it an art film, call it a class film, but if it doesn't make a sou at the box office, forget it. Any film investor, producer and critical critic will have to admit that as *one* of the basics of filmmaking. What's the use of a film, no matter how highbrow, if no one will take out their wallet and extract \$4.75 to go and see it? And millions of people are opening their wallets and seeing *The Jerk*. It's funny. It makes you laugh. You laugh so much, you can't possibly think of anything else. Clutch your sides and enjoy it. What's wrong with that? Nothing, as far as I'm concerned.

Called a "rags to riches to rags story", that pressbook phrase aptly describes the entire plot of *The Jerk*. Navin Johnson (Steve Martin) is the one who goes from poverty to wealth and back again. Instant replay.

The Hollywood strip flashes on screen, zooming in on a crowd of people. It's obviously a first night, and the bejewelled ladies and their tuxedoed escorts mill around beneath the marquee. Victor J. Kemper's camera pans slowly across the glittering crowd and zooms into a side alley, focusing on a bum. One of three. Martin in rags — whisky bottle ready, a red and white striped thermos at hand. Talking to the camera, he says, yes, he'll be happy to tell his

story (who asked I wonder ... but then who cares? Without that there wouldn't be the funny 33 minutes that follow).

Flash back to a black family's shanty shack. Ma and Pa and too-many-to-count piccaninies dancing to home blues. All in step and rhythm. All, that is, except one, overalls slipping off his shoulder, legs far too long for the pants' length. Wait a minute ... this man's, wait-for-it, white. And a loser. It's his birthday and all he wants for dinner is a tunafish sandwich, a can of Tab and two Twinkies (all-American junk food sponge cakes filled with mock, mock cream).

But all's not lost, for that same night, lying in his bed, his feet begin to twitch to the sound of music. He snaps his fingers. Man, he's finally got it ... rhythm and soul. It's definitely time to get out on the road and make his way in the world. And before he goes, Ma and Pa have some very important news to tell him ... he's adopted. Shock! Horror! Martin's face cringes in the most overt display of dismayed emotion since the golden days of the silent films.

"Ya mean I'm gonna stay this color?" he wails to his mother. "I'd love you if you was the color of a baboon's arse," is her sensible reply as she clutches him to her side. Call it funny or not. It brought the house down the night I heard it.

So, the poor, hapless backward lad sets out on the road of life as a \$1.10-an-hour gas pump jockey at a filling station, a clumsily dressed (top hat, goggles and scarves) weight-guesser at a carnival, to head of the miniature steam train concession. And somewhere along the line he finds time to invent Opti-Grab, a looped device that prevents your glasses from sliding down your nose. An entrepreneur markets the invention, and in better business fashion gives Navin 50 percent of



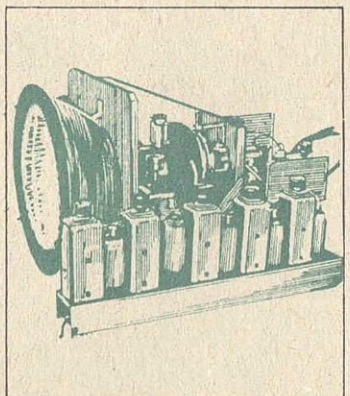
Bill Peach: one man industry

the profits. Navin's rich. And Navin finds time to fall in love first with a bikie called Patty (Catlin Adams, a tough little number), then with a fluff of a girl called Marie (played with great humor by Bernadette Peters) who plays trumpet solos at the end of her love duets with our hero. She's that kind of a girl. It's that kind of a movie.

Too good to be true, all this love and money business, and in true Hollywood fashion it all goes wrong. To divulge how would ruin at least 1000 laughs — well, maybe 100. Our hero loses all (the girl and the money), gains it back and lives happily ever after.

That's not a bad return for your \$4.75, considering the laughs, considering the fun. Who cares if the continuity doesn't continue? So what if a bullet ridden car races off into the sunset and the bullet holes have miraculously disappeared? In a film like this, it really doesn't matter. The only two things director Carl Reiner (Oh God!) and star Steve Martin were interested in were having a good time and sharing it. They've obviously succeeded on the first count ... they really look like they're having fun up there on the big screen. And talk about sharing it? Chuckles, giggles and belly laughs are guaranteed. — Alex Anthony.

TV



PEACH'S CREAM

About the only way to escape from television apart from dying, is to go on holiday. And that is not as easy as it sounds, unless one takes the drastic step of visiting Burketown or possibly Fitzroy Crossing, and even there one is likely to bump into the intense young men who film *A Big Country*.

Of course there are those who would not contemplate a holiday without nightly access to the small screen. They travel vast distances, then spend the evening in exactly the same way as the other 11 months of the year, except they pay \$50 a night for the pleasure. Thus the hotels and motels that advertise in flashy neon "Color TV All



The Jerk: Ya mean I'm gonna stay this color?



Rooms" are usually packed. It's sad, really.

But I believe that an enterprising travel agent could make a reasonable thing out of promoting tours to areas where they've never seen Don Lane, never heard of Mike Walsh and hold the quaintly innocent belief that soap is merely for washing the body.

However there is one problem. They would not be able to watch the ABC program *Holiday*, in which the affable Bill Peach tells of distant and exotic places where they've never seen Don Lane, etcetera.

The program is one of those moderately entertaining ones the ABC produce from time to time. Nothing ambitious. More like a tastefully shot home movie, if indeed there has ever been such a thing.

Peach takes viewers to Thailand and the United States and Russia and, for all I know, Upper Chad, and tells them what they will see and how much it will cost.

But I have one complaint. Peach seems to travel the world with ease, not once falling foul of bad-tempered customs officers, thieving waiters and grasping tourist guides who appear to have half-shares in every souvenir and handicraft shop in town.

I have never heard complaints from him about sitting on an aircraft for 12 hours next to a bawling child or an elderly lady who spends the entire flight caressing her rosary beads. Or worse, the well-travelled businessman of modest success who regales you with fascinating stories of near air disasters in which he has been involved.

Nor does Peach appear to have trouble during his conducted bus tours. I find this odd. Every bus tour I have taken has been less a round of beauty spots and historical sites than forced visits to handicraft shops.

In one tour I took in the Philippines, the four hours consisted of:

- A one-hour look at churches, most of which were in danger of collapsing.

- Three hours of being funnelled into handicraft shops which, the guide assured us, would give us a special deal because he happened to be married to the owner's sister.

- Wanting to go to the toilet.

In Guam I took a bus tour which boasted that it was a "full-day excursion showing the island's great beauty".

Unfortunately, Guam is only slightly larger than the Melbourne Cricket Ground and at 1pm the guide turned towards our expectant faces, shrugged and announced there was nothing more to see. We had visited the lot! By lunch!

"But now I will take you to a very good shop which will make you a good deal," he said, without shame. "I can guarantee it. The shop is owned by my brother-in-law."

This never happens to Bill Peach. And another thing I have noticed in his programs, especially those filmed in South-East Asia, is that they are remarkably free of Australian tourists.

It is astonishing how he manages this. South-East Asia is packed with Australian tourists. There are more Australian tourists in South-East Asia than anywhere outside the Gold Coast, and each one is an immediate expert in the delicate art of bargaining with local traders and each one is robbed blind.

How well I remember standing in a temple trying to feel a certain awe because it contained the shin-bone of a holy man or some such relic. At least it was cool and quiet.

Then behind me I heard the unmistakable shuffle of things and the muttering of voices. I turned around. Coming towards me was an entire Rugby League

team from Sydney, every man wearing a T-shirt bearing such ethnic messages as "Australian Chunder Champion" and "Bondi Drinking Team".

I wonder how Bill Peach avoids such confrontations. Hopefully he will explain in one of his programs.

Peach has become something of a one-man industry since he left *This Day Tonight*, which had by then grown tired and trite.

He took viewers around the country with his long-running *Peach's Australia*.

In another series of programs he showed the cities of Australia. It was not so lengthy because we do not exactly have an over abundance of settlements that could come within the category of a city.

Each program stayed within a strict formula — a little local folklore, some brief historical references, a minute amount of criticism and splashes of handsome vistas.

The one exception to this was his episode on Sydney which dwelt at some length on the fact that, away from its waterways, the city is an ugly sprawl of car yards, telegraph poles, red brick houses and pollution.

Peach was astonished when the critics were outraged. But he was right. Most of Sydney is about as beautiful as an old painted hag and nowhere near as interesting. And any charm the business areas of Sydney may have had was destroyed long ago during the regime of Sir Robert Askin and his developer friends.

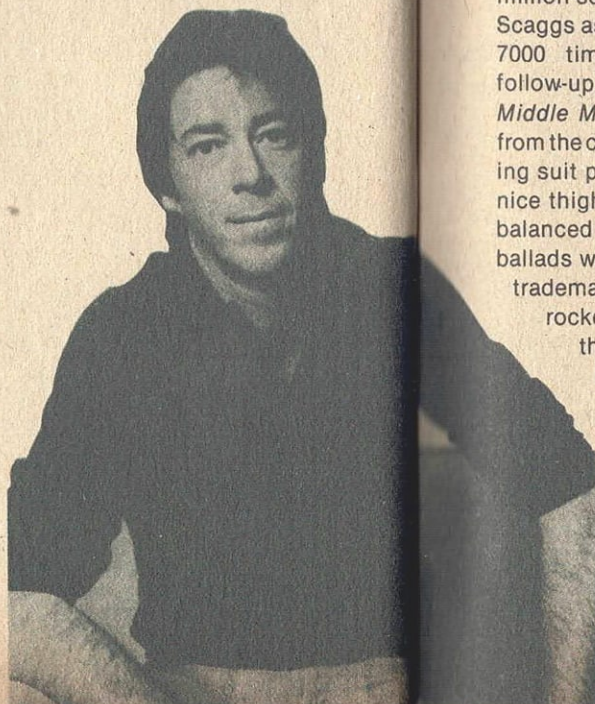
Out of these programs Peach has produced books which have sold well and kept the ABC content. But there have been those around the ABC — and outside, as well — who have complained that the *Holiday* program is little more than advertising, that it sullies the purity of the national network because it gives the price of

tours and the names of travel agents.

Among them has been Dr Clement Semmler, former deputy general manager of the ABC, who wrote: "There is no justification for ABC viewers to be affronted by blatant advertising at the end of each item, with details of price, availability and the name of the travel agency... so it comes about that something which is far more appropriate to commercial television (in the unlikely event that it would be interested) appears on the ABC..."

(I raise Semmler's criticism only because of his former position with the ABC. Since he left that organisation, he has been writing a column in *The Sydney Morning Herald* in which he continually snipes at his former employers. I cannot but wonder why he did not thunder along similar lines when he was the deputy general manager.)

Semmler's criticism is nonsense. Australians are avid tourists. Their tongued feet travel the world in vast numbers. They want to know how much it costs for, say, a couple of weeks in Bangkok, what to see, what to avoid. (They would possibly also like to know the going price in Patpong Road, which is around \$5



to see a sanitised version of a sex show, but Peach's program is screened in family viewing time).

Apart from that, I envy Peach. He has one of life's better jobs. He receives wages and expenses for doing what most people dream about all year.

If the whim takes him, fly to some distant and exotic place untouched by television. To a land where they've never heard of Bill Peach. — Neal Akerman.

SOUNDS



BETTER BOZ

Boz is back (again), and in good form too. *Middle Man* (CBS) is almost as good as *Silk Degrees*, the 1976 million-seller which launched Scaggs as a crooner, and about 7000 times better than the follow-up, *Down Two Then Left*. *Middle Man* has a lot of style, from the cover art — Boz in morning suit propped against a very nice thigh — through two well-balanced sides of the drifting ballads which have become his trademark and the up-tempo rockers in which some of the best session players in the world are given the reins.

Boz Scaggs

Jo Jo, the album's opening cut, sets the standard with the familiar David Hungate/Jeff Porcaro rhythm section leading into a superb sax solo from Adrian Tapia. If there is a fault here it is simply that Scaggs and his co-writer David Foster rely a little too much on past glories. Breakdown Dead Head, for example, is very similar to Georgia off the *Silk Degrees* album, and there isn't a hell of a lot between You Can Have Me Any Time and Silk's Harbor Lights either. But this is nit-picking. In Boz Scaggs' case familiarity doesn't breed contempt. You Can Have Me Any Time combines a sensitive vocal with gentle orchestration and a soaring Carlos Santana guitar solo and, for my money, is worth the price of the album in itself.

The cover photo of the gorgeous lady by the pool at Noumea's Club Med, the escapist nature of several of the song titles and the fact that it was recorded at Byron Bay's Music Farm aside, *Ayers Rock's Hot Spell* (RCA) owes more to 52nd Street than to any holiday resort. A long time out of the studio, the Sydney jazz fusion band has come back revamped and slicker than ever.

Whereas in the past Ayers Rock tended towards good ideas gone wrong (eg. Song For Darwin) *Hot Spell* is elegantly understated in the best traditions of US studio bands like Steely Dan and Mark-Almond. The songs are short and to the point, and there is little of the intra-band grandstanding that characterised earlier work. In fact the solo work, particularly that of guitarists Chris Brown and Jimmie Doyle left me panting for more. Best cuts? The slow-boiling ballad Distant Places and the funky On The Avenue.

You have to be big (about as big as the Beatles in fact) to put



out an album in a plain white cover. *10CC* isn't there yet, but it won't be long if the packaging of *Look Hear* (Mercury) is any guide. To set the record straight, there is no album laboring under the title Are You Normal, by The Group. Patient fans will find the real names of both the record and the band hidden somewhere on the vinyl.

It must be said, however, that 10CC's self-confidence is completely justified. This band can do no wrong — or at least hasn't yet. *Bloody Tourists* was a pop-reggae masterpiece. *Look Hear* continues in the same vein, although the edges are a little harder. Clever lyrics, always the band's forte, abound, and it's interesting to note the emergence of guitarist Rick Fenn as a songwriter to equal Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman.

Fenn's Don't Send Me Back, a plea for the boat people, is one of the album's highlights and his joint efforts with Gouldman (How'm I Ever) and Duncan MacKay (Welcome To The World) indicate a depth of songwriting talent which should stand the band in good stead in the unlikely event that Stewart/Gouldman run out of ideas.

There was a time (ageing reviewer brushes the sand from his thinning hair) when the release of a new album by the *Beach Boys* was cause for much stomping and the breaking

open of a nine gallon keg behind the surf club. Times, alas, have changed. Surf punks of the 1980s don't have much time for old, fat, bald men given to eccentricity and strange cults, even though they still make beautiful music. *Keepin' The Summer Alive* (CBS) speaks across the sands of time, but I fear that only we geriatric surf junkies are still listening.

Here, aided and abetted by such luminaries as Joe Walsh, Caleb Quaye and Daryl Dragon, the BBs trace their roots back to California schooldays and the music they invented, high-school. Along the way they recall the great days of surfing and hotrodding, Big Sur, the acid experience and country soul.

Intentional or not, this album is a timely musical autobiography of one of the most intriguing bands in the world. Even the most ardent fans must have had reservations about last year's dreadful, disco-riddled *Light Album*, but Summer takes us back to happier times. Back to *Good Vibrations* for Sunshine, to *Pet Sounds* for When Girls Get Together, and to *Friends* for beautiful Santa Ana Winds. This last song is the perfect centrepiece for the album. It's about the breeze that blows the smog out of Los Angeles every fall. Here it could also be about blowing away the





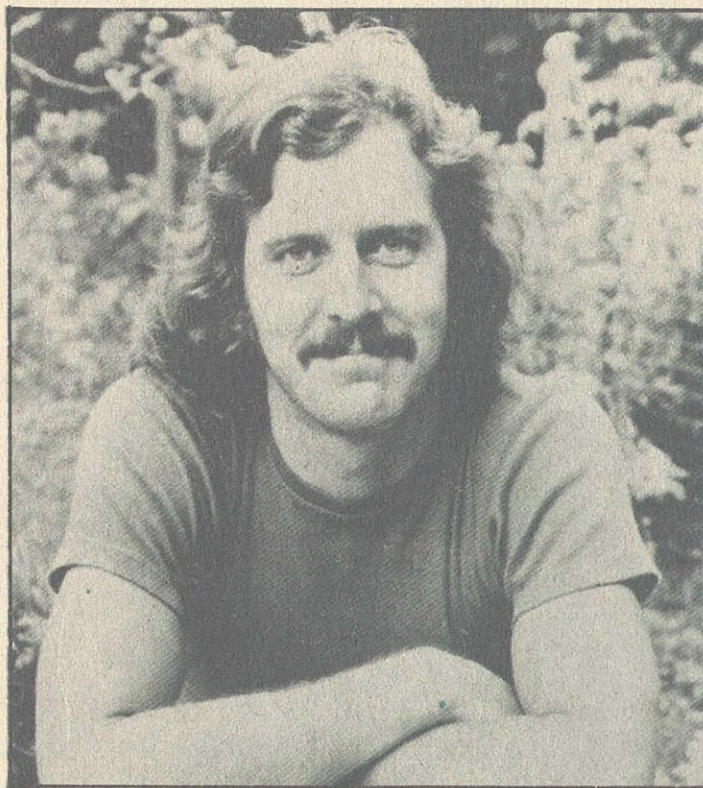
mental smog from too many years spent hunched over a moog in a recording studio.

Mike McClellan, best remembered for the Song And Dance Man single, is not currently fashionable. For this reason *Laughing In The Dark* (EMI) will be ignored by all but the diehard Orstralian folkies (ie. those who still believe that Gary Shearston will be a star one day). This is a great pity because McClellan's album contains some excellent and familiar material. Listening to it is rather like slipping into an old pair of tried and trusted boots. Sympathetically produced by Alberts wizards Vanda and Young, backed by some of our finest session players (Tommy Emmanuel, Kirk L'Orange, Pig Morgan) McClellan performs his songs in the relaxed manner of one who cares little for the dictates of musical fashion. The sound is simple and spare and the album's best song, The One I Love, has been in my head for a week and a half and it won't go away.

Greek multi-instrumentalist **Vangelis** wrote, performed and produced one of the great unsung albums of last year, *China*. With Yes vocalist Jon Anderson, Vangelis should crack the commercial success jackpot internationally with *Short Stories* (Polydor). The former sideman to Demis Roussos trades his strange percussion and keyboards effects against the shrill and forceful Anderson vocal with some amazing results. Hear You Now is the most accessible cut but the whole album grows on you with every play. — *Phil Jarratt*.

"Music has power to loosen the grip of obscure emotions... the enthusiasm of the heart expresses itself involuntarily in a burst of song."

These words from the *I Ching* are part of the liner notes on



Michael Franks: funkier and more positive.

Michael Franks' entry into the Eighties, the album *One Bad Habit* for Warner Brothers — and there is certainly a lot of enthusiasm and obscure emotion contained in it.

The music is a funkier, more positive effort than Franks' more recent recordings. Melodically strong, with sparse cleverly-conceived lyrics, this could give him some well-deserved airplay. After all, they did play Christopher Cross.

As usual, arrangements are precise and well executed by New York and LA front-line session men.

The set opens with *Baseball*, which compares love with this sport of strikes, curves and home runs and contains the clever lyrics "Here I am behind in the ninth, the counts 3 and 2, End the game like Beethoven's Ninth, is what I must do".

Inside You features tasteful string lines by Clare Fischer. You could, if you felt like it, dance to All Dressed Up With

Nowhere to Go, with its Quincy Jones style horns. The soft acoustic approach to the oriental Lotus Blossom makes it a stand-out track and is the one song on the album where Franks shares the writing, this time with keyboard wizz Don Grolnick.

On My Way Home To You is perhaps the weakest track, with one standout line — "Suddenly love's so MGM".

Still Life is another quality offering and is one of Frank's best songs for some time. He Tells Himself He's Happy has a Randy Newman feel and really drags on a little too long.

Listen to the superb solos of master guitarist Eric Gale featured on several cuts. This album is another worthy addition to Franks' previous releases and could win him some new fans.

Canada's troubador **Gordon Lightfoot** has a new album called *Dream Street Rose* on

Warner Bros. An uncompromising artist, he has always produced quality product and this is no exception.

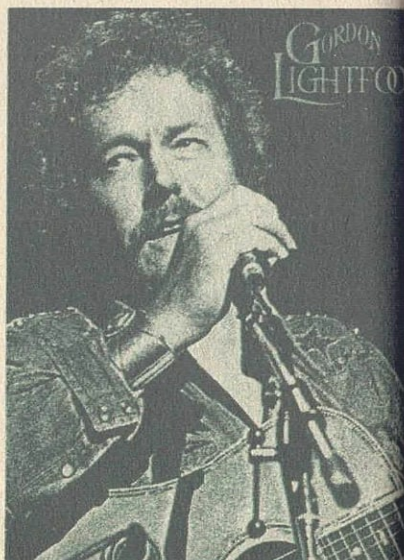
There are no real surprises as Lightfoot weaves his way through sea shanties and love ballads, all carrying his particular philosophy. The sudden break in pace on the salty Ghosts Of Cape Horn sends shivers down my spine.

Then there is the sad wistfulness of the title track, the fantasy of the dusty old memories in Whisper My Name, the sweet surrender to Mr Rock Of Ages. Technically the album is excellent, which comes from the use of digital recording.

There are some talented sidemen to complement Lightfoot's rich warm vocals in the shape of Michael Omartian, Herb Pederson and Nick De Caro.

Lightfoot breaks form with a version of Leroy Van Dyke and Buddy Black's classic The Auctioneer which, considering the feeling generated by the rest of the set, brings the album to a close with an unnecessary jolt. Lightfoot is a romantic poet, whose lyrics stand colorfully and dramatically without the addition of music.

This is the kind of album which takes you on a journey of imagination. — *Carol Ashdown*.



WORDS



BORNEO REVEALED

Not so long ago the people who run things in Canberra began telling us that Australia is really a part of Asia, as if one night the whole continent stealthily moved north and west and we woke up to find new neighbors on our doorstep.

It was a shift in policy our new regional partners greeted with a marked absence of flag-waving, cheering and general rejoicing. Thankfully, most of the countries concerned were too polite to respond to our diffident offer to become a leading force among the nations of South-East Asia.

Manfully overcoming our hurt feelings because they wouldn't forget the allegedly unofficial White Australia Policy overnight, Australia's finest were sent to carry the glad tidings and to act as fore-runners for the tides of packaged-holiday tourists who would reveal the secrets of our culture to the Asians.

It was too bad our cultural ambassadors also revealed that generally, we didn't have the faintest idea of what actually lay between Bali, Bogius Street and other tourist points beyond.

Assuming anyone recognises a need on our part to correct this situation, it's with

books like *A Stroll Through Borneo* (Hodder and Stoughton, \$22.95) that we will build up the depth of knowledge essential to any true understanding of the peoples we now call neighbor.

Reminiscent of the works of 18th and 19th century wandering naturalists and dilettante explorers, it is a remarkable account of a young man's five-month journey through the back blocks of Sarawak and Indonesian Kalimantan.

James Barclay went to Borneo with a team of seismic contractors engaged in oil exploration. After taking part in a stamina-defying three-day village harvest festival, he decides to cross Borneo from west to east, following the great river systems which are the highways of the villagers who live beside them throughout the interior jungle.

Sometimes walking, sometimes travelling by dugout or high-powered river boat, Barclay was made welcome at the traditional longhouses of the many villages he visited — and therein lies the book's greatest appeal.

Barclay doesn't write with the scholarly approach we might have expected were he a student of anthropology, but he is an intelligent and perceptive observer. The easy social acceptance he received allowed him to write about the Penans, Ibans, Kenyahs and Kayans with a degree of insight into their daily existence I found enthralling.

He was by no means a simple observer, taking part in festivals, wild pig-sticking melees and running rapids of varying intensity in boats of varying fragility — one of which left him clinging desperately to a clammy, sheer rock face before being swept through the archetypal raging torrent.

Aside from the test of endurance, there were two other burdens Barclay had to bear — officialdom and missionary

zeal. With the first, he survived through a sort of fatalistic forbearance and a cheerful willingness to ignore the petty rulings. For the second, he developed an unrelenting antipathy, based on the effect of Western religious belief on the people about whom he writes so affectionately.

This affection certainly doesn't stop him recounting the less attractive sides of the Borneo people, and for any future Borneo-walkers I can say it is not wise to walk behind anyone who has recently feasted on durian.

The fact that *A Stroll Through Borneo* contains this sort of detail, as well as far more important data, gives the book an unforced, natural feel and a powerful sense of the myriad mysteries which make up daily life in the jungle. It should be required reading in Canberra, even if it won't directly help us sell more coal or yellowcake.

Australia's answer to the famous *Guide Michelin is the Guide Bonvoyage*, put together by a team based in Indooroopilly, Queensland. It's reasonable to compare it with its French forebear, because it does a very good job indeed considering it is in only its second year of printing.

It shares most of the attributes of such guides by providing lots of detail on what seems like every whistle-stop in Australia, using those myriad tiny symbols so beloved of magnifying-glass makers.

While the local product carries some advertising and does not have as much secondary information or as many maps as the *Michelin*, it makes up for it with sections on New Zealand, and the Pacific, including Papua New Guinea, Norfolk Island, New Caledonia and Tahiti.

It also offers a "holiday pass" for \$30 on top of the book's basic price of \$17.95. The pass

provides a range of conditional discounts on meals, accommodation and tourist attractions.

Copies can be obtained through Sydney 26-5010 or Brisbane 378-8825 — *John Hampshire*.

I remember my first teacher of metaphysics, the one who gleefully introduced himself to the class as "the son-of-a-bitch who's gonna teach you Aristotle".

He used to say *tempus fugit* a lot. He seemed to think that was very funny.

He brought me up one day, though, with a clean right to the frontal lobe when in the middle of a discussion he asked me: "Deutsch, are you alive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how the hell would you know, Deutsch? Have you ever been dead?"

The concept of mind over matter, as it's raised in Dr Kathleen Raine's new book *Blake and the New Age* (Allen and Unwin, \$19.50) is hardly a new one, no newer than "which came first, the chicken or the egg" —



What is Man?
The Sun's Light when he utters it
Depends on the Chirp that he hears it

BLAKE and the NEW AGE

Kathleen Raine



it was the egg, by the way, since fowls are descended from reptiles and the first fowl to appear must have come from a reptile's egg — but our generation's acceptance of its more radical implications is. No one who has ever enjoyed the sheer perversity of a game of three-dimensional chess or chewed on the stem of a martini glass while watching *Mastermind* can afford to be without this book. Neither can anyone who is in touch with modern popular philosophy.

"To be is to be perceived" was not news to Plato or Plotinus, or to Bishop Berkeley who, as late as the 17th century, would have done well to wear his asbestos underwear while the Inquisition was reading his jottings on the subject. It certainly wasn't news to William Blake (1757-1827), painter, poet, mystic and would-be sexual revolutionary whose followers include Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlos Castaneda, Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg, who claims Blake came to visit him once through a multi-storey window in New York while Allen was smoking grass and reading Blake's poetry.

Berkeley's theory of the physical universe — from which Blake borrowed extensively, as Dr Raine proves — is that it is nonsense to talk of a thing's existing if no one is around to perceive it. Everyone knows the old question — if a tree falls in the forest and there's nobody to hear it, is there a sound?

Well no, not really. Not if you agree with Berkeley: "For as to what is said of the absolute existence of unthinking things without relation to their being perceived, that seems perfectly unintelligible." And the question is not so academic as it may sound.

Matter, so we were told by a long-haired freak named Einstein who abstractly arrived at

the theory in his study in Princeton, New Jersey, was not an absolute as we thought it was. It was equal to energy times the speed of light squared, and matter and energy were interchangeable. Einstein's premise is still labelled the "atomic theory" but to the denizens and relatives of some former denizens of Hiroshima it's no theory.

With Berkeley, Blake and the drug culture of the Sixties which is rejuvenating with amazing speed, we find the survival of one of the world's oldest questions: is all our so-called knowledge based on faith, the dumb, simple faith that we can really say we know anything at all?

As Blake put it:
*He who Doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er Believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.*

This book is not for everybody, but anyone who has ever awakened at three in the morning wondering what the hell sense he can make out of his life will benefit from reading it. And for those who immerse

themselves with pleasure in utterly mind-blowing problems which, once asked, cannot be easily dismissed, it is a must.

Kathleen Raine is one such person. Born in 1908, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge, she undertook in 1945 to read the complete works of every author Blake mentioned. With all of Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden and a multitude of minor, if prolific, authors behind her, she undertook to speculate about which authors Blake must have read but *hadn't* mentioned.

Dr Raine speaks of Blake as advocating "a New Age... and what else is a New Age but a change of premises?" And the change of premises which Blake prescribed, according to Raine, "exists not in material but mental space, an immeasurable, boundless world of freedom". His reversal of Newton's laws of physics to a world in which our perceptions are more important than materialistic concepts "might seem less a revolution than a restoration" to something resembling the world of flower children, the world of *Hair*, a world in which, as Blake said: "Everything that lives is holy." *Hair's* back: so is

Blake. By all means read this book if flower power — I mean, like, flower *power* — is of any interest to you.

If not, give it to the cerebral creep who minds petty cash at the office and ask him how come he is so sure he is alive if he has never tried out being dead. — *Richard Deutch.*

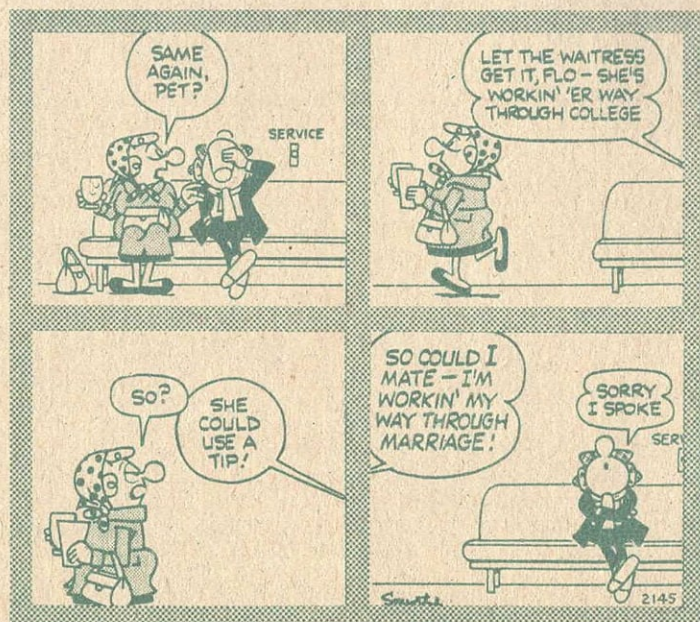
Somebody once asked Flo, Andy Capp's long-suffering wife, why he always wore his cap down over his eyes. She confessed she didn't know for sure, but she had a theory: "It's to shield his eyes from the glare of his nose."

Men may come and men may go, but Andy seems to go on forever, thank God. The latest collection of *Andy Capp* (Mirror Books, \$1.98) is probably cartoonist Reg Smythe's best to date. There's something about Andy that seems to bring out the latent drunken wastrel in each of us, or as he put it when he spotted the vicar going into the licensed betting office: "I like to think there's a little bit of bad in *all* of us."

A noble sentiment, like his reflections on liquor ("there's no such thing as strong drink — only weak people") and womanising ("that girl could be the downfall of yer — if yer lucky!"). Flo, who does her best to keep up with him ("I do me best to share 'is interests — but after the sixth I'm plastered") would, of course, be completely lost without him. As would we all.

There's nothing to recommend this book but to quote it, which is high praise indeed. Some things are so good they just speak for themselves; as Andy said in the pub when Flo pressed a twenty pound note on him: "If there's one thing I like in a woman, it's booze."

Don't (a) lend this book to a friend, or (b) leave it in the loo, which is tantamount to the same thing. — *Richard Deutch.*



There could be new excitement just over your horizon.

Now there's a male contraceptive made for excitement as well as safety.

Horizon.

Four kinds of condoms.

Four kinds of pleasure.

Choose from Prime. Sensitive. Transparent.

Conture. Actually contoured for extra sensitivity.

Tahiti. Contoured and in a range of exotic colours.

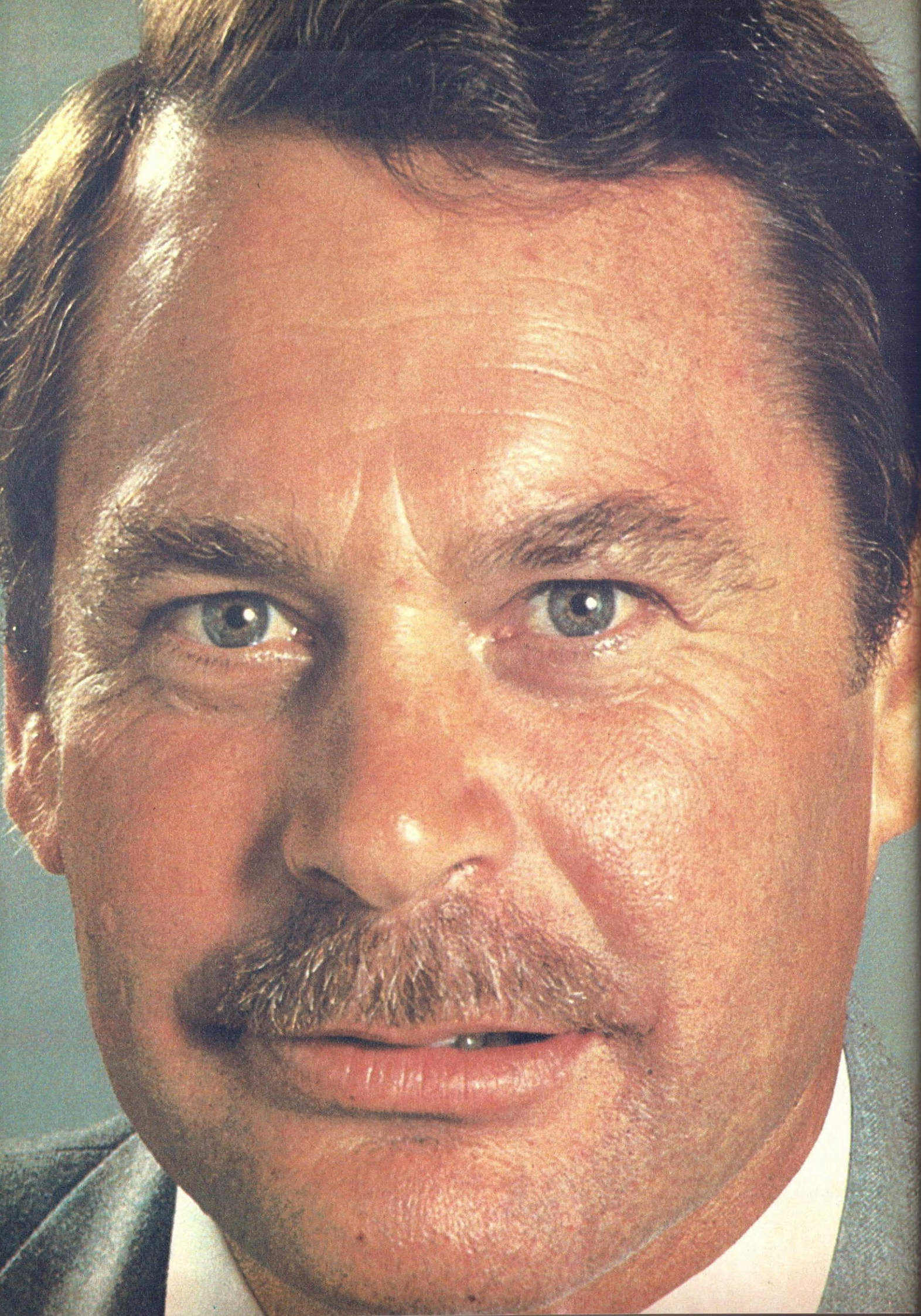
Stimula. With a textured surface specially designed for her pleasure.

All with our exclusive, satiny SK-70 lubricant, formulated to make love making easy and natural.

Horizon.

An exciting new experience you both will love. Available at Chemists everywhere.





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

RON BARASSI

6

Sport is much more than just a game.
At the top there is the endeavor, dedication
and skill needed on all sorts of levels.

9

There is a story told at pubs around Melbourne about the Aussie Rules supporter who was watching his first footy match in Heaven. He noticed the game was being dominated by a footballer wearing a jumper carrying No. 31. The player was taking spectacular marks, bursting through packs to gather up the ball, kicking goals from everywhere and generally winning the game on his own. He was also ordering the other players around and occasionally giving advice to the umpire. The supporter turned to St Peter and said: "I see you've got Ron Barassi playing up here." "Oh no," replied St Peter, "that's not Barassi, that's God. He just thinks he's Ron Barassi!"

Ron Barassi is Australia's best known figure from our four football codes. In fact you would be hard put to find an Australian who wasn't familiar with the name Barassi. As a player and later a coach his exploits and achievements are the stuff of legends. He was, and still is, Mr Football, a most uncommon Australian whose passion for winning and striving for excellence have earned him a place in the 122-year-old history of Australian Rules that will probably never be equalled.

It was Barassi who, back in the late Fifties and early Sixties became the game's first ruck-rover, a mobile tank who was able to fly with the big men or scout around the packs picking up the crumbs with equal ability. An amalgam of strength, agility and speed whose inspired, tear-away style of play initiated many attacking moves that lifted the Melbourne team out of periods of negative, patchy play.

As everyone in Victoria knows he carried the famous red and blue No. 31 jumper into eight grand finals — six of which Melbourne won — and captained one of the great teams of all time. Then in an unprecedented move which shocked football fans throughout the country and dominated the Melbourne papers for days, he transferred to Carlton, where he coached his new club to resounding premiership victories.

The myth of Ron Barassi supercoach was already established when, in 1973, after a year of premature retirement, he signed an agreement on a serviette during a breakfast meeting at a Melbourne hotel and took over an ailing North Melbourne. Within three seasons and with the help of a visionary administration and the expensive seduction of top players from other clubs,

Barassi had taken North from wooden spooners to its first ever VFL premiership. The same year North Melbourne, playing the Barassi style of fast, play-on football, won the Australian Team Championship in Adelaide against the top clubs from other States.

Barassi's connection with the three VFL clubs has involved him in 10 premierships in 27 years. In 1978 he was awarded the Order of Australia for his contribution to football. The same year the best book ever written about Australian football, *The Coach* by John Powers, told the story of a season with Ron Barassi.

Barassi continues to coach North in 1980, although there is great speculation as to whether he will do so in 1981. For years there has been talk as to the chances of him returning to his beloved Melbourne to see out his final years as a coach. Whatever the coaching situation, there is no chance Barassi will slip away from the public arena. In recent years he has recognised his fame and expertise as a marketable commodity and, unlike any footballer before him, he has packaged himself into a many-faceted product.

He writes a nationally syndicated column for the newspapers, broadcasts on television, has lent or rather sold his name for advertisements and he gives motivational lectures at \$600-\$700 a time to many of Australia's most progressive companies.

In order to gain this interview for *Australian Penthouse*, writer Mark Reynolds had to arrange three separate limited-time meetings with Barassi through his personal manager, David Robb. Such are the demands on Barassi's time these days that he has to operate according to strict schedules.

Reynolds found Barassi a likeable, disarmingly honest person who was as forthright in his opinions about Aussie apathy, sex — "it's great" — the women's movement and his own vasectomy as he was about football and his concern for Australia's sporting life in general. But the ego that must supply his enormous drive and dedication was rarely evident. It was more his boyish enthusiasm and occasional glow of humbleness that highlighted the 44-year-old Barassi's personality. Barassi currently lives with his artist girlfriend Cheryl Copeland in a St Kilda flat where he is regularly visited by his two teenage sons from an earlier marriage. His daughter Susan, 19, lives with him.

Penthouse: Australian football has seen some big changes in the past five years. In particular there's much more money involved and the attitudes of clubs and players is far more professional. What sort of money can a top player make in a season?

Barassi: Well, you hear figures of \$40,000 mentioned. I don't know how true they are. I honestly don't have anything to do with the player contracts at North Melbourne, and I don't want to. I don't really care how much they get. Good luck to them if they can get as much as they can and as long as the club can afford it. But there is a movement, as you may realise, among the football administrators to slow down the trend towards high salaries and transfer fees, because quite frankly, the clubs just cannot afford it. What the public doesn't realise is that most clubs would not survive without their generous donors and hard working fund-raisers — honorary people who are risking their own career, their own business perhaps, their own marriage, because of the time put into a football club. They do that because they love the club. Now that's great, that's all beautiful, but, by gee, it is a strain and I don't know that it can go on much longer.

Penthouse: What do you reckon the average league player gets?

Barassi: About \$6000 to \$7000, maybe \$8000.

Penthouse: What about all the under-the-lap payments?

Barassi: The Taxation Department has investigated every league club and if there was any of that it would certainly have been put a stop to by the taxation boys. They just checked out everybody, and everyone was running very scared — so I don't think there will be any more of that.

Penthouse: Are many players making money from product endorsements and sponsorship?

Barassi: No, there is not much money there. To make real money you've got to play regularly. It's a winter game, it's mainly in the southern parts of Australia — there just aren't huge fees available. There would be if we were more truly national. That's why players, a small percentage of players, could be in the big money bracket if we got to Sydney and captured some of the Sydney market. Sydney is very important to the future of our game.

Penthouse: Do you see a regular competition in Sydney?

Barassi: The ultimate thing to do is get a team that lives in Sydney playing each Saturday in the VFL.

Penthouse: When do you think it might happen?

Barassi: It could happen next year if they made a decision. There are several ways of doing it. It would be quite a bit easier if a team from here went up there and played

from there. But that doesn't look like happening. The other way of doing it is the way the Americans expanded their five or six professional sports over the past 20 or 30 years. A city gets a franchise to exist with the new club of whatever — ice hockey, basketball, football — they convince the people that it's a viable thing — this new franchise in this new town. And then under some agreed-to rules, each of the existing clubs has to provide some players to that new club so the new club starts up with a chance. There's no point in a new club getting thrashed every week.

Penthouse: So it's really a manufactured thing?

Barassi: Yeah. Well, if the Sydney players were good enough to stand on their own two feet you wouldn't have to do that, but they don't at this stage, and they mightn't for 20 years. It's just a matter of making the decision to do it, and it would take a year to organise. You see

It's not for
the coach to prove
that he can boss
people, prove that
he's a bloody
megalomaniac.

a club like Collingwood, which is the most famous football club in Australia, might say our first concern is the members, and if we play in Sydney it will mean they will miss one game in 22. Now, that's a very admirable attitude, but if that attitude was carried out by everybody to its extreme, in 30 years' time members won't have a game worth barracking for. So how much are they really looking after their members? And Collingwood is one of the leading teams in Australia and here they are with this very narrow attitude. They should be the opposite. It would be fantastic if they led the charge towards expansion. In the beginning, Sydney could operate with one team in the VFL. They play every second Saturday down here and up the tube it goes. It's got to be done by the tube — the TV is a big factor in all this. So the Sydney people see it on television every second Saturday, and every second Sunday we go up to Sydney and televise it back to Melbourne. I see Sydney as the key because of the huge population.

Penthouse: Have training techniques changed a lot in the past few years?

Barassi: Yes, enormously. This is good because it is increasing the standard.

Penthouse: But at what expense? Aren't the clubs intruding too much into a player's private life, demanding too much of his time and emotions?

Barassi: How are they doing that? Any player who is having an emotional disturbance that is affecting his play... if he's the right type of person he will want to straighten himself out for all sorts of reasons, including his play. And, anyway coaches and secretaries for hundreds of years have been mothering that sort of upset. So that's not new. Perhaps the coach or the secretary might now, more than before, tend to bring in an outside expert to help a player through his problems. I don't see anything wrong with that at all.

The thrust of your question worries me. You're saying, "have you the right to interfere?" Well, I'd say to that if a player is not interested in getting better and being involved with a group whose sole aim is to win a premiership, then don't be in it!

Penthouse: How much should a coach attempt to dominate a really individual, sometimes difficult player? For instance a Croswell or a Kekovitch, two brilliant players who've had a succession of heavy confrontations with you?

Barassi: I understand that some players need different or special treatment. And I guess that's what is called "man management" skill. You have got to judge how much of the iron fist you use and how much of the velvet glove. And with fellows like that who do go to the outer limits of your elasticity that man management skill is critical. But they've got to realise that there's a certain line that nobody goes over, and that line is there because if it's broken we won't achieve our objective — it's all for that objective — that's why we are there.

It's not for the coach to prove that he can boss people, prove that he's a bloody megalomaniac. We are not there for that. We are just there to win a premiership. And unless there is a certain discipline that premiership won't be won.

Penthouse: Do you still subscribe to the idea that the club is more important than the individual?

Barassi: Yes. In the football scene, yes. But to the individual in that scene, he's the most important person. I mean, you're the most important person in your life.

Penthouse: Do you subscribe to the idea of win at all costs?

Barassi: No.

Penthouse: Where do you draw the line?

Barassi: Well, there's hurting and there's hurting and sometimes — well, you hurt a player every time you drop him into the seconds, but it can't be helped, that's the rules of the game he's agreed to play. There are certain things I wouldn't do, such as risk a guy's life, such as commit

When is a Henri Wintermans half better than a whole?

Gentlemen in fine shape agree that a half corona is a fine shape for a cigar. Because a half corona's ample but not overlarge size gives a smoke of unparalleled flavour and coolness.

Note the generous cut at the end of a Henri Wintermans Half Corona. Don't fall for a little vee — it won't smoke as well. Note also the outer wrapper of quality Sumatran leaf. Superb.

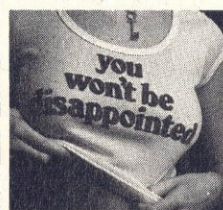
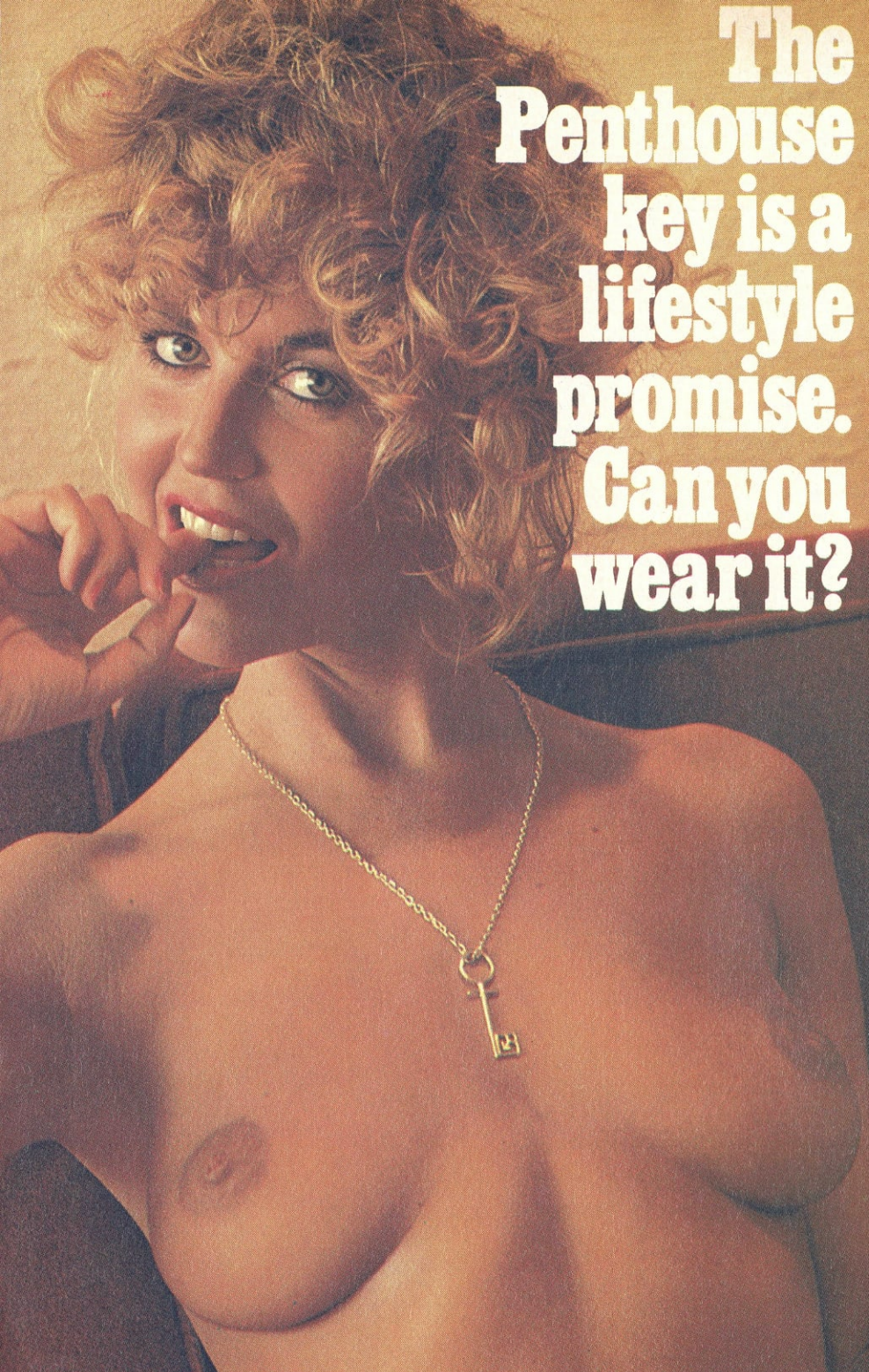
Fine shape.

Fine company.

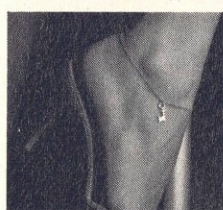


**HENRI WINTERMANS.
HALF CORONAS.** The nicest cigars in the world.

The Penthouse key is a lifestyle promise. Can you wear it?



The Penthouse key symbolises a lifestyle. As a neckchain, it comes in 9ct gold, silver or gilt. And you can wear it with a Penthouse "You won't be disappointed" T-shirt or nightshirt, or a key anklet — gold plated silver with a gilt chain. Please fill in the form below and allow 21 days for delivery.



- | | | | | | |
|--|--|---|-----------------------------|--|----------|
| ☐ women's T-shirts in sizes 8 | ☐ 10 | ☐ 12 | ☐ 14 | ☐ @ \$7.50 each | Total \$ |
| ☐ men's T-shirts in sizes S | ☐ M | ☐ L | ☐ XL | ☐ @ \$7.50 each | Total \$ |
| ☐ nightshirts in men's | ☐ women's | ☐ @ \$12.50 each | | | Total \$ |
| ☐ gold keys @ \$295 | ☐ silver keys @ \$49.50 | | | | Total \$ |
| ☐ gilt keys @ \$16.95 | ☐ anklets @ \$27.50 | | | | Total \$ |
- I enclose my cheque/money order for \$_____, or please debit my
Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐

A/c No. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____

Order not valid
unless signed

p/code

Post to: Penthouse Mail Order, GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001
Australian Penthouse, 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

foul acts — I wouldn't go beyond my own principles. I'm not sure how that comes across as a definite statement but you don't win at all costs.

Penthouse: How hard can you drive a player before he tells you to get stuffed?

Barassi: Well, you've got to pick your mark there, and sometimes you make a mistake. The more you explain the more you build a picture of what sacrifices are needed, the more commitment you help them achieve, and the more you can drive them. But you are really aiming for them to know themselves enough and for them to be involved enough to have self-motivation. Because when they are out there, they are by themselves, they are not with you. They are the ones that do the job. You're just the icing on the cake!

Penthouse: How much do you get involved with the players' personal life — in terms of smoking, drinking, sex before the game, marijuana smoking — that sort of thing?

Barassi: Well, my old coach used to say, everything in moderation, and I think I've only ever interfered once, and that was last year. I just got sick of blokes smoking at half time — we were going through a bad patch of losing, and we had a few with colds. I said, right, \$50 fine for anybody caught smoking. Smoke at home, but if we come home and catch you, you're gone. But that's the only time I've said anything like that. But we try to encourage them not to smoke, but we know they are going to smoke, so what's the point of being heavy about it. Drinking — well, we lay down rules about drinking in pubs during the week because they put themselves under pressure from people saying so and so's been drinking. If you're going to do it, then do it privately. And I don't mind them having a real hit out after the game on Saturday night, as long as they behave themselves and don't get paralytic and stupid. That impinges on them as a person. But for an athlete after a hard game on Saturday, I reckon it's a good thing to relax.

Penthouse: What about the old adage regarding sex before a game being a bad thing?

Barassi: Well, I wouldn't recommend it for a single man who's not getting much. But for a guy who is, then I don't think it does any harm.

Penthouse: What about marijuana smoking? Do you have any attitudes to it personally and also as a coach?

Barassi: I think it comes under the same category as other indulgences. And also players are putting themselves under pressure there, too. That's got connotations of being a bloody drug addict and all sorts of things. Boy, oh boy, I tell them not to be in that at all. It's their own business, but they've got to be very careful because they are in the public eye.

Penthouse: You receive a considerable income from lecturing companies on

motivation and allied subjects. How do you think you help them?

Barassi: I have a few original thoughts on the subject. I think coming from the area of competitive sport, and particularly the VFL jungle, perhaps I'm listened to a bit more. This is the point. It doesn't matter what the words are all about if they're not listened to and taken notice of, and acted on. All those sales managers and managers are like coaches. They have been saying the same things to the same group with the same voice for a long time. I try to give them a fresh approach. Same as we get people from other sports and businesses to talk with our players, again for the slightly different approach. It comes through fairly strongly that I believe in what I say. It's not a drummed-up bullshit thing. I think I'm pretty good at getting over the message of something that I believe in, and I believe very emphatically in what I say on these motivation things.

Penthouse: What are some of the original thoughts you think you've got?

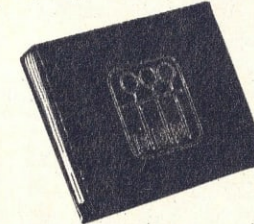
Barassi: Well, nothing is really original, but there are quite a few things I guess I've thought out myself, and one of them is this business about natural ability. A lot of people are very proud of their natural ability.

I can't see that there is any legitimate price in that at all because you are given it at birth. I've seen young kids ruined because their parents have never taught them that. The only thing you can be proud of is your own personal effort with the gifts you've got. We should judge people not on where they get to, but also where they started from.

Some people get to the top, particularly kids, and find it so easy because they have so much natural ability. But what have they really done? They haven't tried that hard. It's all just happened. So why are we bloody all over them with compliments? We shouldn't be really. Those young kids will never be champions unless they learn how to work. If a young guy gets near the top with natural ability, if he is not prepared to work, then he won't really make it. And I've seen sportsmen ruined because of this. It's such a waste, and I don't like waste.

Penthouse: How do you find the people you talk to respond to the things you say?
Barassi: Well, my thing on motivation is not designed to get them charging out the doors and selling like mad for a week or so. Mine is a think piece, and I guess in the first five minutes they might be sizing me up — you know, he's bigger than I thought etc, etc, — but after that they couldn't help but be thinking about what I say because I'm coming up with some very challenging stuff. And in answer to your question, I suppose the fact that I did 50 talks for businessmen in 1978 and 90 last year — I guess that's proof that it's being appreciated. We don't do that

Do you have what it takes to fill in the space below?



You know what it takes... a mere \$24 and a fraction of your valuable time to have your copy of *Australian Penthouse* mailed to you each month. (It's the national edition, without any changes made for Queensland or Victoria.)

And when you get it, keep your copy in mint condition inside an *Australian Penthouse* binder. Cost is \$5.50, plus \$2 post and handling. If you have missed any back issues (starting October last year), you may order them at \$2.50 each. Allow 21 days for delivery.

Yes, I have what it takes! Please send me

☐ 12 months subscription \$24

Binders: Qty ☐ @ \$5.50 plus post \$2..... Total \$

Back copies: Month(s) @ \$2.50 Total \$

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$_____, or please debit my

Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard ☐

A/c No. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____

Order not valid
unless signed

p/code

Post to: Penthouse Mail Order, GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001
Australian Penthouse, 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

You want it? We've got it.



COATES
HIRE SERVICE

Got every workin' thing

THE NATIONWIDE HIRE ORGANIZATION

Coopers Plains Albion Geebung Underwood Gold Coast Gladstone Mackay Townsville Kirrawee Lansvale Alexandria
Chatswood Blacktown Auburn Ryde Campbelltown Canberra Newcastle Brooklyn Fawkner South Melbourne
Ferntree Gully Eltham North Plympton Ascot Balcatta Canning Bridge Osborne Park Wanneroo Bunbury Geraldton Port
Hedland Wagerup Kalgoorlie.

CO39FPC

much advertising really, it's mainly word of mouth. In Australia we're going to need to pull up our socks in the next five or 10 years. If not we will become a third or fourth rate nation in 30 or 40 years. We can't keep doing things the way we are doing them, and something bad not happen.

Penthouse: Do you feel you have some kind of a mission?

Barassi: I enjoy doing it, and I would like to do it for nothing. I wouldn't for two reasons. One, that I can't afford to, and two, I'd be treated like a mug. I think it's an important message. I don't think I'm the originator of it and there are a lot more people more informed than I am, but they are not being asked, and I am. We Australians knock ourselves too much. We have this problem of feeling inferior. A good healthy self-image is absolutely essential.

Penthouse: What's the first thing in Australia you'd change if you could?

Barassi: The education system.

Penthouse: Do you think there is a big fault in our education system?

Barassi: Very much so. I think that attitudes count for about 85 percent of achievement, and by achievement I'm not talking about making a million dollars, I'm talking about achieving worthwhile goals in whatever area you're involved in. Eighty-five percent of that achievement is attitude, 15 percent of that is technique. The schools spend 90 percent of their time teaching techniques and only five or 10 percent on teaching attitudes and feelings if that. There's something wrong there.

I just feel that the average teacher is far less caring now than he was when I was at school. And quite frankly, I'm quite critical of the teaching profession. There's too many nine to fivers there and they've got one of the most important jobs in society.

Penthouse: Do you think these attitudes follow on into business, and do your talks cover this area?

Barassi: Yes, they do. In fact I always make the point about the schools and sport in Australia, because those salesmen and businessmen are still parents and they are still Australians and human beings. If you are interested in the country your kids are going to grow up in, surely that's motivating. We do need a bit more enthusiasm and a bit more commitment. That's not to say I would like to see us get like the Germans who tend to be all work and no play. And I wouldn't like us to get like the Yanks, where it appears that the dollar is all they think of. There's no pride in excellence in this country.

Penthouse: You've said in the past that Australians don't know how to enjoy life?

Barassi: Yes, I think Australians are a little bit inhibited. I think we find it hard to relax without grog. The best at enjoying themselves are the Greeks.

Penthouse: Do you see our migrants as being able to contribute to our national strength and identity?

Barassi: Oh terrifically, yes. I think it has been fantastic for Australia.

Penthouse: In your personal life, what sort of people do you mix with socially?

Barassi: I'm only ill at ease with people if they are up themselves, and if they talk above your level of knowledge. I think that's where Cheryl, the girl I live with, has helped me a little bit. I think people in these two diverse areas — sport and art — are a bit suspicious of each other, which is stupid. The fact that I'm with Cheryl allays some of their suspicions about me because they think I must be a reasonable sort of guy, must be able to think a bit. Also I might add, that the guy who can only talk about sport bores me, too. And there are a few sportsmen who are up themselves. I run a mile from those as well. One of my pet hates, by the

6
We Australians
knock ourselves too much.
We have this problem
of feeling inferior. A good
healthy self-image is
absolutely essential.
,

way, is an intellectual snob — he should be intelligent enough to know that the reason why he's got a superior brain is that he is born with it, and his education has just polished up that brain — that's all that is. So what possible logic is there in feeling he has got the right to look down on people with an inferior intellect?

Penthouse: Maybe some intellectual types look down on people dedicated to sport because they think there are a lot more important things to be involved with.

Barassi: Of course there are a lot more important things than sport — I'd be the first to admit it. But we are living in a very diverse society and if you can go towards an area where your talents take you, I don't see anything wrong with that. Sport is much more than just a game. At the top there is the endeavor, dedication and skill needed on all sorts of levels.

Penthouse: Do you have any hobbies? What do you do in your spare time?

Barassi: I haven't got much spare time. If I had all the spare time in the world, I'd play chess at least once a week, I'd play tennis twice, I'd listen to at least two

hours of music, read one book, go out to dinner two nights a week, and go to the theatre and films — if I had time! Plus travel!

Penthouse: You sound like you are really deprived.

Barassi: I'm not deprived because I do all those things, but nowhere near enough of them and I love my work.

Penthouse: You've always been big on discipline, but there have been a number of examples where you've perhaps lacked discipline yourself — arguing with umpires, rubbishing tribunals, speeding in your car. Do you feel that takes credibility from you as a disciplinarian?

Barassi: It probably does a bit, yes. Although if you've got players who expect the leader to set only perfect examples, and won't follow him unless he is perfect, then that means you've got morons to coach and you've got no hope anyway. Also, the fact that I've always said that we want people with initiative, and any examples of a player being a bit of his own person — where it isn't destructive to the team principles — then it is very highly praised. Our football is a mixture of being a robot, doing exactly what you're told, and complete individuality. It's a very delicate blend.

Penthouse: What are your own thoughts on personal self control?

Barassi: I think it's an asset, particularly in today's society where there are just so many choices. Everything is all so easy to get — pleasure and excitement initially. You know, eating, you just get too fat, or boozing, you get a besotted brain by the time you are 45. If you don't apply yourself to a career or some sort of work you just become a wishy-washy, no-purpose person. You have got to be very careful these days, and I really think you need strong self discipline.

Penthouse: What would you want for your three kids?

Barassi: Ideally I want them to be aware, alert, enthusiastic, giving, caring, sensitive, well-balanced individuals.

Penthouse: How much latitude do you give them?

Barassi: A fair amount. I don't go along with this keeping them in a closet. I don't think it's good preparation for when they are on their own.

Penthouse: How would you react if your 19-year-old daughter Susan was asked to be a *Penthouse* Pet centrespread?

Barassi: I'd try to talk her out of it, because I don't think it's very tasteful. I think sex is a fantastic thing, but I can't see much sense in showing it off.

Penthouse: And if your daughter wanted to be a *Penthouse* Pet?

Barassi: Well, it would be up to her. She's old enough now.

Penthouse: What do you think is the price you've paid for success?

Barassi: My image as a dictatorial, reactionary type. I can be that at times, but

that's not all. Other times I am the exact opposite. I don't like being put in a box. That's one of the prices — but once you accept that there is a price, well, it becomes less of a price. Lack of privacy also . . . but I'm getting rewards for being known all over Australia, so again, it makes it easier.

Penthouse: Have you found that this celebrity status has attracted women to you?

Barassi: I think women are attracted to that sort of thing. I think my image as a fanatical disciplinary type would make a lot of women by-pass me compared with a player. But sure, some women are attracted to anyone who is in the public eye. They're also attracted by the power syndrome I guess, too. Generally people who are involved with power are people who are a bit different — more interesting. And an interesting person is attractive to the other sex, initially anyway. It's never been a hassle. I've never had that much time anyway.

Penthouse: Have you had the experience at parties where women would virtually indicate to you, if you want me, I'm yours?

Barassi: Yes, that's happened.

Penthouse: How do you cope with that?

Barassi: Depends how attractive the woman is! But it's not a big thing. You've got to bear in mind that I've rarely been free in that area. But it has got bloody embarrassing sometimes. Also, if I'm with another woman, there's no way known I'm going to be flirting, because I think that's being very disrespectful.

Penthouse: What about footballers in general, especially the younger ones? Is there a groupie thing that affects them?

Barassi: Yes, girls hang around. But at strong, well run clubs, this is very rare. By the time they are 25, players are generally married anyway. A club keeps a fatherly eye on those sorts of situations because if a player gets into that scene then there are all sorts of things that he is risking. He's likely to get sucked into that playboy-type thing which is definitely no good for either of his careers.

Penthouse: Are you aware of things like that that have seriously affected a player's ability to perform on the field?

Barassi: Yes, for sure. That's why we do that sort of thing. It's not a theory — we have seen it affect players. We don't want it to happen so we try to avoid it.

Penthouse: You are involved very much in a male dominated area. Do you have much concern for how women fit into society outside their roles as mothers?

Barassi: I know if I'd been born a woman, by Christ, the rebel in me would be coming out. Look, no matter into what circumstances you're born, rich or poor, colored or not, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, male or female or whatever, you should have a good opportunity in life, and women don't — and any man who dis-

agrees with this has got to have his head in the sand. I didn't always think this way, in fact I didn't think about the situation of women at all until my early 30s. Germaine Greer and people like her should really be thanked for the way they've made us aware of how badly we've treated women.

Penthouse: Some time ago you took the incision decision and had a vasectomy. Is this a subject you care to discuss?

Barassi: I don't mind talking about it because I think more people should have them. It's a sensible, safe operation. The idea shouldn't be something that we don't talk about. I suppose it could upset people who didn't have their head together or who weren't happy sexually about themselves. People with inhibitions or hang-ups. But I've got none of those . . . I like sex. I have a normal, healthy attitude to it. I suppose if I was in a room full of blokes and they all reckoned they

“
We get the
politicians we deserve, we
get the leaders we
deserve. We don't put
enough into those areas
so we can't bitch.”

could get it up 10 times a night and I couldn't — and I can't — I might begin to think I had problems. But, it's a good operation and it doesn't affect your sexual performance.

Penthouse: I feel that over the last few years you seem to have changed — seemed to have loosened up a bit . . .

Barassi: Do you? Well, it's very hard to tell if you've changed I suppose, because change is so gradual. But I really think that it's the fact that I've been asked a great variety of questions more often.

Penthouse: What is your own self image?

Barassi: I'm middle of the road on some things, left on others and right on others. In a world that's going to work, you've got to come together. You've got to compromise, unless you want the extremes. Well, the extremes in most things are very dangerous. Ideally, I think Labor has better ideals — I just think Libs work a bit better in today's imperfect society.

Penthouse: You were a member of the Liberal Party once.

Barassi: Yes, that's right. I'm no longer,

but nothing to do with anything other than time — I just never had time to go along to the meetings. But philosophically I'm very much towards free enterprise. I just can't stand the thought of communism or its brother, socialism. I think people should be brought up, rather than bringing everyone down to a level. I hate the thought of that. I think the capitalist system has a lot of waste but I still think that it produces more than the socialist system because the incentive effect outweighs the waste.

Penthouse: There was talk that you would enter politics.

Barassi: I'd be very interested in doing it, but whether I'd be unselfish enough I don't know. The electors want honest people, they want different people, but when you face them with a person who is different or honest, they tend to go towards the people they know and the people they feel safe with. In theory they want to have a human being in there, but if he's caught speeding, or has a divorce, then that counts against him. Less now than previously perhaps. I sometimes think I should have done it when I was 35 because you've got to have tons of energy to do it. Well, I'm 44, and it might be too late. Also, when I do get out of football, which I love, I might be ready for some private life and I certainly wouldn't have that as a politician. But it attracts me because it's really challenging stuff.

Also I don't know whether I'd be a good party line guy. I just don't know whether I could lie, and it appears to me that if you're asked about something that your party's voted for and you've been out-voted — gee, it would be easy to pick me as not being for it. It will be interesting to see how old Hawkie goes, because he's one of the most honest people in public life that I've met.

Penthouse: Who are the people you most admire?

Barassi: All rounders I suppose. People who have drive, energy, humor.

Penthouse: Do you think Australia is getting the right leadership at the moment?

Barassi: No, I don't. I don't know if we deserve the right leadership. I don't know if we take enough care in selecting. We get the politicians we deserve, we get the newspapers we deserve, we get the education we deserve, we get the leaders we deserve. We don't put enough into those areas so we can't bitch about what we get. I think our leaders should lead a bit more.

Penthouse: Are you suggesting that there is something basically wrong with Australian society?

Barassi: Yes, I am. We are spoilt rotten by our natural resources. We are away from the worrying power centres of the world. The “lucky country” — we have a fantastic life here — but I just can't see it going on forever unless we do a bit more towards earning it. —

**Your ears didn't believe us in the 50s.
Will your eyes believe us now?**

In the fifties, Aiwa made such technological breakthroughs with their microphones, people just couldn't believe their ears. People again doubted their senses after Aiwa developed the world's first portable stereo cassette recorder.

Now, when anyone hears our hifi mini-components they find it hard to believe that such big, full sound can come from something that looks so small.

We can believe it because we also believe size is not compromise.

However, will we stretch our credibility too far when we tell you our hifi mini-components are compatible with conventional equipment?

That means you don't have to buy all Aiwa hifi mini-components at once.

In truth, you don't have to buy them all, ever.

Aiwa make a lot of other unbelievable hifi equipment that you might prefer to mix with our mini-components.

There are 40 pieces in all. And compared with what you have to pay for them, their sound is amazing. But true.

AIWA®
for Craftsmanship

MEMBER OF
hifi
INDUSTRY
ASSOCIATION

From selected hifi specialists. For the one nearest you please phone
Sydney 597 2388, Melbourne 328 1343, Brisbane 229 6817.

JACKA 1711

OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA HAS HAD TO FACE A MAJOR SETBACK. SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIELD A WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR THE 1980 U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION! CANDYFLOSS HAS HAD HER WORK CUT OUT TRYING TO GET HER MIND ONTO OTHER MATTERS

BUT STILL OUR HEROINE IS PREOCCUPIED AND RESTLESS. HER AWARENESS OF THE CHAOS IN THE WORLD AROUND HER IS BUBBLING UP INTO A VOLCANO OF FRUSTRATION!

YE GODS! FOR ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT I THOUGHT IT WAS AN URBAN GUERRILLA MOVEMENT BRINGING ENLIGHTENMENT TO THE WORLD IN THE NAME OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!

I AM SICK AND TIRED OF THE WAY THE MEDIA DIGNIFIES THE ACTIVITIES OF EVERY LITTLE PSYCHOPATHIC TERRORIST BY CALLING 'EM REVOLUTIONARIES! STUPID LITTLE MEN WHO CAN ONLY ARTICULATE THEIR ANTIQUATED DOGMA THROUGH VIOLENCE!

I HATE IT WHEN SHE GOES ALL INTELLECTUAL ON ME!

MONEY, SWEETS, ICE-CREAM, CARS, SEX, CLOTHES! WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT?

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY and
RON
EMBLETON

THE NEXT FEW DAYS PASS QUIETLY—WANDA IMMERSING IN BOOKS, CANDYFLOSS AMUSING HERSELF AS BEST SHE CAN.....

DO YOU EVER FEEL THAT AT SOME MOMENT IN HISTORY WE TOOK THE WRONG TURNING, SAPIENS?

ALL THE TIME, MOSTRESS!

BUT READING HISTORY IS A WASTE OF TIME! YOU ALWAYS FEEL THAT WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF SOME SMALL TWIST OF FATE THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!

YOU WERE SAYING, HOMER?

I...ER...OH, YES.....

SO MANY SORDID LITTLE STORIES CONTRIBUTED TO IT.....

THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789....ER...UM.....







OUR HEROINES PREPARE FOR THEIR ADVENTURE...

OOH, THE DELICIOUS DECADENCE OF OLD KING LOUIS 16TH'S COURT! I CAN'T WAIT!



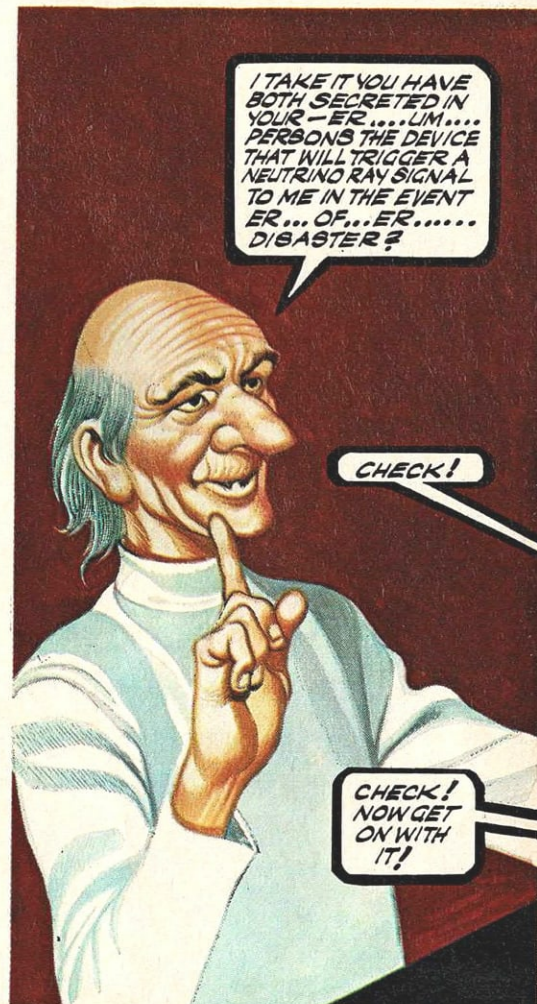
AND SO, TO THE RECENTLY RENOVATED 'TOWER OF THE CLOUDS' — WHICH HOUSES THE TIME MACHINE!



ALL READY, MOSTRESS! JUST WARMING IT UP!

MAKE SURE YOU GET IT RIGHT, EGGBOUCE! OUR DESTINATION IS THE PALAIS DE VERSAILLES — IN 1784!

I'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT NOW, MOSTRESS! NO PROBLEM!



I TAKE IT YOU HAVE BOTH SECRETED IN YOUR — ER... UM... PERSONS THE DEVICE THAT WILL TRIGGER A NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL TO ME IN THE EVENT ER... OF... ER..... DISASTER?

CHECK!

CHECK! NOW GET ON WITH IT!



THE SWITCH IS THROWN AND OUR HEROINES HURTLE BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES.....

OFF WITH THEIR TÊTES!

AND THEIR HEADS, TOO!

HE'S DONE IT AGAIN, THE CREEP! FIVE YEARS TOO LATE, THE REVOLUTION'S ALREADY STARTED! AND IN THIS GEAR WHAT ELSE COULD WE BE BUT ARISTOCRATS!

CAPITALIST CRUMPET!

REDISTRIBUTE THEIR ASSETS!

I'LL HAVE THE BLONDE ONE!

I'D RATHER LOSE MY HEAD THAN HAVE ONE OF THESE OAFS CALL ME 'COMRADE'!

I DO HATE PUBLIC TRANSPORT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS STRIP WAS POPULAR, BOOFLUP? NONE OF THIS LOT SEEM TO LIKE US!

PUTAINS DE VERSAILLES!

IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE FRENCH MONARCHY, THAT'S FOR SURE! WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO US RIGHT NOW IS CAN WANDA SAVE HERSELF?

THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY JUST WASN'T THE TIME TO BE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL! COME TO THINK OF IT — THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY AIN'T TOO GOOD FOR THAT EITHER!

VOLVO WITH VERVE

A cleverly-devised car, the 242GT combines sturdiness with a get-up-and-go most people don't expect from Volvo.

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

The Volvo 242GT is a car sired as much by marketing forces as by any deep philosophical commitment within the big Swedish company to having a "sporty" car among the larger members of the brood. These days such realities govern even a \$5000 million turnover operation like Volvo, so it's no put-down to say the 242 is heavily based on, and retains the same shape as, the larger members of the family. We can bemoan the passing of sleek lines like Volvo's 1800 range — until the introduction of the 242 in 1979, the quintessential expression of the "sporty" Volvo — but we can't ignore the simple economies of scale Volvo achieves by having as few individual components as

possible throughout the passenger car range. Given the need for economic sanity, Volvo has done a good job in producing the 242GT. If that sounds somewhat equivocal, it is not meant to be any reflection on the overall quality of the car; rather, it reflects the fact that while the 242GT displays enough unique capabilities to give it an independent presence, it is really only a short distance from its more mundane brothers.

In a marketing sense, this is really quite clever. Volvo has a car which can do a lot to retrieve the marque's image from the fuddy-duddy pigeonhole it occupies in many people's minds these days, and yet one which is close enough to the rest of the range for the performance fillip it gives the Volvo name to be passed on successfully to the rest of the two-four and two-six models.

The need for such a boost is a direct result of the strenuous efforts Volvo made, post-Nader, to capitalise on the safety and durability angles the new consumer awareness made such important selling points. Volvo wasn't fooling, either. It had the safe, durable product to go with the advertising campaigns — unfortunately, in the process it saturated its market and earned a staid reputation.

So the 242GT had two key tasks to perform: help the Volvo range as a whole broaden its appeal; and convince people that Volvos weren't second cousins to a bullock dray when it came to road-handling and engine characteristics.

There's little doubt the 242 did just that. While it would be absurd to attribute Volvo's continued rise in sales in the very flat passenger car market to the 242 alone — in the 12 months to February total Volvo car sales were 6361, of which 242s



made up 282 units or 4.4 percent — still, the 242GT has had an important effect in the market place and one which Volvo is still working assiduously to promote.

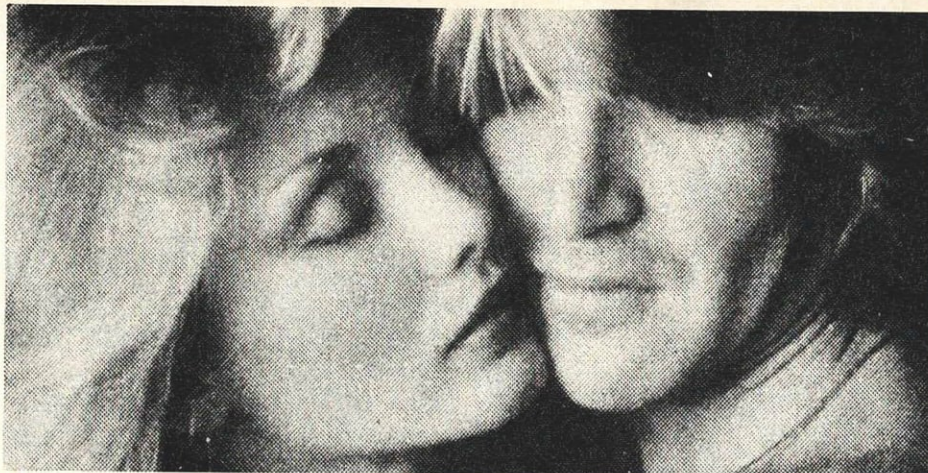
With the release of the 242GT early last year, Volvo accentuated the improved handling characteristics of the whole range with the slogan "dynamic safety" and showed, over all types of road, that the cars did indeed have impressive handling gains over previous models.

Following up on that test a little more than a year later, I drove a 242GT from Melbourne to Sydney to see if the 1980 model could improve on the earlier impressions. To be blunt, no outstanding improvement was noted, although the

car certainly performed up to the high standard set by its predecessor. It was reasonable to expect some difference in feel since the 1980 242GT carries larger alloy wheels and P6 Pirelli tyres, as well as gas-filled rear shock absorbers. The power-assisted steering was slightly more direct as a result of the wheel and tyre change, but I have the feeling the crucial difference lay in the fact that the 1980 car I drove was not fitted with the optional limited slip differential, while the 1979 car was.

Matching the "slippery" diff to the higher cornering loads offered by the P6s would undoubtedly have produced a quite noticeable difference in handling over the earlier





Do you miss out because she does?

Now — a therapist-approved way you can share orgasmic sensations you've never experienced before!

The Discovery

Therapists have long known that one of the most effective ways you can increase love-making pleasure is via tactile stimulation, not only of the sexual organs, but also of dozens of other responsive areas on the body. The method has brought fulfilment and happiness to thousands of couples. For many others, however, the demands it places on their physical endurance are simply too exhausting. Knowing this, Dr Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Report) set about producing an aid which could not only duplicate, but actually improve on the stimulation normally provided by hands, fingertips, tongue and lips. The 'Plus 5' stimulator is based on his revolutionary design.

Be a better lover

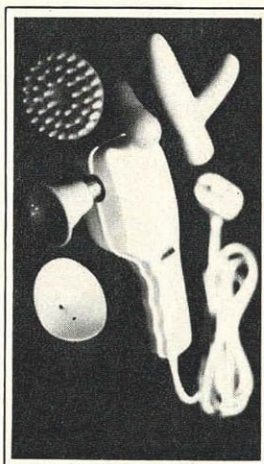
We believe the remarkable 'Plus 5' will become a natural and exciting part of your lovemaking. It is so effective, in fact, that it can enable many women to reach true orgasm for the first time! It adds a bonus of intensified sensations for both of you. It helps make both of you better lovers by making sex fun and exciting again.

What Forum says

Bettina Arndt, Psychologist and Editor of the famous Australian 'Forum' magazine, is unstinting in her praise of the 'Plus 5'. She says: '... it is light and comfortable to hold, simple to use, not at all offensive and ideal for women who wish to climax more easily. By far, the best in Australia.'

Comes complete

Your 'Plus 5' comes complete with five specially designed



attachments (some soft and fleshy, others firmer) and is ready to use the minute you get it. Simply plug into any 240v power point and turn on. It has two speeds — bold or fine — needs no maintenance, has almost two metres of flex.

Unlike fearsome sex-shop devices, the 'Plus 5' will not wake your neighbours, or pummel you like a Sumo wrestler. It is gentle. It is teasing. It is an inhibition relaxer. Including instruction leaflet, it comes to you certified mail postpaid, for only \$26.95.

The male dome

This is an optional extra attachment you can buy for \$4.50. It takes the form of a flexible cap, which cups your glans, and as it is slowly moved about, transfers the 'Plus 5' sensations from corona to meatus, with a tingling effect that can reach incredible intensity.

We believe the 'Plus 5' is the best investment any couple can make in exploring their sexual response. Send your order today — write to TINMIN, PO Box 118, Woollahra NSW 2025 or telephone your credit card order giving your name, address, credit card type and number and expiry date to 02-326 1932.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

TO: TINMIN PTY LTD, PO BOX 118
WOOLLAHRA 2025

Please send me Plus 5's at \$26.95 each
and male domes at \$4.50 each, for which I
enclose \$..... by cheque/money order.

Name

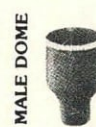
Address

Postcode

BANKCARD/DINERS CLUB/AMERICAN EXPRESS

Name Expiry Date

Signature Amount \$



model and, even at \$700, it's an option I would recommend for any 242 buyer.

That said, it would be unfair to leave anyone with the idea that the 1980 car's handling was in any sense defective. It's just that the minor float and sway discernible at high passing speeds might be ironed out with the optional diff.

One of the 242's most attractive features on a long haul is the nice balance between fourth gear and overdrive, which is switched in electrically on the gear shift lever. For example, cruising at 100km/h in overdrive has the engine turning over at about 2750rpm. If more power is needed to maintain that speed — through a corner, say, or up an incline — and you switch back to fourth, you raise the engine revs to about 3500, exactly where peak torque of 170Nm comes in. Very neat.

That 2750rpm saving with overdrive is obviously going to save petrol. I recorded 11.67litres/100km (24.2mpg) on the trip back from Melbourne, quite an acceptable figure from a 2.3litre four-cylinder motor being kept on the boil. The difference is even more noticeable around town when overdrive can't be used: trying for the worst possible consumption as a comparison, I recorded 17litres/100km (16.6mpg) — which goes to show the value of the overdrive and how costly and stupid it is to be lead-footed.

Driving non-stop for a little over nine hours is a good way to evaluate comfort, and Volvo certainly scores well in seating. But comfort on a long drive has to do with a total picture: essentially whether or not brain-racking concentration is needed just to keep the car on line, or to cope with some other quirk like uneven braking.

None of these problems confront the 242GT driver. The car, in fact, was all you might expect from a \$15,270 sedan aimed at creating a "sporty" image. Volvo people have been heard to say the 242 is aimed at the older executive indulging a second-childhood yearning. If such a person buys the 242, any long-suffering spouse waiting out this phase of life can be confident that the forgiving — and still Volvo safe — 242 will get the driver there and back again in one piece, and provide a fair bit of fun in the process. 



You and Aunger Wheels. An elegant combination.



Elegance. It's all in the style. Start — look up at wheels and you will see what we mean. You'll find it's Cheviot that sets fashion. Whatever your car, and your style, there's a Cheviot wheel to suit you to elegant perfection. Fit Cheviot wheels and see the heads turn...

Cheviot Australia Pty. Ltd.

Manufacturers and National Wholesalers of Australia's Premium Range of Alloy Wheels.

Cheviot Road, Salisbury South, P.O. Box 439, Salisbury 5108. Telephone 258 8888

Melbourne (08) 258 8888 • Sydney 73 3211 • Perth 361 5161 • Brisbane 379 1087 • Launceston 27 2997 • Auckland 66 2076

FOR ADULTS
ONLY
Kings Cross
mail order

HAS IT ALL AT LOWEST PRICES OF ALL
ADULT VIDEO TAPES FROM ONLY \$59.
ALSO: FILMS, BOOKS, AIDS, NOVELTIES.
FOR FREE CATALOGUE write to:
KINGSCROSS MAIL ORDER, PHONE NO
P.O. BOX 238, 233 7725
WAVERLEY, N.S.W. 2024
 Name
 Address
 P Code
 Signature
 (I am over 18 years of age)

Color Videotapes from U.S.A.

PLEASE TICK THE TITLE(S) OPPOSITE THAT YOU WISH US TO SEND YOU INDICATE WITH AN 'X' THE TYPE OF TAPE THAT YOU REQUIRE.

☐ VHS ☐ BETA ☐ PHILIPS

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

POST CODE _____

SIGNATURE _____ (For credit cards only)

Enclosed is: ☐ Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Credit Card No. _____

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY TO: **A.V.C.A. / P.O. Box N232, Grosvenor Street, Sydney, 2000**
All tapes are packaged discreetly and are forwarded within 7 days of receipt of order. All persons purchasing must be '21 years of age or over'.

☐ Devil in Miss Jones
☐ The Untamed
☐ Defiance
☐ Finishing School
☐ Debbie Does Dallas
☐ A Dirty Western

Send \$1.00 for Catalogue —
Refunded from 1st purchase
Dozens of titles to choose!!

AVC



ADULT MOVIES

SUPER 8MM
SUPERB QUALITY COLOUR
LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED
C.O.D. DELIVERY
7 DAY MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION COMPLETE COUPON TODAY

RODOX TRADING
54 ALFRED STREET MILSONS POINT 2062

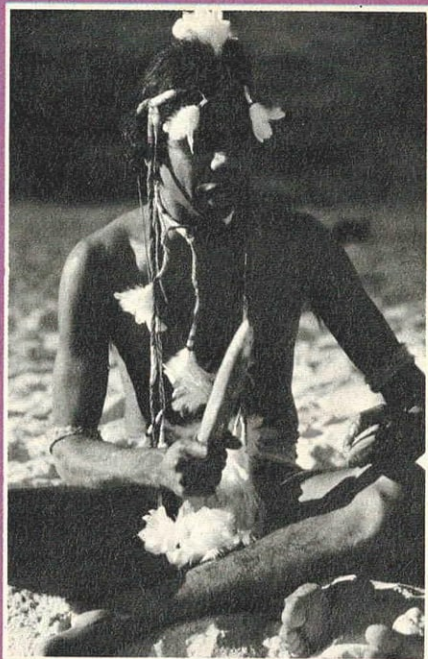
SEND COUPON TO:
P.O. BOX 117 CAMMERAY NSW 2062

PH I
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ P/CODE _____

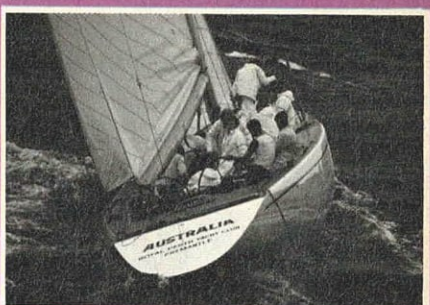
COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



David Gulpilil



Jappoon



America's Cup

The Non-Olympics — Have we witnessed the death of the modern Olympics? Craig S. Karpel thinks so. His mission to Moscow to report on the multi-million dollar non-preparations for sport's biggest ever non-event kicks off our look at the Olympic fiasco. Elsewhere cartoonist Ross Bateup presents highlights of the 1980 sexual Olympics, and Don Brooks tells the delightful tale of The Shooter, an Olympian who scores highly on and off the range.

Fluoride — Phil Ackman examines some alarming case histories in the second part of our series on the "wonder drug" which hardens tooth enamel but endangers human lives.

Jappoon — Japanese mega-millionaire Yohachiro Iwasaki has applied to the Federal Government for a licence to export beef, throwing into question the long-term plans for his vast landholding near Yeppoon, Queensland. Frank Robson profiles the third richest man in the East, seen by some as a 150cm Messiah and by others as a Trojan horse for the Yellow Peril.

Gulpilil's Dreamtime — As recently as 1967 Aboriginal parts in Australian films were played by white actors in blackface. David Gulpilil, the enigmatic full-blood from Arnhem Land's Mandabingu tribe changed all that. His highly-acclaimed roles in such films as *Walkabout*, *Storm Boy* and *The Last Wave* have created a place for blacks in the Australian cinema, but success has not been without its share of drawbacks. In an exclusive interview Gulpilil speaks frankly about the problems of his dual existence as primitive tribesman and international celebrity.

Downstairs On The Champagne Circuit — When bungling bureaucracy takes over, not even diplomats have immunity. Former Ambassador to the US Alan Renouf details his long and futile battle against governmental red tape and mumbo jumbo. Essential reading for anyone who has ever queried a telephone bill.

The Race We'll Never Win — The trouble with the America's Cup is that, try as we may, we will never win it. Or so says yachting expert Sandy Peacock. He explains why in an absorbing article that would be almost amusing if our national pride wasn't about to take another hammering this month.

Girls, Girls, Girls — Miss Switzerland, the stunning (37-25-36) Monika Kaelin, adds an international touch to our selection of beautiful Australian Pets.



What to have with chicken.



My Benson and Hedges Extra Mild was not the only treasure I rescued.

The commercial called for me to dive for sunken Spanish treasure in the shallows of the Florida Keys.

I carelessly dropped my cigarettes and lighter – carefully wrapped in a waterproof wallet – over the side of the camera boat. I dived in clear water and on retrieving the treasure, swam towards the nearby shore.

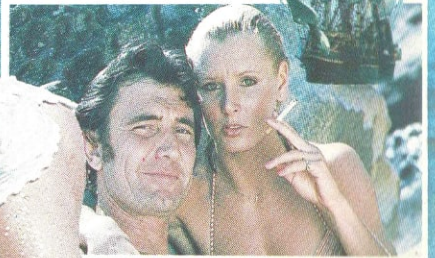
"Rescue me, James", a swimming voice called.

"George", I corrected.

"George", she gurgled.

So I lifted her from the water, and we relaxed on the beach and enjoyed a cigarette.

"That's what Benson and Hedges Extra Mild commercials are all about", she smiled, satisfied.



George Lazenby, an Australian International, enjoys Benson and Hedges Extra Mild... excellence in an extra mild cigarette.

BENSON and HEDGES *Extra Mild*